

P O E M S

O F

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL of SURREY,

Who Flourish'd in the Reign of *HENRY*
the Eighth.

Printed from a Correct Copy.

WITH THE

POEMS of Sir *THOMAS WILKINSON*, and
others his Famous Contemporaries.

To which are added some MEMOIRS of his LIFE
and WRITINGS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *W. Meares* at the *Lamb*, and *J. Brown* at
the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-Bar*. 1717.

P. O. E. M. S.

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TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS

Duke of *Norfolk*,

Earl Marshal of *England*;

THESE

POEMS

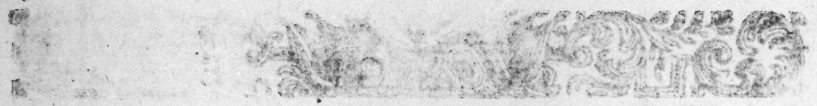
Of his Glorious Ancestour

HENRY EARL of *SURREY*,

are most humbly Dedicated

by his very Obedient Servant,

The Publisher.



and the responsibility of the
 rest of the world to the
 that binds to do as good as
 more sufficiently, that the
 business, business and other

The Tribune



The Original

PREFACE.

 *HAT to have well written in Verse, yea and in small Parcelles, deserveth great Prayse, The Workes of dyvers Latines, Italians and other, doe prove sufficiently, that our Tong is able in that kynde to dooe as prayse worthely as the rest, the Honorable Style of the Noble Earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the deep witted Syr Thomas Wyat the Elders verse, with several graces in sundry good English Writers, doe shew abundantly. It resteth nowwe (gentle Reader) that thou thynke it not evil done, to publysh to the Honour of the Englysh Tong, and for the profit of the Studiousse of Englysh Eloquence, those woorkes whiche the ungentle borders up of suche treasure, have heretofore envyed thee; and for this point (good Reader) thyne owne profite and pleasure in these presently, and in mo hereafter shall answer for my defence. If perhappes some mys-
like*

P R E F A C E.

lyke the Statelinesse of Style removed from the rude Skyl of common Eares: I ask helpe of the learned to defende thyre learned Frend the Authore of this woorke, and I exhorte the unlearned by reading to learne to be more skylfull, and to purge that Swinelike grossenesse thar maketh the sweet Maseroine not to smell to theyr delight.



MEMOIRS



MEMOIRS.



IT is expected by Readers that, when any valuable Pieces are revived, there should be some Account given both of them, and the Author. In compliance with this justifiable Curiosity, I have at the request of a Friend, drawn together these few Memoirs from parts of History wherein they are scattered, in hopes to give as good a Picture, as distance of Time will allow, of this noble Person, whose Name ought never to be forgotten by a Soldier or a Poet.

Henry Earl of Surrey, was eldest Son of *Thomas*, Third Duke of *Norfolk*, the Father and the Son being both famous for many martial Achievements, and commanding together in great, and memorable Battels. But as the Subject we have undertaken relates only to the Son, we industriously omit recounting any Actions of his Father, unless those wherein he was jointly concerned. The precise time of his Birth does not appear in any of the Books we have consulted, but in all probability was about the Year 1520, he being educated with *Henry Fitz-roy* a natural Son of King *Henry the Eighth*, who was born about that time. King *Henry* bore a particular Fondness

to his Child, and thought, both from his high Quality and promising Genius, no body so proper to be the Companion of his younger Years, as this Nobleman, whose History we write. This Son of the King's was created in his Infancy *Earl of Richmond*, with the addition of large Possessions, and other Honours from his Father; and, as *Leland* informs us, had a Spirit turned to Martial Affairs, was Master of the Languages, and had an excellent Taste in polite Literature, all which were no doubt not a little improved by the mutual intercourse, and emulation between him and his noble Companion. The Place of their Studies and Diversions at home was that agreeable Seat of Majesty, and the Muses, *Windsor-Castle*, which is the Scene of many of the following Poems on his Mistress, both which he particularly mentions in one Elegy

*Those large green Courts where we were wont
to rove,*

*With Eyes cast up unto the Maiden Tower,
With easie sighes, such as Men draw in Love.*

And again,

*The stately Seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The Dances short, long Tales of sweet delight.*

And in the same,

*With a King's Son my childish Tears I past
In greater Feasts than Priam's Son of Troy.*

Here

Here it was that they laid the first Foundation of Improvements becoming their Birth, and of a Friendship virtuously cemented from an honest Rivalship in the Arts and Sciences: Thus they bloomed and shot forward together, till the Fashion of the Times, and the desire of farther Knowledge transplanted them to *France*, where they jointly pursued at *Paris* those Studies and Recreations they first cultivated in *England*. In short, such an affection grew between these Noble Youths, that to make the Tie of Amity still stronger, the Duke of *Richmond* at their Return from their Travels marry'd his *Sister* the *Lady Mary*. But this happy Union did not last long, for the *Duke* died soon after at the Age of *Seventeen*, leaving both his *Wife* and his *Friend* true Mourners for his untimely Death, which had it been prevented, the latter probably had never fell a Sacrifice to the Fury of the *King* his Father.

After the Death of his Friend, he seems to have turned his Thoughts mostly to the Business of the *Field*, where he distinguished himself by a superiour Courage and Conduct. He was in almost all the great Actions of *King Henry's* Reign; and particularly commanded at the famous Battle of *Flodden Field*, at which he gave such extraordinary Proofs of his Gallantry, that he was soon after created Earl of *Surrey*. His first Misfortune in martial Affairs happened when he was Commander at *Boulogne*, where endeavouring to intercept a
French

French Convoy, he was worsted; the Disgrace of which he soon after recovered by revenging it in many Parties and Skirmishes in which he had always the Advantage of the Enemy. However this first unfortunate Action was, or at least was pretended to be, the Cause that first flung him from the *King's* good Graces, which according to the temper of that Monarch, (with whom few or none that ever had experienced his Frown, ever enjoyed his Smiles again) lost him in his Esteem. In short, not to run thro' the whole of the Story, the *Earl of Surrey*, upon a very frivolous Pretext of having been guilty of *Treason*, was after all his Services to his Prince and Country, left to the Tryal of a common Jury, who in compliance with the *King's* Passions, brought him in Guilty, and he was soon after beheaded on *Tower-Hill*. The Accusation was only his saying that the *King* was ill advised, and the quartering certain Royal Arms with his own, which he proved by the Heralds to belong to his own Family. His Father escaped the same Fate by the hasty Death of the *King*, which his Son submitted to with an undaunted Courage and Resolution. My Lord *Herbert* gives the following Account of his Behaviour, not a little to his Advantage.

- At his Arraignment, says he, *the Earl*, as he
 - was of a deep Understanding, sharp Wit, and
 - deep Courage, defended himself many ways
- Some.

Sometimes denying their Accusations as false, and together weakning the Credit of his Adversaries; sometimes interpreting the Words he said, in a far other Sense than that in which they were represented. For the Point of bearing his Arms (among which those of *Edward the Confessor* are related) he alledg'd he had the Opinion of Heralds therein. And finally, when a Witness was brought against him *viva voce*, who pretended to repeat some high Words of the *Earl's* by way of discourse, which concerned him nearly; and that thereupon the said Witness should return a braving Answer; the *Earl* replied no otherwise to the Jury than— That he left it to them to judge, whether it were probable that this Man should speak thus to the *Earl of Surrey*, and he not strike him again. In Conclusion, he pleaded not guilty; but the Jury (which was a common Inquest, not of the *Peers*, because the *Earl* was no Parliamentary Lord) condemned him; whereupon also Judgement of Death was given, and he beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, *January* the 19th, 1547. And thus ended the *Earl*, a Man learned, and of an excellent Wit, as his Compositions shew.

This noble *Earl* was married to *Frances* Daughter to *John Earl of Oxford*, by whom he left two Sons, *Thomas* and *Henry*; and three Daughters, *Jane* married to *Charles Earl of Westmoreland*, *Margaret* to *Henry Lord Scroop* of

of *Bolton*, and *Catherine* to *Henry* Lord *Berkley*. Which last *Henry* was restored in Blood, in the 1st of *Elizabeth*, with his *three Sisters*, as was his elder *Brother* in the first of *Queen Mary*.

We think it needless to deduce a long Account of his Descendants, it being more to our Purpose to speak of him as a *Poet*, and the *Lady* who was the Object of his Passion, and the Occasion of most of the following Poems.

In all probability his first Attempts in Poetry were made at the proper time to be successful in Love-Compositions, in the heat of his Youth, and the vigour of his Fancy. The Lady to whom he addressed them was of the Bed-chamber to *Queen Catherine*, and the most celebrated Beauty of her Time; her Name was *Geraldine*, whose Family originally came from *Florence*, and was transplanted into *Ireland*, where she was born. This is intimated in a Poem of the *Earl's*;

*From Tuscan came my Ladies worthy Race,
Fair Florence was sometimes her ancient seat,
The Western Isle, whose pleasant shore does faae
Wild Camber's Clifts, did give her lively heat.*

It is uncertain what Success his Passion and his Poetry obtained, but Mr. *Drayton* would
make

made us believe that their Loves were far from being criminal, which I think we at this distance of time ought not in good manners to question.

For the Beauties of his Poetical Vein, I chuse rather to appeal to the Judgement of others, than endeavour to impose my own on the Reader. He was intimate with Sir *Thomas Wyatt* and Sir *Francis Brian* his Contemporaries, who were far the best Judges and Poets of those Days. And as for those who succeeded him, if it is a true Observation that those who deserve best themselves are the forwardest to do Justice to others, there was hardly a Poet of Note since this Nobleman's time, who has not pay'd some Respect to his Memory. Sir *Philip Sydney*, whose Praise it self were a sufficient Honour, where he recounts those few of our own Nation, who had written, as he speaks, with Poetical Sinews, takes Notice, 'That in the *Earl of Surrey's Lyrics* there were many things 'tasting of a noble Birth, and worthy of a noble Mind. And afterwards by finding fault with the bare Rhimers of the Age, who lay'd down no Plan in their Poems, he gives a backward glance to our Author, whose Subjects are always finely chosen, and the same Scheme justly pursued, without the feeble help, as Sir *Philip* says, of one lame Verse begetting another.

To

To come lower; Mr. *Drayton* in his *Heroical Epistles* written in Imitation of *Ovid's*, singles him out as his Favourite, and has indited one in his Name to his Lady *Geraldine*. There are a great many Beauties, as well as a good share of Antiquity in this Letter, and were I to judge, I should allow it the first Place in his Compositions. I cannot forbearing repeating those fine Verses he puts in his Mouth in honour of the Muses, a Subject frequently touched by the *Latin Poets*, but more excellently here.

*When Heav'n would strive to do the best it
can,*

*And put an Angel's Spirit into Man,
The utmost Power it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the World a Poet it doth intend.*

*That little difference 'twixt the Gods and us
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd only thus.*

*Whom they in Birth ordain to happy days,
The Gods commit their Glory to our Praise.*

*Eternal Life when they dissolve their Breath,
We likewise share a second Power by Death.*

*When time shall turn those Amber Locks to
Gray.*

*My Verse again shall gild, and make them
gay,*

And trick them up in knotted Curles anew,

And to thy Autumne give a Summer's hue;

That sacred Power that in my Ink remains,

Shall put fresh Blood into thy wither'd Veins.

MEMOIRS.

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It were easy to shew how these Lines, with a little Modern Polish, have been imitated, turned and worked twenty ways by *Lee*, *Dryden*, and others; but that Business is not of *this time*, and so we must pursue our Subject.

Beside *Mr. Drayton*, who has drawn his Picture at length, *Mr. Dryden* has accidentally mentioned him in many of his Writings. Of later Days *Mr. Pope* in his *Windsor Forest*, has artfully apply'd his Praises to the present Lord *Landsdown*.

*Here noble Surrey felt the sacred Rage,
Surrey the Granvile of a former Age.
Matchless his Pen, victorious was his Launce,
Bold in the Lists, and graceful in the Dance.
In the same Shades the Cupids tun'd his Lyre,
To the same Notes of Love and soft Desire.
Fair Geraldine bright Object of his Vow,
Then fill'd the Groves, as heavenly Mira now.*

I shall close this Account with *Mr. Fenton*, who in his late ingenious Poems has done the same honour to this Name, tho' I cannot agree with him in the last Line, for there is very little Obscurity in his Language, and indeed less than in the Poets who succeeded him, and who are at present admired.---But to the Verses.

*Chaucer had all that Beauty could inspire,
And Surrey's Numbers glow'd with warm Desire
Both*

*Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
Because the Thoughts, are in the Language lost.*

Excited by these frequent Praises of this Noble *Earl*, the Booksellers first undertook to revive his Memory among us by this new Edition of his Poems, which, if it have but the good Fortune to please, they shall be encouraged to proceed in publishing many other curious Pieces, which they have now ready collected for the Press.



[1]

SONGES

AND

SONETTES.

*Description of the restless State of a Lover, with
Sute to his Lady, to rue on his dieng hart.*

THE Sunne hath twyse brought fourth his
(tender grene,
Twyse cladde the Earth in lively lustinesse,
Ones have the Wyndes the trees dyspoled
(celene,
And once agayne begynnes theyr cruelnesse,
Synce I have hyd under my Brest the harme,
That never shall recover healthfulnesse.
The Wynters hurt recovers with the warme,
The parched Grene restored is with Shade :
What warmth, alas ! may serve for to dysarme
The frozen hart that myne inflame hath made ?
What colde agayne is able to restore
My fresh grene Yeares, that wither thus and fade.
Alas ! I see nothing has hurt so sore
But tyme, in tyme reduceth a returne :
In tyme my harme encreaseth more and more
And seemes to have my cure allwayes in Scorne ;
Strange kindes of Death, in Lyfe that I doe trye
At hand to melt, farre off in flame to burne :

B

And

2 SONGES and SONETTES.

And lyke as tyme lyst to my cure applye,
 So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
 All things alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,
 With cloke of night may cover and excuse
 It self from travayle of the days unrest,
 Save I, alas! against all others use
 That then Styrrer up the tormentes of my breaste;
 And curse eche Starre as causer of my fate:
 And when the Sun hath eke the darke opprest,
 And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
 The travayles of myne endless smarte and payne:
 For then as one as hath the light in hate,
 I wish for night more covertly to playne
 And me withdrawe from every haunted place,
 Lest by my chere my chaunce appeare to playne,
 To seeke the place where I my self had lost,
 And in my Mynde I measure pace by pace.
 That Day that I was tangled in the Lace,
 In femyng slacke that knitted ever most;
 But never yet the Travayll of my thought
 Of better state, could catche a cause to boast:
 For if I founde sometime that I have sought,
 Those Steires by whom I trusted of the port,
 My Sayles do fall, and I advaunce right nought,
 As ankred fast, my Sprites do all resort
 To stand agazed, and sink in more and more:
 The deadly harme which she doth take in sport
 Lo! if I seek, how I do find my sore!
 And if I flee, I cary with me styll
 The venomd shaft which doth hys force restore
 By hast of flight, and I may plague my fill
 Unto my self, unless this carefull Song
 Print in your hart some parcell of my tene
 For I alas! in silence all too long
 Of myne olde hurt, yet feeble the wound but grene:
 Rue on my Lyfe, or else your cruel wronge
 Shall well appeare, and by my Death be sene.

Description

SONGES and SONETTES. 3

*Description of Spring, wherein eche thing renews,
save only the Lover.*

THe soote season that bud, and bloome fourth
(bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
The Nightingall with fethers new she singes;
The turtle too her mate hath told her tale:
Somer is come, for every spray now springes.
The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale,
The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges;
The fishes flete with newe repayred scale:
The adder all her slough away she flynges;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smalle,
The busy bee her honey how shemynges;
Winter is worne that was the floures ball.
And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges

Description of the restless estate of a Lover.

WHen youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupides scourge had made me runne;
I looked back to meet the place,
From whence my weary course begunne;
And then I saw howe my desyre
Misguiding me had led the waye,
Myne eyne to greedy of theyre hyre,
Had made me lose a better prey.
For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloake my Grief with gayne;
The boyling smoke dyd still bewray,
The present heate of secret flame:
And when salt teares do bayne my breast,
Where love his pleasant traynes hath sowne,
Her beauty hath the fruytes opprest,
Soe that the buddes were spronge and blowne:

B

And

4 SONGES and SONETTES.

And when myne eyen dyd still pursue,
 The flying chafe of theyre request;
 Theyre greedy looks dyd oft renew,
 The hydden wounde within my breste.
 When every loke these cheekes might stayne,
 From dedly pale to glowing red;
 By outward signes appeared playne,
 To her for helpe my hart was fled.
 But all to late Love learneth me,
 To paynt all kynd of Colours new;
 To blynd theyre eyes that else should see
 My speckled chekes with cupids hew.
 And now the covert brest I clame,
 That worshit Cupide secretely;
 And nourished hys sacred flame,
 From whence no blairing sparkes do flye.

*Description of the fickle Affections, Pangs, and
 sleightes of Love.*

Such wayward wayes hath Love, that most part in
 (discord
 Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but seldom do
 (accord:
 Decyte is hys delighte, and to begyle and mocke
 The simple hartes who he doth strike with froward
 (divers stroke.
 He causeth th'one to rage with golden burning Darte,
 And doth alay with Leaden cold, again the others harte.
 Whose gleames of burning fyre and easy sparkes of flame,
 In balance of unequal weyght he pondereth by ame
 From easye ford where I myghte wade and pass full well,
 He me withdrawes and doth me drive, into a depe dark hell:
 And me witholdes where I am calde and offred place,
 And willes me that my mortal foe I do beseke of Grace;
 He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne
 To follow where my paynes were lost, ere that my fute
 (begunne.

SONGES and SONETTES. 5

So by this means I know how soon a hart may turne
From warre to peace, from truce to stryfe, and so agayne
(returne.

I know how to content my self in others Lust,
Of little stufte unto my self to weave a webbe of trust :
And how to hyde my harmes with sole dyfsemblyng
(chere,
whan in my face the painted thoughtes wou'd outwardly
(appeare.

I know how that the bloud forsakes the face for dred,
And how by shame it staynes agayne the Chekes with
(flamyng red :

I know under the Grene, the Serpent how he lurkes :
The hammer of the restless forge I wote eke how it
(workes.

I know and can by roate the tale that I woulde tell
But ofte the woordes come fourth awrye of him that
(loveth well.

I know in heate and colde the Lover how he shakes,
In syngeing how he doth complayne, in sleeping how he
(wakes

To languish without ache, sickelasse for to consume,
A thousand thynges for to devyse, resolvyng of his fume ;
And though he lyst to see his Ladyes Grace full sore
Such pleasures as delyght hys Eye, do not his helthe
(restore.

I know to seke the traecte of my desyred foe,
And fere to fynde that I do seek, but chiefly this I know,
That Lovers must tranfourme into the thyng beloved,
And live (alas ! who would believe ?) with sprite from
(Lyfe removed.

I knowe in harty fighes and laughters of the spleene,
At once to chaunge my state, my will, and eke my co-
(lour clene.

I know how to deceyve my self wythe others helpe,
And how the Lyon chastised is, by beatyng of the
(whelpe.

In standyng nere the fyre, I know how that I frease ;
Farre of I burne, in bothe I waste, and so my Lyfe I
(leese.

6 SONGES and SONETTES.

I know how Love doth rage upon a yeylding mynde,
How smalle a Nete may take and make a harte of gentle
(kynde:

Or else with seldom swete to season hepes of gall,
Revived with a glympse of Grace old sorrowes to let fall.
The hydden traynes I know, and secret snares of Love,
How soone a lōke will prynte a thoughte that never may
(remove.

• The slypper state I know, the sodein turnes from welthe
The doubtfull hope, the certaine woe, and sure de-
(spaired hethc.

*The Complainte of a Lover that defied Love and
was by Love after the more tormented*

WHen somer tooke in hande the wynter to assayle,
With force of myghte and vrytue grete, his stor-
(my blasts to quailc:

And when he clothed fayre the Earthe about wythe grene,
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene:
Mine hart gan new revive, and changed blood did stir
Me to withdrawe my wynter woes, that kepte wythyn the
(dur:

Abrode, quod my Desyre, assay to set thy fore:
Where thou shalt fynde the favour sweete for sprong is
(every rote.

And to thy helthe if thou were sycke in any Case
Nothing more good, than in the Sprynge the Ayre to sele
(a place:

There shalt thou heare and see al kynde of Byrdes,
(ywrought

Wel tune theyre voyce, with warble smal, as nature hath
(them tought.

Thus pricked me my Lust the sluggish house to leave,
And for my helthe I thoughte it best, such counsel to receave:
So on a morrow furth, unwist of any wyghte,
I went to prove how well it woulde, my hevy burden
(Lyghte:

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 7

And when I felt the Ayre, so pleasant round aboute ;
 Lorde to my selfe how glad I was, that I had gotten out.
 There myght I see how Ver had every blossome kent,
 And eke the new betrothed Byrdes y coupled how they

(went ;

And in thyre Songes me thought, they thanked nature much,
 That by her Lycence al that yere, to Love theyre hope was

(such :

Right as they could devise to chose them trees throughtout,
 Wyth much reyoing to theyr Lorde, thus flew they
 (all about.

Whyche when I gan resolve, and in my head conceave,
 What pleasant Lyfe, what heaps of joy, those Little birdes
 (receave.

And saw in what estate I weary Man was wroughte,
 By want of that they had at will, and I rescet at nought :
 Lord, how I gan in wrath ! unwisely me demeane !

I cursed Love, and hym defied, I thoughte to turne the
 (Streame :

But when I well behelde, he had me under awe,
 I asked mercy for my faulte, that so transgrest his Lawe,
 Thou blinded God (quod I) forgive me this offence,
 Unwittingly I went about to Malice thy pretence :

Wherewith he gave a becke, and thus methoughte he
 (swore,

Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy faulte if it were
 (more :

The virtue of which sound, mine hart did so revive,
 That I methought was made as whoale, as any Man alive,
 But here I may perceve, myne error all and some,

For that I thought that so it was, yet was it still undone:

And al that was no more but mine expressed Mynde,

That fain wou'd have some good reliefe, of Cupid well
 (assigned.

I turned home forthwith, and might perceyve it well,
 That he agreved was right sore, with me for my rebel

My harmes have ever since encreased more, and more,

And I remaind without his helpe, undone for evermore.

A Mirror let me be unto ye Lovers all ;

Strive not with Love, for if yedo, it will ye thus besalt.

8 SONGES and SONETTES.

Complaint of a Lover Rebuked.

Love that Liveth, and raigneth in my thought,
That built his Seat within my Cative Brest;
Clad in the Armes, wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my Face he doth his Banner rest.
She that methought to love, and suffer Pain,
My doubtfull hope, and eke my hot desire,
With shamfast Cloke to shadowe and restrain,
Her smiling Grace converteth straight to Ire,
And Cowred Love then to the Hart apace
Taketh his Flight, whereas he lurkes and plaines,
His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face,
For my Loves Gilt thus faultless bide I paines,
Yet from my Love shall not my foote remove
Swete is his deth, that takes his End by Love.

Complaint of the Lover Disdained.

IN Ciprus springes whereas Dame Venus dwelt,
A Well so hote, that who so tastes the same;
Were he of Stone, as Chawed Yfe should Melt,
And kindlede finde his brest with fired flame.
Whose moyst poison dissolved hath my hate,
This Creping fire my cold Lims so opprest;
That in the hart that harborde fredome late,
Endlesse despayre long thraldome hath imprest.
An other so colde in frozen Yfe is founde,
Whose chilling Venom of repugnant kinde;
The fervent heat doth Quenche of Cupides Wounde
And with the Spoted Change infectes the minde;
Whereof my Dere hath tasted to my paine,
My Service thus is grown into disdaine.

Description and praise of his Love Geraldine.

From Tuscan came my Ladies worthy Race,
Fairst Florence was sometye her auncient Seate;

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 9

The Western Yle whose pleasant Shore doth face
 Wild Cambers Clifs, did geve her lyuely heate :
 Fôstered she was, with milke of Irishe brest :
 Her Sire, an Erle, her Dame, of Princes blood ;
 From Tender yeres, in Britaine she doth rest,
 With Kinges Childe, where she tasteth Costly foode.
 Honsdon did first present her to myne yien :
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight,
 Hampton me taught, to wishe her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas, doth chafe me from her Sight.
 Her Beauty of Kinde, her Vertue from above,
 Happy is he, that can Obtain her Love.

The frailtye, and hurtfulnes of Beautie.

B Rittle Beautie that nature made so fraile,
 Whereof the gift is small, and short the Season ;
 Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,
 Tickled treasure, abhorred of reason :
 Dangerous to deale with, vaine of none availe,
 Costly in keeping, past not worthe two peason ;
 Slipper in sliding, as is an Eles Taile ;
 Harde to attain, once gotten not geason.
 Jewell of Jeopardie, that peril doth assaille,
 False and vntrewe, enticed oft to Treason ;
 Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile ;
 Ah bitter Swere ! infecting as the poyson,
 Thou farest as frute, that with the frost is taken,
 To day redy ripe, to morow al to shaken.

A Complaint by night of the lover not Beloved.

A Las ! so al thinges now doe holde their peace,
 Heaven and Earth disturbed in nothing ;
 The Beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe lease,
 The nightes chare the States aboute doth bringe :
 Calme is the Sea, the Waues worke lesse and lesse.
 So am not I, whome Love alas doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great Encrease
 Of my desires, whereas I wepe and sing,

10 SONGES and SONETTES.

In joy and wo, as in a doubtfull Case,
For my swete thoughts, some tyme doe pleasure bring;
But by and by, the Cause of my diseafe,
Geves me a pang, that inwardly doth sting;
When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
To live and lacke the thing should ridde my pain.

*How Eche thing, save the Lover in Spring, Reinueth
to pleasure.*

WHen Windsor Walles susteined my wearied arme,
My hande, my Chin, to Ease my restless hed,
The pleasant plot reuested green with warme,
The blossomd bowes with lusty Ver yspred:
The floured Meades, the wedded byrdes so late,
Myne Eyes discover, and to my mynd resorte
The ioly woes, the hatelesse short debate,
The Rakehell lyfe, that longes to loues disporte,
Wherewith, alas, the heauy charge of Care
Heapt in my brest, breakes fourth agaynst my wyll,
In smoky Sightes that ouercast the ayre,
My vapor'd eyes such drearily teares dystill.
The tender Spring whiche quicken, where they fall,
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

A Vowe to love faithfully Howsoever he be rewarded.

SEt me whereas the Sonne doth parch the grene,
Or where his beames do not dyssolve the Yse,
In temperate heat, where he is felt, and sene,
In presence prest of people, madde, or Wise;
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
In Longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest Skye, or where cloudes thickest be,
In lusty Youth or when my heares are graye:
Set me in Heaven, in Earth, or else in Hell,
In Hyll, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alyve where so I dwell,
Sicke, or in helthe, in evyll fame or good;

Her

SONGES and SONETTES. 11

Hers will I be, and only with this thought,
Content my self, althoug my chaunce be nought.

*Complaint that hys Lady after she knew of hys Love,
kept her face alwayes hydden from hym.*

I Never sawe my Lady laye apart,
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith fyrst she knew my grieve was growen so greate,
Whyche other Fancies dryveth from my harte
That to my selfe I do the thought reserve,
The whyche unwares dyd wound my woeful brest,
But on her face myne Eyes mought never rest :
Yet synce she knew I dyd her Love and serve,
Her Golden tresses cladde allway with blacke ;
Her smyleyng lookes that had thus evermore,
And that restraynes which I desire so sore :
So doth this cornet governe, me alacke !
In summer, Sun, in winters breathe, a Froste,
Wherebye the Lyghte of her fayre lookes I lost.

Request to hys Love to ioyne Bountie with Beauty.

THE Golden Gyft that Nature dyd thee geve,
To fasten Frendes and feed them at thy will ;
With fourme and favour, taught me to believe,
How thou arte made to shoue her greatest skylle :
Whose hydden vertues are not so unknowen,
But lyvely dames myghte gather at the fyrste ;
Where beauty so her perfecte seede hath sown,
Of all other graces follow nedes, there must.
Now certes Ladie, synce all thys is true,
That from above thy gyftes are thus elect ;
Do not deface them than wyth fansies newe.
Nor chaunge of Myndes let not the Mynde infect :
But mercy hyme thy frende, that dothe thee serve,
Who sekcs always thyne honour to preserve.

Prisoner

12 SONGES and SONETTES.

*Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure
there passed.*

SO cruell prison howe could betyde, alas !
 As proude Windsor : Where I in Lust and Joy,
 Wythe a Kynges Sonne, my chyldysh yeres dyd passe,
 In greater feast, than Priams Sonnes of Troye :
 Where eche swete place returns a tastfull sower :
 The large grene where we were wont to trove,
 Wyth Eyes cast up into the Maydens tower,
 And easy sighes, such as folkes draw in Love :
 The stately seates, the Ladies brighte of hewe ;
 The Daunces short, long tales of greate delight
 Wyth woordes and lookes, that Tygers could but rewe,
 Where eche of us dyd pleade the others ryghte.
 The palme play, where despoyled for the game,
 With dared Eyes oft we by gleames of Love,
 Have myst the Ball, and gote sighte of our Dame
 To bayte her Eyes, whyche kept the leads above
 The gravel ground, wythe sleeves tyde on the helme
 On fomyng horse, with swordes and friendly hartes ;
 Wythe chere as though one shoulde another whelme
 Where we have fought, and chased oft wyth dartes.
 With Silver droppes the meade yet spreade for ruthe,
 In actives games of Nimbleness and Strength,
 Where we did strayne trayned wyth swarmes of youthe
 Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in lengthe.
 The secrete groves which oft we made resounde,
 Of pleasant playnte, and of our Ladies prayse,
 Recordyng oft what grace eche one had founde,
 What hope of speede, what dreade of long delays.
 The wylde forreste, the clothed holes with grene,
 With raynes availed and swiftly breathed horse ;
 Wyth cry of Houndes and merry blastes betwene,
 Where we did chase the feareful hart of force.
 The wyde vales eke, that harborde us eche nyghte,
 Wherewyth, (alas) reviveth in my breste ;

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 13

The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delyght,
 The pleasant dreames the quyet bed of rest:
 The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust,
 The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe;
 The Friendship sworne, eche promise kept so fast,
 Wherewith we past the Winter nyghte away.
 And wyth thys thoughte, the bloud forsakes the face,
 The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
 The whyche as soone as sobbyng sighes, (alas!)
 Upsupped have, thus, I my playnt renewe:
 O place of blisse! renewer of my Woes!
 Give me accompt where is my noble fere,
 Whom in thy walles thou doest eche nyghte enclose,
 To other luse, but unto me most clere:
 Eccho (alas!) that doth my sorrow rewe,
 Returns thereto a hollowe sounde of playnt;
 Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
 In pryson pyne, wythe bondage and restraynt:
 And with remembrance of the greater grieve,
 To banishe the lesse I fynd my chief reliefe.

*The Lover comforteth himselfe wythe the Worthynesse
 of hys Love.*

WHEN rageyng Love wyth extreme payne,
 Most cruelly distraynes my harte;
 When that my teares as floudes of rayne,
 Bear witness of my wofull smarte:
 When Sighes have wasted so my breathe
 That I lye at the poynt of Deathe.
 I call to mynde the Navy greate,
 That the Greekes brought to Troy towne,
 And how the boysterous wyndes dyde beate
 Theyre Shippes, and rent thayre Sayles adowne;
 Tyll agamemnons daughters bloode,
 Appeased the Goddesses that them withstood:
 And how that in those ten years warre,
 Full many a bloody dede was done;

And

14 SONGES and SONETTES.

And many a Lorde that came full farre,
There caughte his bane (alas!) too soone :
And many a good Kayghte overcome,
Before the Grekes had helenne wonne.
Then thynk I thus sith such repayre,
So long tyme warre of valiant Menne,
Was all to wynde a Lady fayre,
Shall I not learne to suffer then?
And think my tyme well spent to be,
Serving a woorthier wyghte than She?
Therefore I never will repent,
But paynes contented styll endure ;
For like as when rough winter spent,
The pleasant sprynge strait draweth in ure,
So after raging stormes of care,
Joyfull at length may be my fare.

*Complaint of the absence of her Lover being upon
the Seas.*

O Happy Dames that may Embrace,
The fruite of your delyghte ;
Helpe to bewaile the woefull case,
And eke the heavy plyghte
Of me that wanted to reioyce,
The fortune of my pleasant choice :
Good Ladyes helpe to fyll my mourning voice.
In Shippe freighte wythe remembraunce
Of thoughtes and pleasures past,
He sayles that hath in governaunce,
My Life while it will last.
With scalding fyghes for lacke of Gale,
Furdering hys hope that is his sayle,
Toward me, the swete port of hys ayayle!
Alas! how oft in Dreams I see
Those Eyes that were my foode,
Whych sometime so dellyted me
That yet they do me goode:

Where

SONGES and SONETTES. 15

Wherewith I wake wythe his returne,
 Whose absent flame dyd make me burn,
 But when I fynde the lacke, Lord, how I mourne !
 When other Lovers in armes acrosse,
 Reioyce their encchyfe delight ;
 Drowned in teares to mourne my Losse
 I stand the bytter Nyghte
 In my Window, where I may see
 Before the wyndes how the Cloudes flee
 Lo ! what a Mariner Love hath made me.
 And in grene waves when the salt floode
 Doth ryse by rage of wynde,
 A thousand fanfies in that mood
 Assayle my restlesse Mynde :
 Alas ! how drencheth my swet so
 That wyth the spoyle of my hart did go,
 And left me (but alas!) why did he so ?
 And when the seas were calme agayne,
 To chace from me annoye,
 My doubtful hope doth cause my playne,
 So drede cuts of my Ioye.
 Thus in my wealth myngled with woe,
 And of eche thought a doubt doth growe
 Now he comes ! will he come ? alas ! no !

*Complaint of a dying Lover refused upon hys Ladyes
 Insult mystakynge of hys wrytyng.*

IN wynters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raygne,
 And every tree unclothed fast, as nature taught them
 (playne :
 In mysty Morning darke, as shepe are then in holde,
 I hyde me fast, it sat me on, my shepe for to unfolde.
 And as it is a thyng that lovers have by fyttes,
 Under a palme I heard one cry, as he had lost hys wittes.
 Whose voice did ringe so shrill in utterynge of hys playnt,
 That I amazed was to heare, how Love coulde hym at-
 (taynt,

And

16 SONGES and SONETTE S.

Ah! wretched Man (quod he) come death and ryd thys
(woe;

A iust reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee foe.
Thy pleasures past, have wrought thy woe without Re-
(dresse;

If thou hadst never felt no ioy, thy smart had been the
(lesse.

And rechlesse of hys Lyfe, he gan both sygh and grone,
A ruefull thyng methought it was to here hym make
(such mone

Thou cursed Pen sayd he, wo worthe the Byrde she bare,
The Man, the Knyfe, and all that made thee, wo be to
(thyre share :

Wo worth the tyme and place, where I could so endyte,
And wo be it yet once agayne, the Pen that so can wryte.
Unhappy hand ! it had been happy tyme for me,
If when to wryte thou learned fyrste, unjoynted hadst
(thou be.

Thus cursed he himself, and every other wyghte,
Save her alone whom Love him bound to serve both day
(and nyght.

Whyche when I heard and saw, how he himself foredyd
Against the ground with bloody strokes, hymself even
(thereto rid ;

Had been my hart of flynt it must have melted tho,
For in my Lyfe I never saw a man so full of wo,
Wyth Teares for hys redresse, I rashely to hym ran,
And in my Armes I caught hym fast, and thus I spake
(hym than :

What wofull wyght art thou that in such heavy case,
Tormentes thy selfe wyth such despyte here in thys de-
sert place ?

Wherewyth as all agayste, fulfylde with ire and dread,
He cast on me a staring loke with colour pale and dead ;
Nay what art thou (quod he) that in thys heavy plyght,
Dost fynde me here, most wofull wretch, that Lyfe hath
(in despight ?

I am

SONGES and SONNETS. 17

I am (quod I) but poore and symple in degree,
A shepheardes charge I have in hande, unworthy though

(I be :

Wyth that he gave a syghe as though the Skye should fall,
And loud alas he saryked oft, and Shepheard gan he call :
Come hye thee fast at ones, and prynt it in thy hart,
So thou shalt know, and I shall tell, the gyltlesse how I

(smarr:

Hys backe agaynste the tree sore feeble all wythe faynte
Wyth weary spryre, he stretcht hym up, and thus he told

(hys playnt :

Once in my harte (quod he) it chaunced me to Love
Such one in whome hath nature wrought her cunning for

(to prove :

And sure I cannot say but many yeres were spent,
With such good will so rcompens, as both we were con-

(tent.

Where to shew I'me bounde, and she lykewise also,
The Sunne should runne hys course awry ere we thys

(sayth foregoe.

Who Joyed then but I ? who hadde thys Worlde's blysse ?
Who myghte compare a Lyfe to myne that never thought

(on this ?

But dwellyng in thys truth, amid my greatest Joy,
It me befall'd a greater losse then Priam had of troy ;

She is reversed cleane and beareth me in hand,
That my desertes have geven cause to breke thys fayth-

(full Band.

And for my Just excuse avayleth no defence :
Now knowest thou all, I can no more, but shepheard hye

(thee hence

And geve him leave to dye, that may no longer lyve, ;
Whose record to I claime to have, my death I do forgeve ;

And eke when I am gone, be bold to speake it playne,
Thou hast seene dye the truest man that ever love dyd

(payne.

Wherewith he turnde hym rounde, and gasping oft for
(breath,

Into his armes a tree he caught, and sayd welcome my
(death

Welcome

18 SONGES and SONETTES.

Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer unto me
 Than should without her love to live, an Emperour to be.
 Thus in this wofull state he yelded up the gost,
 And little knoweth his Ladye, what a lover she hath lost.
 Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it right
 For pitie though my heart dyd blede, to see so piteous
 (Sight.

My blood from heate to cold oft chaunged wonders fore,
 A thousand troubles there I found I never knew before:
 Twene dreade and dolour, so my spretes were brought
 (in feare,
 That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I dyd
 (there.

But as eche thing hath ende, so had these paynes of
 (myne,
 The furies past, and I my wittes restorde by length of
 (tyme:

Then as I could devyse, to seek I thought it best,
 Where I might finde some worthy place for such a corps
 (to rest:

And in my mynde it came, from thence not farreaway
 Where Cresfelds love, king Priams Sone the worthy Tro-
 (lus lay:

By him I made his tombe, in token he was true,
 And as to him belongeth well, I covered it with blewe;
 Whose Soule by aungels power, departed not so soone,
 But to the heavens, so it fled, for to receive his dome.

Complaint of the absence of her lover beyng upon the Sea.

GOOD Ladies, ye that have your pleasures in exile,
 Step in your foote, come take a place, and morne
 (with me a while:
 And such as by theyr lordes do set but little pryce,
 Let them sit still, it skilles them not what chaunce come
 (on the dice:

But

SONGES and SONETTES. 19

But ye whom love hath bound by order of desyre,
To love your lords, whose good deserts none other
(would require :

Come ye yet once agayne, and set your foote by myne,
Whose wofull plight, and sorrewes great, notong can well
(define;

My love and Lord, alas ! in whom consistes my welth,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazard of his helth :
Whom I was wont tembrace with well contented mynde,
Is now amynd the fomyng Floods at pleasure of the wynde :
Where god will him preserve, and soone him home me
(send;

Without which hope my lyfe (alas) were shortly at an
(ende :

Whose absence yet although my hope doth tell me playne
With short returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my
(payne :

The fearefull dreames I have, oft tymes doe grieve me so,
That when I wake, I lye in doubte, where they be true
(or no :

Sometimes the roaring seas, me semes do growe so hye,
That my deare Lord, ay me, alas ! methinkes I see him
(dye.

An other time the same doth tell me he is come,
And playing, where I shall hym finde with his faire litle
(Sonne.

So fourth I goe apace to see that lesesome Sight,
And with a kyffe, methinke I say welcome my Lord my
(knight,

Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare,
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me and my
(care :

Then lively doth he look, and salveth me agayne,
And sayth my dere how is it now that you have all this
(payne ?

Wherewith the heavy cares that heapt are in my brest,
Breake fourth and me dischargen clene of all my huge
(unrest.

But when I me awake, and find it but a dreame
The anguish of my former wo beginneth more extreme

20 SONGES and SONETTES.

And me tormenteth so that uneath may I fynde,
Some hidden peace wherein to flake the gnawing of
(my mynde.

Thus every way you see wythe absence how I burne,
And for my wound no cure I fynde but hoape of good
(returne;

Save when I thynke by sowre how swete is felt the more
It doth abate some of my Paynes, that I abode before :
And then unto my self I say, when we shall mete,
But little whyle shall seme thys payne, the Joy shall be
(so swete.

Ye wyndes I you conjure in cheifest of your Rage,
That ye my Lord safely send my sorrowes to asswage.
And that I may not long abyde in thys excesse,
Do your good will to cure a wyght, that liveth in Di-
stresse.

*A praise of bys Love, wherein he reproveth them that
compare their Ladies with his.*

GIve place ye Lovers here before,
That spent your boastes and bragges in vain,
My Ladies beuty passeth more,
The best of yours I dare well sayne.
Then doth the sunne the Caundle lyght,
Or bryghtest Day the darkest Nyght,
And thereto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the fayre,
For what she sayeth ye may it trust,
As it by wrytyng sealed were :
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I wyth Pen have Skill to showe:
I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effecte of Natures playnt,
When she had lost the perfect moulde,
The lyke to whome she could not paynte :
With wringeing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

SONGES and SONETTES. 21

I knowe she swore with rageing Mynde,
Her Kyngdome only set aparte;
There was no losse by Law of kynde,
That could have gone so nere her hearte;
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.
Syth Nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the chiefest worke she wroughte;
In fayth me thynke some better wayes,
On your behalfe myghte well be soughte.
Then to compare (as you have done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

To the Ladie that skorned her Lover.

Althoughe I have a checke,
To geve the mate is harde;
For I have sounde a necke,
To keepe my Men in garde.
And you that hardy are,
To geve so great assaye
Unto a Man of Warre,
To dryve hys Men away:
I nede you take good hede,
And marke this foolyshe verse;
For I wyll so provyde,
That I wyll have you ferce.
And when your ferce is had,
And all your warre is done,
Then shall your self be glad,
To end that you begonne.
For if by chaunce I winne,
Your personne in the feilde,
To late then you come in
Your selfe to me to yelde.
For I will use my power,
As Captayne full of myghte;
And such I will devoure,
As use to shew my spyghte.

And

22 SONGES and SONETTES.

And for because you gave
 Me checke in your degree ;
 This vantage lo I have,
 Now check and garde to thee :
 Defend it if thou may,
 Stand styffe in thyne Estate ;
 For sure I will assay,
 If I can geve the mate.

*A warning to the Lover, how he is abused by
 his Love.*

TO dearly had I boughte my grene and youthfull
 (yeres,
 If in myne Age I could not fynde, when craft for Love
 (apperes.
 And feldome though I come in Court among the rest,
 Yet can I iudge in colours dymme, as deep as can the
 (best.
 Where Grief tormentes the Man that suffereth secret
 (smart,
 To breake it fourth unto some frende, it easeth well the
 (heart :
 So stand it now with me, (for my beloved frend)
 This case is thine, for whom I feele such torments of my
 (mynde ;
 And for thy sake, I burne so in my secret breste,
 That tyll thou know my whole disease, my heart can
 (have no rest.
 I see how thyne abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
 That all it yeldes to thy desire, and followes thee by fittes.
 Where thou hast loved so long, with heart and all thy
 (power,
 I see thee fed with fayned wordes, thy freedome to de-
 (vour ;
 I know, (though she say nay, and would it well with-
 (stande,
 When in her Grace, thou yeldest thee most, she bare
 (thee but in hand ;
 I see

SONGES and SONETTES. 23

I see her pleasant chere, in chieft of thy suite,
When thou art gone, I see him come, that gathers up the
fruite;

And eke in thy respect, I see the base degree,
Of him to whom she gave the hart, that promised was
(to thee.

I see (what woulde you more) stode never Man so sure,
On womans woord, but wisdome would instruct it to
(endure.

The forsaken Lover describeth, and forsaketh Love.

O Lothsome place where I,
Have seene and heard my dere;
When in my hart her Eye,
Hath made her thought appere.
By glinsing with such Grace,
As fortune it ne woulde
That lasten any space,
Between us longer shoulde.
As fortune did advance,
To further my desire,
Even so hath fortunes chaunce,
Throwen all amiddes the Myre.
And that I have deserved,
With true and faithfull hart;
As to his handes reserved,
That never felt the smart.
But happy is that Man,
That scapeth hath the Griefe,
That Love will seeke him can,
By wanting his reliefe.
A scourge to quiet Myndes,
It is who taketh hede;
A common plague that byndes,
A travell without Mede.
This gift it hath also,
Who so enjoyes it most,
A thousand troubles grow,
To vex his wearied Ghost.

24 SONGES and SONETTES.

And last it may not long,
The truest thyng of all;
And sure the greatest wronge,
That is within thys thrall.
But since thou desert place,
Canst give me no accompte;
Of my desyred grace,
That I to have was wont:
Farewell! thou haste me taughte,
To thinke me not the fyrste,
That Love hath set a loſt,
And caſten in the Duſt.

The Lover deſcribes his reſtleſſe Eſtate.

AS ofte as I beholde and ſe,
The ſoveraigne beautie that me bounde,
The nier my comforte is to me,
Alas! the freſher is my wound.
As flame doth quench by Rage of fire,
And running Streames consumes by raine;
So doth the ſight that I deſire,
Appeaſe my Griefe and deadly paine.
Firſt when I ſaw thoſe chryſtal Streames,
Whoſe beauty made my mortall woundes,
I little thoughte within her beames,
So ſwete a venom to be founde.
But wilfull Will did pricke me forth,
And blinde Cupid did whippe and guyde;
Force made me take my griefe in worth
My fruitleſſe hope my harme did hide.
As cruel waves full oft be founde,
Againſt the Rockes do rore and cry,
So doth my hart full oft rebound,
Againſt my breſt ful bitterly.
I fall and ſe mine own decay,
As one that beares flame in his breſt;
Forgets in paine to put away,
The thinge that bredeth mine unreſt.

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 25

The Lover excuseth himself of suspected Change.

THough I regarded not
 The promise made by me,
 Or passed not to Spot
 My faith and honestie.
 Yet were my fantasie strange;
 And wilful will to wite;
 If I soughte now to change
 A Falkon for a Kite.
 All Men might well dispraise
 My wit and enterprize,
 If I esteemed a pefe
 Above a pearle in price:
 Or judged the owle in sight,
 The Sparhauke to excell;
 Which flyeth but in the Night
 As all Men know righte well.
 Or if I soughte to faile,
 Into the brittle porte;
 Where anker hold doth faile,
 To such as do resort;
 And leave the haven sure,
 Where blowes no blustering winde;
 Nor sickeenesse in ure
 So farforth as I finde.
 No, think me not so lighte,
 Nor of so churlish kinde,
 Though it lay in my wighte,
 My boundage to unbinde:
 That I woulde leave the kinde
 To hunt the Ganders so.
 No, no, I have no Minde
 To make exchanges so:
 Nor yet to change at all,
 For thinke it may not be,
 That I shoulde seke to fall
 From my Felicitie.

Desirous

26 SONGES and SONEttes.

Desirous for to win,
 And loth for to forgo,
 Or new change to begin,
 How may all this be so?
 The fire it cannot frese,
 For it is not his kinde;
 Nor true love cannot lese
 The constancye of minde:
 Yet as sone shall the fire,
 Want heate to blase and burne,
 As I in such desire
 Have once a thought to turne.

*A Carelesse Man scorning and describing the futtle
 Usage of Women towards their Lovers.*

WRapt in me carelesse cloke, as I walk to and fro,
 I se how love can shew what force there reigneth
 (in his bow,
 And how he shoteth eke a harty hart to wound;
 And where he glaunceth by again, that litle hurt is found.
 For seldme is it sene he woundethe hartes alike;
 The tone may rage, when tothers love is often farre to
 (seke:
 All this I see with more, and wonder thinketh me,
 How he can strike the one so fore, and leave the other
 (free;
 I see that wounded wight, that suffereth al this wrong,
 How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth al to long
 In silence, though I kepe such secretes to my self;
 Yet do I see how she sometime doth yelde a looke by
 (helth,
 As though it semde, ywis y will not lose the so.
 When in her hart so swete a thought did never truly grow;
 Then say I thus, alas, that man is farre from blisse
 That doth receive for his relief none other game but this;
 And she that fedes him so, I se and find it plain,
 Is but to glory in her power, that over such can raigne

Nor

SONGES and SONETTES. 27

Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinks that he
A wery man is fully bent such fancies to let flee,
Then to retaine him still, she wresteth new her grace;
And smileth lo as though she woulde forthewith the man

(embrace :

But when the prooffe is made to try such lokes withall,
He findeth then the place alwoide, and frighted full of

(Gall:

Lord what abuse is this! who can such Women praise?
That for their Glory do devise to use such craftie ways:
I that amonge the rest, do sit and marke the Rowe,
Find that in her is greater craft then is in twenty moe,
Whose tender years, alas! with wiles so wel are sped,
What will she do, when hory heares, are powdered in
(her hed?

*An Answer in the behalfe of a Woman of an
uncertain Author.*

Girt in my gittles gowne, as I sit here and fow
I see that thinges are not in dede as to the outwarde
(show.

And who so list to loke, and note thinges somewhat nere,
Shal find wher plainesse semes to haunt, nothing but craft
(appear :

For with indifferent eyes my self can well discerne,
How som to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the
(sterne;

Whose practice it were proued in calme to stere a barge,
Assuredly believ it well it were to great a charge:

And some I se again sit still and say but small,
That coule do ten times more then they that say they
(can do all;

Whose goodly giftes are such, the more they understand,
The more they seke to learne and know, and take lese
(charge in hand.

And to declare more plain the time fleets not so fast,
But I can bear full well in mind the song now song and
(past,
The

28 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

The auctor whereof come wrapt in a crafty Cloke,
 With will to force a flaming fire, where he could raise no
 (smoke;
 If power and will had joined, as it appereth plaine,
 The truth no right had tane no place their vertues had
 (been vain,
 So that you may perceive, and I may falsly se
 The innocent that giltlesse is, condempned should have be.

The Constant Lover Lamenth.

Sins fortunes wrath envieth the welth
 Wherein I raigned by the sight
 Of that, that fed mine Eyes by stelth,
 With sowre, swete, dread and delight.
 Let not my grieve move you to mone,
 For I will wepe and waile alone.
 Spite drave me into Boreas raigne,
 Where hoary frostes the frutes do bite,
 When hills were spread, and every plaine
 With stormy Winters Mantle white,
 And yet my dere such was my heate,
 When others freaze then did I sweate.
 And now, though on the Sunne I drive,
 Whose fervent flame all thinges decaies,
 His Beames in Brightnesse may not strive,
 With light of your swete Golden Rayes;
 Nor from my breste this heate remove,
 The frozen thoughtes graven by Love.
 He may the waves of the salt floode
 Quench that your beautie set on fyre,
 For though myne Eyes forbear the foode,
 That dyd relieve the hot desire;
 Such as I was, such will I be,
 Your owne, what woulde you more of me?

SONGES and SONETTES. 29

*A Song written by the Earle of Surrey by a Lady
that refused to Daunce with him.*

Eche beast can choose his fere according to his mynde,
And eke can shewe a friendly chere lyke to their
(beastly kynde ;
A Lyon saw I late as whyte as any snowe,
Which semed well to leade the Race, his port the same
(did shewe :
Upon the gentle Beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still me thoughte he seemed well of noble bloud
(to be.
And as he praunced before, still seeking for a Make,
As who would say, there is none here, I trowe will me
(forsake ;
I might perceive a Woolfe as white as whales Bone,
A fairer beaste, of fresher hue beheld I never none,
Save that her lookes were coy, and froward eke her
(Grace,
Unto the whiche this Gentle Beast gan him avaunce
(apace.
And with a Becke full lowe he bowed at her feete,
In humble wise, as who woulde say, I am too farre un-
(meete.
But such a scornfull chere wherewith she him rewarded
Was never seene I trowe the like to such as well de-
(served.
With that she start asyde well neere a foot or twaine,
And unto him thus gan she say with spyte and great
(disdaine,
Lyon she faide, if thou hadest known my mind before,
Thou hadst not spent thy travaile thus, nor all thy paine
(for lore.
Do way I lete thee, wete thou shalt not play with me,
Go range about, where thou maist finde some meter fere
(for thee.

With

30 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

With that he bet his taylor, his Eyes began to flame,
I might perceive his noble heart, much moved by the
(same.

Yet saw I him refrayne, and eke his wrath asswage,
And unto her thus gan he say, when he was past his
(Rage.

Cruel you do me wronge, to set me thus so lighte,
Without desert for my good will, to shew me thus def-
(pyte ;

How can ye thus entreate a Lyon of the Race,
That with his pawes, a crowned Kynge devoured in the
(place.

Whose nature is to prey upon no simple foode,
As long as he may sucke the flesh, and drink of noble
(bloud.

If you be fayre and fresh, am I not of your hue,
And for my vaunt I dare well say, my bloud is not un-
(true.

For you your self have heard, it is not long agoe,
Sith that for Love, one of the Race dyd end his Life
(in wo.

In Tower strong, and hye for his assured truth,
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas the more the
(ruth.

Thys gentle beaste so dyed, whom nothing could re-
(move,

But willingly to leese hys Life for Loss of his true Love.
Other there be, whose Lives do linger still in payne,
Against their wills preserved are, that woulde have dyed
(fayne.

But now I do perceive, that nought it moveth you,
My good entent my gentle Heart, nor yet my kinde so
(true.

But that your will is such, to lure me to the trade,
And other some full many yeres to trace by craft ye
(made.

And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre,
I seek my foes, and you your frendes do threaten still with
(Warre.

SONGES and SONETTES 31

I faune where I am fed, you slay, that fokes to you,
I can devour no yelding prey, you kill where you subdue.
My kind is to desire the honour of the feild,
And you with bloud do flake your thyrste on such as to

(you yelde :

Wherefore I woulde you wiste, that for your coyed
lookes,

I am no Man that will be trapt, nor tangled with such
(Hookes.

And though some lust to Love, where blamefull well
they might,

And to such beastes of current sort, that would have tra-
(vail bright ;

I will observe the lawe, that nature gave to me,
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go free :
And as a faulcon free, that soareth in the ayre,
Which never fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth
(care.

While that I live and breathe, such shall my custome be,
In wildness of the woodes, to seek my prey where plea-
seth me :

Where many one shall rue, that never made offence,
Thus your refuse against my power, shall bote them no
(defence.

And for Revenge thereof, I vow and swear thereto,
A thousand spoyles I shall commyt, I never thought to
(doe.

And if to lyght on you my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed on
(me.

And thus farewell unkynd, to whom I bent and bowe,
I would you wist, the Ship is safe, that bare his sayles so
(lowe.

Sith that a Lyons hart, is for a wolfe no preye,
With bloody Mouthe go flake your thirst on simple
(shepe I say.

With more despyte and Ire, than I can now expresse,
Which to my payne, though I refrayn, the cause you
(may well guesse.

As

32 SONGES and SONETTE S.

As for because my self was auctour of the same,
It bootes me not that for my wrath, I shoulde disturbe
(the same.

*The faithfull Lover declareth his Paynes and his
uncertaine Joyes, and with onely hope recomfort
somewhat his wofull heart.*

IF care do cause men crye, why do not I complayne?
If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not my
payne?

Synce that amongst them all, I dare well say is none,
So farre from weal, so full of woe, or hath more cause
(to mone.

For all thinges haveing Life, sometime hath quiet
(rest,

The bearing Asse, the drawing Oxe, and every other
(Beast :

The Peasant, and the Post, that serves at all assayes,

The Ship Boy, and the Galley Slave, have time to take
(their ease.

Save I, alas! whom care of force doth so constrayne,
To wale the Day, and wake the Night, continually in
(Payne.

From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter Teares,
From teares, to paynfull playnt againe, and thus my Life
(it weares.

Nothyng under the Sun, that I can heare or see,
But moveth me for to bewayle, my cruel Destyny.

For where Men do rejoyce (since that I cannot so)

I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.

And when I hear the sound of Song or Instrument,

Methinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helps me to La-
(ment ;

And if I see some have theyre most desyred syghte,

Alas! thynke I, eche Man hath weale save I most wo-
full wyghte.

Then

SONGES and SONETTES. 33

Then as the stricken Deere, withdrawes himself alone,
 So do I seeke some secret place, where I may make my
 (moane.
 There do my flowing Eyes shew fourthe my melting
 (hart,
 So the Stremes of those two welles, right well declare
 (my smart.
 And in those Cares so could I force my self a heare,
 As sicke men in theyr shaking fittes procure themselfe to
 (sweate.
 With thoughtes that for the tyme do much appease my
 (payne,
 But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my wo
 (agayne.
 Methinke within my thought I see right playne appere
 My hartes delight, my sorowes lethe, myne earthly
 (goddesse here,
 With every sundry grace that I have seene her have,
 Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paynt and
 (grave;
 And in my thought I role her beauties too and fro,
 Her laughing chere, her lively looke, my heart that
 (perced so.
 Her strangenes when I sued her servaunt for to be,
 And what she sayde, and how she smylde when that she
 (pitied me.
 Then comes a sodayne feare that rueth all my rest,
 Lest absence cause forgetfulnes to sinke within her brest.
 For when I thinke how farre this earth doth us divyde,
 Alas, me femes love throws me downe, I fele how that
 (I slide:
 But when I thinke agayne, why should I thus mistrust,
 So swete a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true and
 (just.
 For loth she was to love, and wavering is she not,
 The farther off the more desyrde, thus lovers tye theyr
 (knot;

34 SONGES and SONETTES.

So in dispayre and hoape plunged am I both up and
 (downe,
 As is the Ship with wind and wave, when Neptune lift
 (to frowne.
 But as the watery showers delay the raging wind,
 So doth good hoape cleane put away dispayre out of my
 (mynde;
 And byddes for to serve and suffer patiently,
 For what wot I the after weale that fortune willes to
 (me.
 For those that care do knowe and tasted have of trouble,
 When passed is theyr wofull payne eche joy shall seme
 (them double:
 And bytter fendes she now to make me taste the better,
 The pleasant swete when that it comes to make it seem
 (the sweter.
 And so determine I to serve until my Breath,
 Yea rather dye a thousand times than once to false my
 (fayth.
 And if my coole corps through weight of wofull smart,
 Do fayle or faint, my will it is that still she kepe my hart,
 And when this Carcas here to earth shall be refard,
 I do bequeath my weried ghost to serve her afterward.

The meanes to attayne happy lyfe.

MArtiall, the thinges that doe attayne
 The happy lyfe, be these I fynde,
 The riches left, not got with payne,
 The fruitfull grounde, the quiet mynde,
 The egall frend no grudge no strife,
 No charge of rule nor governaunce;
 Without disease the healthful lyfe,
 The household of continuance.
 The meané dyet no delicate fare,
 True wisdomes joynde with simplenesse;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the witte may not oppresse.

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 35

The faithfull wyfe without debate,
Such slepe as may beguile the night,
Contented with thine owne estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

Prayse of meane and constant estate.

OF thy lyfe Thomas, this compasse well marke
Not aye with full sailes the hye seas to beate,
Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes darke,
On shallowe shores thy keel in perill fret.
Who so gladly halfeth the golden meane,
Voide of daungers advisedly hath his home,
Not with lothsome mucke as a den uncleane,
Nor palace like, whereat disdayne may glome.
The lofty pyne the great wind often rives,
With violenter swey falne turrets stepe,
Lightnings affaure the high mountaines and clives,
A hart well stayde, in overthwartes depe,
Hoapeth amendes, in swete, doth feare the sower,
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharpe,
No will not aye thus, once Phebus to lowre,
With bowe unbent, shall cesse and frame to harpe,
His voyce in strayte estate appeare thou stoute
And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy pult sayles shall fill, looke well about,
Take in a rift, hast is wast, prooffe doth finde.

*Praises of certain Psalmes of David Translated
by Syr T. W. the elder.*

THE great Macedon, that out of Persie chased
Darius, of whose huge powers all Asie rong,
In the riche arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,
Wo feigned gestes of heathen princes song,
What holy grave, what worthy sepulchre
To wyates psalmes should christians then purchase;

36 SONGES and SONETTES.

Where he doth paint the lyvely faith and pure,
 The stedfast hope the sweete returne to grace.
 Of just David by perfite penitence,
 Where rulers may see in a myrroure clear,
 The bytter fruite of false concupiscence,
 How Jewry bought Urias death ful deare.
 In princes hartes Gods scourge imprinted depe,
 Ought them awake out of their sinfull slepe.

Of the Death of the same Syr T. W.

DIvers thy death do dyversly bemone,
 Some that in presence of thy livelighed
 Lurked, whose brestes envy with hate had
 (swolne,
 Yield Ceasars feares upon Pompeus hed,
 Some that watched with the murderers knife,
 With eager thyrst to drinke thy giltlesse blood,
 Whose practise brake by happy end of lyfe,
 With envious teares to hear thy fame so good,
 But I, that knew what harbred in that hed
 What vertues rare were tempred in that brest,
 Honour the place that such a Jewel tred,
 And kisse the ground whereas the corps doth rest,
 With vapourd eyes, from whence such streames awayle,
 As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewayle.

Of the same.

WYAT resteth here, that quicke could never rest,
 Whose heavenly gyftes encreaseth by disdayne,
 And vertue sanke the deper in his brest,
 Such profit he by envy could obtayn.

A hed, where wisdome misteries did frame,
 Whose hammers bet styll in that lively braine,
 As on a stythe, where that some worke of fame
 Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gayne,

SONGES and SONETTES. 37

A visage sterne, and milde, where both did growe,
Vyce to contemne, in vertue to rejoyce :

Amyd great stormes, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

A hand, that taught what might be sayd in ryme
That rest Chaucer the glory of his wit.

A marke, the which (unparfited, for time)
Some may approche, but never none shall hit.

A tong, that served in forein realmes his King,
Whose courteous talke to vertue did inflame,
Eche noble hart, a woorthy guyde to bring
Our english youth, by travayle unto fame.

An eye whose judgment none affect could blind,
Friendes to allure and foes to reconcyle ;
Whose piercing looke did represent a mynde
With vertue fraught, reposed voyde of guyle.

A hart, where dreade was never so imprest,
To hyde the thought, that might the trouth
(avaunce

In neyther fortune lost, nor yet repress,
To swell in welth, or yield unto mischaunce,

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas ! too happy, but for foes,
Lived, and ran the race, that nature set,
Of manhodes shape, where she the mold did lose.

But when to the heavens that simple soule is fled
Which left with such, as covet Christ to knowe,
Witness of faith, that never shal be dead ;
Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus for our guilt, this jewel have we lost,
The earth his bones, the heavens possesse his ghost.

Of the same.

IN the rude age when knowledge was not tyfe,
If Jove in Crete and other were that taught,
Arts to convert to profite of our lyfe,
Wend after death to have theyr temples sought,

If

38 SONGES and SONETTES.

If vertue yet no voyde unthankfull tymes,
 Fayled of some to blast her endless fame,
 A goodly meane both to deterre from crime,
 And to her steppes our sequele to enflame :
 In dayes of truth if Wyates frendes then wayle,
 The only det that dead or quick may clayme,
 That rare wit spent, employed to our awayle,
 Where Christ is taught we led to vertues trayne.
 His lively face their breastes how did it treat,
 Whose cyndres yet, with envy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus dishonorable life, and miserable death.

THassrian King in peace, with foule desyre,
 And filthy lustes, that slaynde his regall hart.
 In warre that should set princely heartes on fyre,
 Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marcial arte,
 The dynt of swordes from kisses semed strange,
 And harder, than his ladies syde, his targe,
 From glutton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
 His helmet, farre above a garlandes charge,
 Who scase the name of manhood did retaine,
 Drenched in slouth, and womannish delight,
 Feble of sprite, impatient of payne,
 When he had lost his honour, and his right
 Proud time of wealth, in stormes appalled with dread,
 Murthered himselfe, to shew some manfull dede.

*How no age is content with his owne estate, and
 how the age of Children is the happiest if they
 had skill to understand it.*

LAyd in my quiet bed, in study as I were
 I saw within my troubled head, a heap of thoughts
 (appear,
 And every thought did shew so lively in myne eyes,
 That now I fight, and then I smilde, as cause of
 (thoughtes did ryse.
 I saw

SONGES and SONETTES. 39

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wishe of god, to scape the rod, a tall young man

(to be,

The young man eake that feles his bones with paines
(opprest

How he would be a riche old man, to live and lye at rest :

The riche olde man that sees his end draw on so fore,

How he would be a boy againe to live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all these three,

From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and
(change degree.

And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,

That man from wealth, to live in wo, doth ever seke to
(change,

Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered skyn,

How it doth shew my dented chewes, the flesh was
(worn so thin,

And eke my totheless chaps, the gates of my right way,

That opes and shuttes, as I do speak, do thus unto me say;

The white and horish heres, the messengers of age,

That shew like lines of true belief, that this life doth
(asswage,

Biddes the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thy chin.

The which doth write to Ages past, the third now com-
(ing in,

Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong wanton tyme,

And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life desyne :

Wherat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted toye,

Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me to every little
(boy,

And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,

If to theyr time they reason had, to know the truth of
(this.

Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

THE stormes are past, these cloudes are over blowne,
And humble chere, great vigour hath represt,

40 SONGES and SONETTES.

For the defaulte is set apayne for knowne,
 And patience graft in a determed brest.
 And in the heart where heapes of griefes were growne,
 The swete revenge has planted mirth and rest,
 No company so pleasant as mine owne,
 Thraldom at large, hath made this prison free,
 Danger well past remembred workes delight,
 Of lingering doubles suche hope is sprong pardie,
 That nought I finde displeasing in my sight,
 But when my glasse presented unto me,
 The cureless wound that bledeth day and night,
 To think (alas) such hap should graunted be ;
 Unto a wretch that hath so oft been shed,
 For britannes sake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortation to learne by others trouble.

MY Ratclif, when thy rechelesse youth offendes,
 Receive thy scourge by others chasement,
 For such calling, when it woorkes none amendes
 Then plagues are sent without advertisement :
 Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shall recure,
 But Wyat said true, the scarre doth aye endure.

The fansie of a wearied lover.

THE fansy, which that I have served long,
 That hath alway been enemy to myne case,
 Semed of late to rue upon my wrong,
 And badde me flye the cause of my miscase.
 And I furthwith did prease out of the throng,
 That thought by flight my painfull heart to please
 Some other way, till I saw faith more strong,
 And to my self I said, alas, those dayes
 In vain were spent, to runne the race so long.
 And with that thought, I met my guyde, that plaine,
 Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong,
 Brought me amiddes the hilles in base Bullayne,
 Wherein I am now, as restless to remayn,
 Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

Surrey.

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 41

Here Begineth Sir T. Wyattes Woorkes.

The lover for shamefastnesse hideth his desire within his faithful heart.

THE long love, that in my thought I harbor
And in my heart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner ;
She that me learns to love, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be reyned by reason, shame, and reverence
With his hardinesse takes displeasure,
Wherewith love to the hartes forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprife with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth,
What may I do ? when my maister feareth.
But in the field with him to live and dye,
For good is the lyfe, ending faithfully.

The lover waxeth wyser, and will not dye for affection.

YET was I never of your love agreved,
Nor never shall, whyle that my life doth last ;
But of hating my self, that date is past,
And teares continual sore hath me wried :
I will not yet in my greave be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name have fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did my sprite soon hast,
From th'unhappie bones by great syghes styred ;
Then if an heart of amorous faith and wil
Content your mind withouten doing grief,
Please it you so to this to do relief,
If otherwyse you seke for to fulfyll
Your wrath, you erre, and shal not as you wene,
And you your self the cause thereof have bene.

The

42 SONGES and SONETTES.

*The abused lover seeth his folly and entendeth to
trust no more.*

WAS never fyle yet halfe so well yfyled,
To fyle a fyle for any smithes entent,
As I was made a fying Instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begyled,
But reason loe, hath at my folly smyled,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent,
Of my last yeres, and of my tyme mispent.
For youth led me, and falshod me misguyded,
Yet, this trust I have of great apparance,
Sins that deceyt is aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therewithall be done the recompence,
Then gyle begiled, plain'd should be never
And the reward is little trust for ever.

*The lover describeth his being stricken with sight
of his Love.*

THE lively sparkes, that issue from those Eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Have perft my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more than once or twise
Was never man could any thing devyse,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much lyke unto the gyfe,
Of one stricken with dint of lightening,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there
So call I for help, I not when or where,
The payn of my fall patiently bearing.
For streight áfter the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearfull thunder.

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 43

*The wavering lover willeth and dreadeth to move
his desire.*

SUCH vayn thought, as wonted to misleade me
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to live alone,
In folowing her, whom reason biddes me flee,
And after her my heart would fain be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dreade locking my libertie,
So fleeth she by gentle crueltie,
Yet as I geasse under disdainfull brow,
One beam of truthe is in her cloudy looke,
Which comfortes the mind, that earst for fear shooke
That bolded strayght, the way then seeke I how
To utter furth the smart I hyde within,
But such it is, I not how to begin.

*The lover having dreamed enjoying of his love,
complaineth that the dreame is not either
longer or truer.*

UNstable dreame according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true,
By tasted sweetnesse, make me not to rew,
By good respect in such a dangerous case.
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madeest my spirit to live, my care tencrease,
My body in tempest her delight tembrace,
The body dead, the spryte had his desire,
Painlesse was th'one, the other in delight,
Why then, alas! did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fyer.
And where it was at wish, could not remaine,
Such mockes of dreames do turn to deadly payne,

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The

44 SONGES and SONEttes.

*The Louer unhappy, biddeth happy Louers reioice
in May, while he wayleth that Month to him
most unluckely.*

YE that in loue find lucke and swete abundance,
And live in lust of joyful jolitie,
Aryse for shame, do way your sluggardy,
Arise, I say, do May some observance,
Let me in beds lye dreaming of mischaunce,
Let me remember my mishappes unhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly.
As one whome love list little to advance.
Stephan said true, that my nativitie
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May:
He gest (I prove) of that the veritie,
In May my welth, and eke my wittes, I say,
Have stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

The Lover confesseth himself in Love with Phillis.

IF waker care, if sodayne pale colour,
If many sighes with little Specche to plaine,
Now joy, now wo, if they my chere distaine,
For hope of smal, if much to feare therefore,
To hast or slacke, my pace to lesse, or more
Be sygne of love, then do I love againe:
If thou aske whome, sure syns I did refraine,
Brunet that set my welth in such a rore.
Th'unfained chere of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had, she hath and ever shall,
She from my self now hath me in her grace,
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all.
My heart alone wel woorthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I live a day.

SONGES and SONETTES. 45

*Of others fained sorow, and the lovers fained
mirth.*

CEsar when that the Traitour of Egipt
With t'honorable head did him present
Covering his heartes gladnesse, did represent
Playne with his teares outward, as it is writ,
Eke Hanniball, when fortune him out thit
Clene from his reigne, and all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel dispite for to disgorge and quit,
So chaunced me, that every passion
The mynd hydeth by colour contrary,
With fained visage, now sad, now wery,
Whereby if that I laugh at any Season,
It is because I have none other way
To cloake my care, but under sporte and play.

Of change in minde.

EChe man me tel'th, I change most my devise,
And on my faith, methinke it good reason;
To chaunge purpose, like after the season,
For in eche case to kepe still one guise:
Is mete for them, that would be taken wyse,
And I am not of such maner condicion,
But treated after a divers fashion
And thereupon my diversenesse doth ryse,
But you this diversenesse that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate,
Treate you me welle, and kepe you in that State,
And while with me doth dwell this weried ghost,
My woord nor I shall not be variable,
But always one, your own both firm and stable.

How

46 SONGES and SONETTES.

*How the lover perisbeth in his delight, as the flye
in the fier.*

SOME fowles there be that have no perfite Sight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defend,
And some because the light doth them offend,
Never appere, but in the darke or Night:
Others rejoyce, to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend,
But fynd contrary of it, as they entende,
Alas of that sort, may I be by right.
For to withstand her looke I am not able,
Yet can I not hyde me in no darke place,
So foloweth me remembrance of that face;
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and unstable,
My desteny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the glead.

Against his tong that failed to utter his Suites.

BECAUSE I still kept thee fro lyes and blame,
And to my power alwayes the honowred,
Unkind tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that I am
To ask he rewarde, thou standes lyke one afrayde,
Alway most cold, and if one word be sayd,
As in a dreame, unperfit is the same;
And ye salt teares, against my will each night,
That are with me when I would be alone,
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone,
And ye so ready fighes, to make me shrigh,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye shoulde outstart,
And only doth my loke declare my hart.

Description

SONGES and SONETTES. 47

Description of the contrarious passions in a louer.

I Fynde no peace, and all my warre is done,
 I feare and hope, I burne, and frefe lyke yfe,
 I flye aloft, yet can I not aryse,
 And nought I have, and all the world I feason,
 That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prifon,
 And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyfe,
 Nor lettes me live, nor dye, at my deuyfe,
 And yet of death it geueth me occafion,
 Without eye I fee, without tongue I playne,
 I wifh to perifh, yet I aske for health,
 I love another, and I hate my felfe,
 I fede me in forow, and laugh in all my payne.
 Lo, thus difpleafeth me, both death and life,
 And my delight is caufer of this ftrife.

*The louer compareth his ftate to a fhippe in perilous
 ftorme tossed on the fea.*

MY gally charged with forgetfulneffe,
 Through fharpe feas, in winter nightes doth
 Twene rocke, and rocke, and eke my foe (alas) (paffe,
 That is my lord, ftereth with cruelneffe.
 And every houre, a thought in readineffe,
 As though that death wer light in fuch a cafe,
 And endleffe wynde doth teare the fayle apace
 Of forced fighes and trusty fearfulneffe:
 A rayne of teares, a cloude of darke difdayne,
 Have done the weried coardes great hinderance;
 Wretched with errour, and with ignorance,
 The ftarres be hidde, that lead me to this payne.
 Drounde is reason that fhoule be my comforte,
 And I remayne, difparing of the porte.

48 SONGES and SONETTES.

Of doubtful loue.

A Vyfing the bright beames of thofe fayre eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moyftes and wafh-
(eth
The wearied mynde freight from the heart departeth,
To reft within his worldly Paradyfe ;
And bitter findes the fwete, under his gyfe,
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he percei-
(veth,
Wherby then with hymfelfe on love he playneth,
That furs with fyre, and brydleth eke with yfe :
In fuch extremitie thus is he brought,
Frozen now cold, and now he ftandes in flame,
Twixt wo and wealth, bewixt earneft and gaine,
With feldome glad, and many a divers thought ;
In fore repentance of his hardineffe,
Of fuch a roote loe commeth frute frutelefle.

*The louer fheweth how he is forfaken of fuch as he
fometime enjoyed.*

THEY flee from me, that fometime did we feke,
With naked fote flalking within my chamber,
Once have I fene them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wyld, and do not once remember.
That fometime they have put themfelves in danger,
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Bufely feking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwyfe,
Twenty tymes better, but once efpeciall,
In thine aray, after a pleafant gyfe,
When her loofe gowne did from her foulders fall,
And ſhe me caught in her armes long and ſmall ;
And therewithall, fo fwetely did me kyffe,
And foftly fayd, dear hearte, how like you this ?

SONGES and SONETTES. 49

It was no dreame, for I lay brode awaking,
But all is turned now through my gentlenesse,
Into a bitter fashon of forsaking,
And I have leave to goe of her goodnesse;
And she also to use new fanglenesse,
But, syns that I unkendly so am served,
How like you this, what hath she now deserved :

The Lady to aunswere directly with yea or nay.

M Adame, withouten many woordes,
Once I am sure, you will, or no :
And if you will, then leaue your boordes,
And use your wit, and shew it so.
For with a beck you shall me call,
And if of one, that burnes alwaye,
Ye have pitie, or ruth at all,
Aunswere him faire with ye or nay,
If it be nay, frendes as before,
You shall an other man obtayne,
And I myne own, and yours no more.

To his loue whom he had kissed against her will.

A Las, madame, for stealing of a kisse,
Have I so much your mind therein offended ?
Or have I done so grievously amisse,
That by no meanes it may not be amended ?
Revenge you then, the readiest way isthis
Another kisse my life it shall have ended,
For, to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,
The next shall cleane out of my brest it plucke.

*Of the iealous man that loued the same woman,
and espied this other sitting with her.*

THE wandering gadling in the sommer tyde,
That findes the adder with his rechles foote,
Startes not dismayde so sodenly asyde,
As jealous despite did, though ther wer no boote :

E

When

50 SONGES and SONETTES.

When that he saw me sitting by her syde,
That of my health is very crop and roote.
It pleased me then to have so faire a grace,
To sting the hart, that would have had my place.

To his loue from whom he had his gloves.

WHAT nedes these threatning wordes, and wasted
(winde :

Al this cannot make me restore my pray,
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde,
Nor causelesse your fair hand did I display,
Let love be judge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say,
She rest my hart, and I a glove from her,
Let us see then, if one be worth the other.

Of the fayned frend.

RYght true it is, and sayd full yore ago,
Take hede of him that by the back thee claweth :
For none is worse than is a frendly fo,
Though thee seme good, all thing that the deliteth,
Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth,
For many a Man such fire oft times he kindleth,
That with the blase his beard himselfe he singeth.

The louer taught, mistrusteth allurements.

IT may be good lyke it who list,
But I do doubt who can me blame ?
For oft assured, yer have I mist,
And now againe I fear the same :
The woordes, that from your mouth last came,
Of sodeyn change make me agast,
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas !

SONGES and SONETTES. 51

Alas! I tread an endles mase,
That seke t'accord two contraries
And hope thus still, and nothing hase,
Imprisoned in liberties,
As one unheard, and still that cries,
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste,
For dread to fall I stand not fast.

Affured I doubt I be not sure,
Should I then trust unto such suretie,
That oft hath put the prose in ure
And never yet have found it trustie.
Nay, for in fayth, it were great folly,
And yet my life thus do I wast,
For dread to fall I stand not fast.

*The louer complaineth that his loue doth not
pitie him.*

REsounde my voyce ye woods, me heare me plain;
Both hils and vales causing reflection,
And rivers eke, record ye of my payne,
Which have oft forced ye by compassion,
As judges lo to heare my exclamacion,
Among whom ruth (I finde) yet doth remayne,
Where I it seke, alas! there is disdayne.

Oft ye rivers, to heare my wofull sound,
Have stopt your cours, and playnly to expresse,
Many a teare by moysture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to hear my heavinesse,
Which causelesse I endure without redresses,
The hugy okes have roared in the wynde,
Eche thing me thought, complayning in their kind.

Why then alas! doth not she on me rue,
Or is her heart so hard that no pittie,
May in it sinke, my joy for to renew;
O stony hart, who hath thus framed thee
So cruel, that art cloked with beuaty,
That from thee may no grace to me proceede,
But as reward, death for to be my me le.

52 SONGES and SONETTES.

*The louer rejoyseth against fortune that by bindering
his suite had happely made him forsake his folly.*

IN faith I wote not what to say,
Thy chaunces been so wonderous,
Thou fortune with thy divers play,
That makest the joyfull dolorous,
Yet though thy chaine hath me enwraft,
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt,
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And sekest by change to doe me payne,
Mens myndes yet mayst thou not so order,
For honestie if it remayne,
Shall shine for al thy cloudy rayne;
In vayne thou sekest to have me trapt,
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindering me, me didst thou furthur,
And made a gap, where was a stile,
Cruel wiles been oft put under,
Wening to lower, then didst thou smyle
Lord, how thy self thou dist begyle,
That in thy cares would have me wrapt,
But spyte of hap, hap hath well hapt.

A Renouncing of bardelie escaped loue.

FArewell the hard of cruelty,
Though that with payn my liberty,
Deare have I bought, and wofully,
Finisht my fearefull tragedy.
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause just, sins I indure,
Therby my wo, which be ye sure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.
I fare as one escapt that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet styll feareth,

Spied

SONGES and SONETTES. 53

Spied to be caught and so dredeth
That he for nought his pain lefeth
In joyfull payn, rejoyce my hart,
Thus to sustayn of eche a part.
Let not this Song from thee astart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

*The louer to his bed, with describing of his unquiet
State.*

THE restfull place, renuer of my smart,
The labours salve encreasing my sorow,
The bodies ease, and troubler of my hart,
Quieter of minde, myne unquiet foe,
Forgeatter of payne, rememberer of my woe,
The place of slepe, wherein I do but wake,
Besprent with teares, my bed, I the forsake,
The frosty snowes may not redresse my heate,
Nor, theate of Sunne abate my fervent cold,
I know nothing to ease my paine so great
Eche cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewing cares upon my sorrowes old,
Such overthwart effectes in me they make,
Besprent with teares, my bed for to forsake.

But all for nought, I find no better ease,
In bed or out, this most causeth my paine,
Where do I seek how best that I may please,
My lost labour (alas) is all in vayne,
My heart once set, I cannot it refrayne,
No place from me my grief away can take,
Wherefore with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

54 SONGES and SONETTES.

*Comparison of love, to a streame falling from
the Alpes.*

FROM these hye hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and futtle course,
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
Till it have just downe flowed to streame and force,
Then at the foote it rageth over all:
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a course,
Rage is his rayne, Resistance vayleth none,
The first eschue is remedy alone.

*Wyates complaint upon loue to reason, with
loues aunswere.*

MYNE old dere enemy, my froward maister,
A fore that Quene, I causde to be acyted,
Which holdeth the divine part of our nature,
That like as golde, in fyre he mought be tryed.
Charged with a dolour, there I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongfull death, and Justice alway seketh.

And thus I sayd: Once my left foote, Madame,
When I was yong, I set within his raigne;
Whereby other then fyrely burning flame,
I never felt, but many a grievous paine,
Torment I suffred anger and disdayne:
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And I mine owne life hated at the last.

Thus hitherto have I my tyme passed
In paine and smart, What wayes is profitable,
How many pleasant dayes have me escaped,
In serving this false lyer so deceivable?
What wit have wordes so prest and forceable,
That may containe my great mishappinesse?
And just complaintes of his ungentlenesse?

So

SONGES and SONETTES. 55

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ytasted
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
With faire and amorous daunce, made me be traced,
And Where I had my thought and minde araced,
From earthly fraynesse, and from vaine pleasure.
Me from my rest he tooke and set in errour.

God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my selfe to take right little hede:
And for a woman have I set at nought,
Al other thoughtes, in this only to speede,
And he was onely counseler of this dede.
Whetting alwayes my youthly fraile desyre,
On cruel whetstone, tempered with fire.

But (oh alas!) where had I ever wit?
Or other gift geuen to me of nature?
That sooner shal be changed my wried sprite,
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler,
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure,
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse,
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use.

He hath me hasted. throuh divers regions,
Through desert woodes, and sharpe hy mountaines,
Through froward people, and through bitter passions,
Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
With wery travel, and with laborous paynes,
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse,
All in errour, and daungerous distresse.

But nother he, nor she, my tother foe,
For all my flight did ever me forsake;
That though my timely death hath been to slowe
That me as yet, it hath not overtake:
The heavenly Gods of pitie doe it flake,
And note they this his cruel tyranny,
That feedes him, with my care, and misery.

Sins I was his, hower rested I never,
Nor looke to doe, and eke the waky nightes,
The banished slepe may in no wise recover.
By guyle and force, ouer my thralld spites
He is ruler, sins which bell neuer strikes,

56 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

That I hear not as sounding to renue
My plaintes. Himself he knoweth that I say true.
For never woormes old rotten stocke have eaten,
As he my hart, where he is resident,
And doth the same with death daily threaten
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment,
The sighes, the woordes and eke the languishment,
That noy both me, and paraventure other,
Judge thou that knowest the one and eke the other.

Mine adversarie with such greuous reproofe,
Thus he began, Heare Lady the other part:
That the plain trouth, from which he draweth aloofe,
This unkind man may shew, ere that I part,
In his yong age, I tooke him from that art,
That selleth woordes, and make clattering knight,
And of my wealth I gave him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complaine,
That held him evermore in pleasant gayne,
From his desire that might have been his paine,
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame,
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame,
And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Whereas a dastard els he mought have fit.

He knewed how great Atride that made Troy freat,
And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous,
Whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,
And Th'affricane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour glorious,
Whose fame and actes, did lift them up aboue,
I did let fall in base dishonest love.

And unto him, though he unworthy were,
I chose the best of many a million,
That under sunne yet never was her pere,
Of Wisdom womanhod, and of discrecion,
And of my grace I gave her such a facion,
And eke suth way I taught her for to teache
That never base thought his hart so hie might reache.

Ever more thus to content his Maistresse
That was his only frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentlenesse,

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 57

And caused him to regard fidelitie ;
 Pacience I taught him in aduersitie,
 Such vertues learned he in my great schoole,
 Whereof repenteth now the ignorant foole,

These were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
 That I have used, the torment and the anger,
 Sweter than ever did to other fall,
 Of right good seed, ill fruite lo thus I gather
 And so shall he that the unkinde doth further,
 A Serpent nourish I under my Wing,
 And now of nature ginneth he to sting.

And for to tell at last, my great Service,
 From thousandes dishonesties have I him drawen,
 That, by my meanes, him in no manner wyse,
 Never vyle pleasure once hath overthrowen,
 Wherin his dede, shame hath him alwayes gnawen,
 Doubting report that should come to her eare,
 Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare ;

What ever he hath of any honest custome,
 Of her, and me, that holds he every whit,
 But lo, yet never was there nightly fantome,
 So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
 To plain on us, he striveth with the Bit ;
 Which may rule him, and do him ease, and paine,
 And in one hower, make all his grieve his gaine.

But one thing yet there is aboue all other,
 I gave him winges, wherewith he might up flye,
 To honour and fame, and if he woulde to hygher,
 Then mortal things, aboue the starry skye ;
 Considering the pleasure, that an eye
 Might geue, in earth, by reason of the love,
 What should that be, that lasteth still above?

And he the same himself hath said ere this,
 But now, forgotten is both that and I,
 That gaue him her, his only wealth and blisse,
 And at this woord, with deadly skreke and crye :
 Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by
 Thou tooke her ayen from me, that woworth the
 Not I, but price, more worth than thou (quod he.)

At

58 SONGES and SONETTES.

At last, eche other for himself, concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reuerence,
Lo, thus, as we eche other have accused,
Dere Lady, now we wayte thene only sentence;
She smiling, at the whisted audience,
I liketh me, quod she, to have heard your question,
But longer time doth aske a resolution.

The louers sorrowfull state maketh him write sorrowfull songes, but souche, his loue may change the same.

M Arill no more altho,
The Songs, I sing do mone
For other life then woe,
I neuer proued none.

And in my heart also,
Is graven with letters deepe,
A thousand fighes and mo
A flod of teares to weepe.

How many a man in smart,
Find a matter to rejoyce !
How many a morning hart,
Set forth a pleasant voyce :
Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cause my morning chere.

Perdy there is no Man
If he saw never sight,
That perfity tell can,
The nature of the light.

Alas, how shoulde I than,
That never tast but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre.

But yet perchance some chance,
May chance to change my tune,

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 59

And when (fouch) chance doth chance,
Then shall I thanke fortune.

And if I have (fouch) chance,
Purchance or it be long,
For (fouch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

The louer complaineth himself forsaken.

WHERE shall I have at mine owne wil,
Teares to complaine, where shal I set,
Such sighes, that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaintes repete?
For though my plaint shall have none,
My tares cannot suffise my woe lend,
To mone harme, have I no friend,
For fortunes frend, is mishappes foe.
Comfort (God wot) els have I none,
But in the wind towaſt my woordes,
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,
But ſtill you turn it into boordes:
I ſpeak not now, to moue your heart,
That you ſhould rue upon my pain,
The ſentence geuen may not reuert,
I know ſuch labour were but vain.
But ſens that I for you (my dere)
Have loſt that thing, that was my beſt,
A right ſmall loſſe it muſt appere,
To leſe theſe woordes, and all the reſt.
But though they ſparkle in the wind,
Yet ſhall they ſhew your falſhed fayth,
Which is returned to his kind,
For lyke to lyke, the prouerbe ſaith.
Fortune, and you did me auance,
Me thought I ſwam, and could not drowne,
Happieſt of al, but my miſchaunce,
Did liſt me up, to throw me downe.
And you with her, of cruellneſſe,
Did ſet your foole upon my necke,

Me,

60 SONGES and SONETTES.

Me, and my welfare to oppresse,
 Without offence your heart to wreke.
 Where are your pleasant woordes (alas)
 Where is your faith ! your stedfastnesse?
 There is no more but all doth passe,
 And I am left all comfortlesse.
 But sins so much it doth you greue,
 And also me my wretched lyfe,
 Have here my trouth nought shall relieve,
 But death alone, my wretched strife.
 Therefore farewell, my lyfe, my death,
 My gayne, my losse, my salue, my sore,
 Farewell also, with you my breath,
 For I am gone for evermore.

*Of his loue that pricked her finger with a
 nedle.*

SHE fate and sowed that hath done me the wrong,
 Whereof I plain, and have done many a day,
 And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
 She wisht my hart the Sampler, that it lay.
 The blind maister, whome I have serued so long,
 Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,
 Made her own Weapon do her finger blede,
 To feele, if pricking were so good indede.

Of the same.

WHAT man hath hearde such crueltie before,
 That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
 That caused it, she cruell more and more,
 Wished eche stich, as she did sit and sow.
 Had prickt my heart, for to encrease my sore;
 And as I thinke, she thought that had been so,
 For as she thought, this is his heart in dede,
 She prickt hard, and made her self to blede.

Request

SONGES and SONETTES. 61

*Request to Cupide for reuenge of his unkind
loue.*

BEhold Loue, thy power how she despyseth,
My grieuous payn, how little she regardeth
The solemne othe wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure.
Right at her ease, and little thee she dredeth,
Weaponed thou art, and she unarmed sitteth;
To the disdainfule, all her lyfe she leadeth
To me spitefule, without just cause or measure:
Behold Love, how proudly she triumpheth,
I am in hold, but if the pittie meueneth,
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,
And with some stroke, reuenge the great displeasure,
Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure,
And as his Lord the lowly her entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

WHAT vaileth trowth? or by it to take pain,
To strue by stedfastnes, for to attain;
How to be just, and flee from doublenesse,
Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse.
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain,
Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and faine.
True meaning hart is had in hyghe disdain,
Against deceit and cloked doublenesse,
What vaileth trowth, or perfect stedfastnesse.
Deceiued is he, by false and craftie train,
That meanes no gile, and faithfull doth remaine.
Within the trap, without help or redresse,
But for to love, lo, such a sterne maistresse,
Where crueltie dwelles, alas it were in vain.

The

62 SONGES and SONETTES.

*The louer that fled loue, now folowes it with
his harme.*

Sometime I fled the fire, that one so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by winde,
And now the coales I folow, that beguent,
From Dover to Cales, with willing minde.
Lo how desire is both sprong, and spent,
And he may see, that whilome was so blind,
And all this labour laughes he now to scorne,
Meashed in the briers, that erst was onely torne.

The louer hopeth of better chaunce.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fal,
The Sun returnes, your hed was under clowde,
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shal be allowed.
For I have sene a ship in hauen fal,
After that storme hath broke both maste and shroud,
The wellow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth binde.

*The louer compareth his hart to the ouer-charged
gonne.*

THE furious gonne, in his most ragyng yre,
When that the boule is rammed into fore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fier,
Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer do rore
The shevered peces: so doth my desire,
Whose flame encreaseth aye from more to more,
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speke,
So inwarde force my heart doth alto breake.

SONGES and SONETTES. 63

*The louer suspected of change, praieth that it be
not beleued against him.*

A Ccused though I be, without desert,
Sith none can proue, belieue it not for true,
For never yet, since that you had my hart,
Intended I to false, or be untrue.
Sooner I would of death sustaine the smart,
Than breake one worde of that I promised you,
Accept therfore my service in good part,
None is alive, that can il tongue eschew,
Hold them as false, and let not us depart,
Our frendship old, in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in such as use to faine,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to pain.

The louer abused renounceth love.

MY love to scorn, my service to retaine,
Therein me thought you used crueltie,
Since with good will I lost my libertie,
Might never wo yet cause me to refraine.
But only this, which is extremitie,
To give me nought (alas) not to agree,
That as I was your man, I might remaine,
But since that thus ye list to order mee,
That would have been your seruant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past;
And with my losse to leaue I must agree,
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there time such madnes to asswage.

The

64 SONGES and SONETTES.

The louer professeth himselfe constant.

Within my brest I neuer thought it gaine,
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose,
Not in my hart sank never such disdaine,
To be a forger, faultlesse for to disclose.
Nor I can not endure the truth to glose,
To set a glosse upon an earnest paine,
Nor I am not in numbre one of those,
That list to blow, retreate to euery traine.

*The louer sendeth his complaints and teares to
sue for grace.*

Passe forth my wounted cries,
Those cruel Eares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wise,
Do still my plaintes reuerse.
Doe you, my teares also,
So wot her barrein heart
That pitie there may growe,
And crueltie depart.

For though hard rockes among
She semes to haue been bred,
And of the Tigre long,
Bene nourished and fed.
Yet shall not nature change,
If pitie once win place,
Whom as unknowne and strange,
She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard Stones doth pierce at length.
So in her Stony heart,
My plaintes at last shall graue,

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 65

And rigour set apart,
Winne graunt of that I craue.
Wherefore my playntes present
Stil so to her my suit,
As ye through her assent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue,
Which is a iust reward.

*The louers case cannot be hidden, howeuer he
dissemble.*

YOur lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Alwaies one to beholde :
Though hide it faine ye woulde,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.

Faine would ye finde a cloke,
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke,
Breakes out on every side.
Ye cannot loue so guide,
That it no issue winne,
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brennes so hotte within.

For cause your self do wink,
Ye judge all other blinde,
And secret it you think,
Which every man dothe finde.
In wast oft spend ye Winde,
Your self in love to quit,
For agues of that kinde,
Wyll show, who hath the fit.

F

Your

66 SONGES and SONETTES.

Your sighes you set from farre,
And all to wry your wo,
Yet are ye ner the narre,
Men are not blinded so.
Depely oft swere ye no
But all those others are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
Who putts your hart to paine.

Thinke not therefore to hide,
That still it self betraies,
Nor feke meanes to provide,
To dark the sunny dayes.
Forget those wonted wayes,
Leave of such frowning chere,
There will be found no staies,
To stop a thing so clere.

*The louer praieth not to be disdained, nor refused
mistrusted, nor forsaken.*

Disdaine me not without desert,
Nor leaue me not so sodeynly,
Since well ye wot, that in my hert,
I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why,
Nor think me not to be unjust,
Since that by lott of fantasie,
This careful knot nedes knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That faine woulde spot my stedfastnesse;
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,
The profe is not, as they expresse.

Forfake me not, till I deserue,
Nor hate me not, till I offende,
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,
But sins ye knowe what I entende.

Disdaine me not, that am your owne,
Refuse me not, that am so true,

Mistrust

SONGES and SONETTES. 67

Mistrust me not till all be knowen,
Forake me not, now for no new.

*The louer lamenteth his estate, with sute for
grace.*

FOR want of will in wo I plaine,
Under colour of sobernesse,
Renewing with my sute my paine,
My wan hope with your stedfastnesse.
Awake therefore of gentlenesse,
Regard at length, I you require,
My swelting paines of my desire.

Betimes who geveth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserue,
And I that sue unfainedly,
In fruitlesse hope alas do sterue.
How great my cause is for to swerue,
And yet how stedfast is my sute,
Lo ! here ye see, where is the frute.

As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your presence to obtaine,
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slain.
You may release my hand of paine,
Lose then the care that makes me crie,
For want of helpe or els I dye.

I dye though not incontinent.
By processe yet consumingly,
Is wast of fire which doth relent.
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherefore cease of such Cruelty,
And take me wholly in your Grace,
Which lacketh will to change his place.

68 SONGES and SONETTES.

The Lover waileth his changed Joyes.

IF every Man might him avaunt,
Of fortunes friendly chere,
It was my self I must it graunt,
For I have bought it dere,
And derely have I held also
The Glory of her name,
In yielding her such tribute lo,
As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stood so in her grace,
That as I would require,
Ech joy I thought did meembrace
That furered my desire,
And all these pleasures lo! had I,
That fancy might support,
And nothing she did me deny,
That was unto my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdie)
Ech grace that I did crave,
Thus fortunes will was unto me,
All thing that I would have,
But all to Rathe, alas! the while,
She built on such a ground,
In little space, to greate a guile,
In her now have I found.

For she hath turned so her whele,
That I unhappy man
May waile the time that I did fele,
Wherewith she fed me then,
For broken now are her behestes,
And pleasant lookes she gave,
And therefore now all my requestes,
From perill cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my Cheife regard,
Though my desertes have been to dere
To merriit such reward.

SONGES and SONETTES. 69

Sins fortunes will is now so bent,
To plague me thus pore man,
I must my self therewith content,
And bear it as I can.

To his love that has given Answer of refusall.

THE aunswere that ye made to me my deare,
When I did sue for my pore hartes redresse,
Hath so appalde my Coutenance, and my chere,
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I have no wrong, where I can claim no right
Nought tane me fro, where I have nothing had,
Yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite,
Namely sins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in Sorrow makes me sad.

Yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by desert, I dare well make a vaunt,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall,
Beare you more trueth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word,
That toucht your frend so nere with plagues of paine,
And say my dere that it was said in bord.
Late or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherewith free will doth true desert retayne.

To his Ladie, Cruel over her yelden Lover.

SUCH is the Course that natures kind hath wrought,
That Snakes have time to cast away their stings,
Against chain'd prisoners what nede defence be sought,
The feirce Lyon will hurt no yeilding things;
Why should such spight be nursed then by thoughts,
Sith all these powers are prest under thy wings,
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
What mischeife Malice many wayes it brings,

70 SONGES and SONETTES.

Consider eke, that spite avayleth nought,
Therefore this Song thy fault to thee it sings :
Displease thee not, for saying thus (me thought)
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springs,
For furies that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

*The Lover Complaineth that deadly sickness cannot
help his Affection.*

THE Enemy of lyfe, decayer of all kinde,
That with his cold withers away the grene
This other night me in my bed did fynde,
And offer'd me to ryde me fever clene,
And I did graunt so did dispaire me blinde,
He drew his bowe with arrowes sharp and kene,
And stroke the place where love had hyt before,
And drave the fyrst dart deper more and more.

The Lover rejoyceth the Enjoying of his Love.

ONCE as methought fortune me kist,
And bade me ask what I thought best,
And I should have it as me lyst,
Therewith to set my hart at rest.
I asked but my Ladyes hart,
To have forevermore myne owne,
Then at an end were all my smart,
Then should I nede no more to mone.
Yet for all that a stormy Blast,
Had overturn'd this goodly nay :
And fortune semed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.
But like as one out of dispaire,
To sodeyne hoape revived I ;
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so fayre,
That I content me wonderfly.

My

SONGES and SONETTES. 71

My most desyre my hand my reach,
My will is alway at my hande,
Me nede not long for to besech,
Her that hath power me to comande.

What Earthly thing more can I crave,
What would I wish more at my will;
Nothing on Earth more would I have,
Save that I have, to have it still.

For fortune now hath kept her promesse,
In graunting me my most desyre,
Of my soveraigne I have redress,
And I content me with my hyre.

The Lover complaineth the unkindness of his love.

MY Lute awake perform the last,
Labour that thou and I shall wast:
And ende that I have now begunne,
And when this song is song and past,
My Lute be styll for I have done.

As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to grave in Marble stone,
My song may pearce her hart as soon,
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The Rocks do not so cruelly,
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suite and Affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my Lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte,
Of simple hearts through loves shot,
By whome unkind thou hast them wonne,
Think not he hath his Bow forgott,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine
That makest but Game on Earnest payne,
Think not alone under the Sunn,

72 SONGES and SONETTES.

Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chanced thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playning in vaine unto the Moon,
Thy wishes then dare not be told,
Care then who list for I have doone.

And then may chaunce thee to repent,
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sighe and swone,
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease my lute this is the last,
Labour that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begonne,
Now is this song both song and past.
My lute be still for I have done.

How by a kifs, he found both his life and death.

Nature that gaue the Bee so feate A grace,
To finde honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the Spyder out of the same place,
To fetch poyson by straunge alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one Kifs by secret Operation;
Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
In change whereof, I leaue my hart behinde.

*The Lover describeth his being taken with sight of
his loue.*

Unwarely so was neuer no man taught,
With stedfast looke upon a goodly face,
As I of late, for sodaynly me thought,
My hart was torne out of his place.

Thorow mine Eye the Stroke from hers dyd Slide,
and downe directly to my heart it ranne,

In

SONGES and SONETTES. 73

In help whereof the Blood thereto did Glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a man for wo amazed,
Or like the fowle that flyeth into the fyre,
For while that I upon her beauty Gased,
The more I Burned in my desire.

Anon the Blood start in my face agayne,
Inflam'd with heat, that it had at my hart,
And brought therewith throughout in every veine,
A quakeing heat with pleasant Smart.

Then was I like the Straw, when that the flame,
Is driven therein, by force and rage of wynde.
I can not tell, a Lasse! what shall I blame,
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot the Grief doth hold me sore,
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade,
That, but her help to health doe me restore,
This restlessse lyfe I may not leade.

To his Lover to Looke upon him.

ALL in thy looke my life doth whole depend,
Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therefore,
But since thou may'st so easely help thy frende,
Why doest thou stick to salue that thou madest fore:
Why do I dye, since thou may'st me defend,
And if I dye thy life may last noe more,
For each by other doth liue and haue reliefe,
I in thy look, and thou most in my grieve.

*The Lover Excuseth him of woordes, wherewith he
was unjustly charged.*

Perdy I sayde it not,
Nor never thought to doe,
As well as I ye wot,
I haue no power thereto.

And

74 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

And if I dyd, the Lot
That first dyd me Enchange,
May never Slake the Knot,
But strayt it to my payne.

And if I did eche thing,
That may do harme or wo,
Continually may wring,
My heart where so I goe.
Report may always ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spryng,
The words that you doe say.

And if I did, each starr,
That is in heaven aboue,
May frame on me to Marre,
The hope I have in love.
And if I did such Warr
As they brought unto Troy,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and joye.

And if I did so saye,
The beauty that me bounde,
Encrease from day to day,
More cruel to my wounde.
With all the mone that may,
To plaint my turne my song,
My lyfe may soon decaye,
Without redresse by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne,
Then is this thing but sought,
To turne my hart to payne.

Then this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse,
Of right therefore you ought,
Such rigour to repress.

And as I haue deserved,
So grant me now my hyre,

You

SONGES and SONETTES. 75

You know I never swerved,
 You never found me lyer.
 For Rachel haue I served,
 For Leo carde I never,
 And her I haue reserved
 Within my hart for ever.

Of such as had forsaken him.

LURE my fair faulcon, and thy fellowes all,
 How well pleasant it were your Libertie,
 Ye not forsake me, that fayre mought you fall,
 But they that sometime liked my company.
 Like Lyce away from dead bodyes they crall,
 Lo what a proof in light aduersitie,
 But ye my byrds I swear by all your belles,
 Ye be my friends and very fewe elles.

A Description of such A one as he would love.

A Face that should content me wonderous well,
 Should not be fatt, but lovely to behold,
 Of lively look all grieve for to repell
 With right good grace so would I that it should.
 Speak without word, such words as none can tell,
 Her tress also should be of crisped Gold,
 With wit and these, perchaunce I might be tryde,
 And knie againe with knot that should not slide.

How impossible it is to fynde quietnesse in love.

EVer my hap is slack and slow in comeing
 Desire encreasing aye my hope vncertayne,
 With doubtful love that but encreaseth paine,
 For Tigre like so swift it is in parting.
 Alas! the Snow black, shall it bee and scalding,
 The Sea waterles, and fish upon the Mountaine,

The

76 SONGES and SONETTES.

The temmes shall back returne into her fountaine,
And where he rose, the Sunn shall take her Lodging.
Ere I in this finde peace or quietness,
Or that Love, or my Lady right wisly,
Leave to conspire against me wrongfully,
And if I haue after such bitterness,
One drop of Swete, my mouth is out of taste,
That all my trust and travell is but waste.

Of Love fortune, and the Lovers minde.

L Oue fortune, and my minde which doe remember
Eke that is now and that once hath bene,
Torment my hart so sore that very often
I hate and envy them beyond all measure.
Love fleeth my hart, while fortune is depriver,
Of all my Comfort, the foolish minde than,
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome,
Liveth in rest so still in displeasure;
My pleasant dayes they flete and passe
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worse,
When more than halfe is runne now of my Course.
Alas not of Steele, but of brittle Glasse,
I see that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

The Lover praiseth his Offred hart to be received.

H OW oft have I, my dere and cruel foe,
With my great paine to get some peace or truce,
Given you my hart but you doe not vse,
In soe high things, to cast your mind so low.
If any other looke for it as you trow,
Theire vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse,
And that thus I disdaine, that you refuse,
It was once mine, it can no more be so.
If you it chase that it in you can find
In this Exile no manner of comfort,

Nor

SONGES and SONETTES. 77

Nor liue alone nor where he is cald resort,
He may wander from his natural kinde.
So shall it be great hurt vnto us twaine,
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly paine.

The Lovers life compared to the Alpes.

Like unto these unmeasurable mountaines,
So in my painfull life the burden of yre,
For hie be they, and hie is my desire,
And I of Teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Vnder Craggy Rocks they have Barren plaines,
Hard thoughts in me my wofull minde doth tire,
Small fruite and many Leaves their tops do attire,
With small Effect great trust in me remaines.
The boisterous winds oft their high bowes do blast,
Hott sighes in me continually be shed,
Wilde beasts in them, since loue in me is fed,
Vnmoveable am I, and they stedfast.
Of Singing-Birds, they have the tune and note,
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte.

*Charging of his love as unpitoeus and Loueing
other.*

IF amorous faith, or if an hart unfeined,
I swete langedeur, A great lovely desire,
If honest Will kindled in gentle fire,
If long Errour in A blind Mase chained.
If in my Visage eche thought distained,
Or my sparkling voice, lower or hier,
Which feare and shame so wofully doth tire,
If pale colour which love alas hath stained.
If to have another, then my self more dere,
If wailing or sighing continually,
With sorrowful Anger feeding busily
If burned farr of and if frising nere.

Are

78 SONGES and SONETTES.

Are cause that I by love my self destroye,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of Love.

Farewell love, and all thy lawes for ever,
Thy bated hookes shall tangle me no more,
Seneca, and Plato call me from thy lore,
To partit welth my witt for to Endeuer.
In blind error when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore
Taught me in trifles that I set noe store,
But scape forth thence since libertie is lieffer.
Therefore farewell go trouble younger harts,
And in time claime noe more auctoritie,
With idle youth goe vse thy propertie,
And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes.
For hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten bowes to clime.

The Lover forsaketh his unkind love.

MY hart I gaue thee not to doe it paine,
But to preserue lo it to thee was taken,
I served thee, thee not that I should be forsaken,
But that I should receiue reward againe.
I was content, thy Servant to remaine,
And not to be repayed on this fashion,
Now since in thee there is noe other reason,
Displease thee not if that I do refraine.
Unsatiat of my wo and thy desire,
Assured by Craft for to excuse thy fault,
But since it pleaseth thee to faine default,
Farewell I say, departing from the fire.
For he that doth beleive bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water and soweth in the Sand.

SONGES and SONETTES. 79

The Lover describeth his restlesse State.

THE flameing sighes that boyle within my breast,
 Sometime break forth and they can well declare,
 The hartes vnrest, and how that he doth fear,
 The paine thereof, the grieve, and all the rest.
 The shattered Eyen from whence the teares do fall,
 Do feel some force or elce they would be dry,
 The wasted flesh of Colour ded can try,
 And sometime tell what sweetnes in the Gall.
 And he that lust to see, and to discearne,
 How care can force within a weried mind,
 Come he to me I am that place asinde,
 But for all this noe force, it doth noe harme,
 The wounde alas hap in some other place,
 From whence noe toole away the scar can race.
 But you which of such like have had your part,
 Can best be judge wherefore my friend so dere,
 I thought it good my state should now appere,
 To you, and that there is no great defart.
 And whereas you in weighty matters great,
 Of fortune saw the shaddow that you know
 For trifling things I now am stricken foe.
 That though I feel my hart doth wound and beat,
 I sit alone save on the second Day,
 My fever comes with whome I spend my time,
 In burning heat while that she list assigne,
 And who hath helth and liberty alway,
 Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,
 To have the like of this my painfull stroke.

The

80 SONGES and SONETTES.

The Lover Laments the Death of his Love.

THE Piller perisht is whereto I lent,
 The strongest stay of mine unquiet minde;
 The like of it no man agayn can fynde,
 From east to west still seeking though he went,
 To myne unhappe forhappe away hath rent:
 Of all my joy the very Bark and rinde,
 And I (alas!) by chaunce am thus affinde;
 Dayly to mourn, till Death do it relent.
 But since that thus it is by Destiny,
 What can I more but have a wofull hart,
 My penne in plaint my voice in carefull crye,
 My mynde in Woe my body full of smart,
 And I my self, my self alwayes to hate,
 Tyll dreadfull death doe Ease my dolefull state.

The Lover sendeth sighes to mone his Suite.

GOE burning Sighes unto the frozen hart,
 Goe break the yce which pities painfull dart,
 Might never pierce, and if that mortall prayer,
 In heaven be heard at least yet I desyre,
 That death, or mercy, end my wofull Smart.
 Take with thee paine whereof I have my part,
 And eke the flame from which I cannot start.
 And leave me then in rest I you require,
 Goe burning sighs fulfill that I desire.
 I must goe worke, and see my Craft and arte,
 For truth and faith in her is laid apart,
 Alas I cannot therefore now assayle her,
 With pitifull Complaint and scalding fire,
 That from my brest deceivebly doth start.

Complaint

SONGES and SONETTES. 81

Complaint of the Absence of his Love.

SOE feeble is the Thred that doth the burden stay,
 Of my poor life in heavy plight that falleth in
 That but it haue elsewhere some Ayde or some Suc-
 The running Spindle of my fate anon shall end his
 (decay,
 (cours,
 (Course.

For since the unhappy houre that dyd me to depart,
 From my sweet weale one only hoape hath stayed my
 Which doth perswade such words vnto my soled mynde,
 Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull Wight, some better luck
 (life apart,
 (to find.

For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight,
 Who can thee tell, if thy returne before thy more de-
 (light :

Or who can tell thy loss if thou mayst once recover,
 Some pleasant houres thy wo may wrap, and thee de-
 (send and cover.

Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life sustained,
 But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am trayned.
 The tyme doth flete, and I see how the hours do bende,
 So fast that I haue scant the space to marke my comeing
 (end.

Westward the Sunn from out the East scant shewd his
 When in the west he hies him straite within the dark of
 (lite,
 (Night

And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
 From East to West, from West to East, so doth his Jour-
 (ney lye.

Thy lyfe so short so frayle, that mortall men lyue here,
 Soe great a weight, so heavy charge the bodyes that we
 (bere.

That when I think vpon the distance and the space,
 That doth so farre divide me from my dere desired face.
 I know not how t'attaine the winges that I require,
 To lyft me up that I might fly to follow my desyre.

G

Thus

82 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

Thus of that hope that doth my lyfe somethyng suf-
 (tayne,
 Alas I fear, and partly feel full little doth remaine.
 Eche place doth bring me griefe where I doe not behold,
 Those lively Eyes which of my thoughts, were wont the
 (keys to hold.
 Those thoughts were pleasant sweet whilst I enjoyd that
 (Grace,
 My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well
 (embrace.
 And for because my want should more my woe increase,
 In watch and sleep both day and night, my will doth
 (never cease.
 That thing to wishe whereof synce I did lose the sight,
 Was never thing that mought in ought my wofull hart
 (delight.
 Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for to mete,
 The floods the seas, the land the hills, that doth them
 (entermete.
 Twene me and those shene lights that wonted for to
 (clere,
 My darked pangs of Cloudy thoughts as bright as phe-
 (bus Sphere
 It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant State,
 The more to feele by such record how that my welth doth
 (bate.
 If such record (alas) provoke the inflamed mynde,
 Which sprung that day that I dyd leaue the best of me
 (behynd.
 If loue forgeat himselfe by length of absence let,
 Who doth me guid (O wofull wretch) vnto this baited net:
 Where doth encrease my care, much better were for me,
 As dumm as stone all things forgott, still absent for to be.
 Alas the clear Christall, the bright transplendant Glasse,
 Doth not bewray the Colours hid which vnderneath it
 (hase.
 As doth the accumbred Sprite the thoughtfull throwes
 (discover,
 Of teares delyte of fervent loue that in our hartes we
 (cover.
 Out

SONGES and SONETTES. 83

Out by these Eyes, it sheweth that evermore delight;
In plaint and teares to seek redress, and eke both day
(and night.

Those kindes of pleasures most wherein men soe rejoyce,
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the Voice.
For, I am one of them, whom plaint doth well content,
It fits me well my absent wealth me semes for to lament.
And with my teares t'assly to charge myne Eyes twayne,
Like as my hart aboue the brink is fraughted full of
(payne.

And for because thereto, that these fair Eyes do treat,
Do me provoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to repeat.
For there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,
Where they rule all, and I alone, nought but the Case
or Skin.

Wherefore I shall returne to them as well, or spring,
From whom descends my mortal wo, aboue all other
(thing.

So shall myne Eyes in paine accompany my hart,
That were the Guides, that did it lead of love to feel
(the smart.

The crisped Gold that doth surmount Appolloes pride,
The lively Streames of pleasant Starrs that under it doth
(Glyde.

Wherein the beames of love doe still increase their
(heate,
Which yet so farr touch me to near in cold to make me
(sweat.

The wise and pleasant take, soe rare or else alone,
That gaue to me the Curteis gyft, that earst had never
(none.

Be far from me alas, and every other thing,
I might forbear with better will, then this that did me
(bring.

With pleasand woord and cheer, redress of lingred
(payne,

And wonted oft in kindled will, to vertue me to trayne.
Thus am I forc'd to hear and harken after news,
My Comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful trust re-
(news.

84 SONGES and SONETTES.

And yet with more delight to moue my wofull case,
I must complaine these hands, those armes, that firmly
(do Embrace.

Me from my selfe, and rule the sterne of my poor lyfe,
The sweet disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes, and eke the
(louely strife.

That wonted well to tune in temper just and mete,
The rage, that oft did make me Err by furour vndi-
(screte.

All this is hid from me with sharp and ragged Hills,
At others will my long abode, my depe dyspayr ful-
(fills.

And of my hope sometime ryse vp by some redresse,
It stumbleth strait for feable faint my fear hath such
(Excesse.

Such is the sort of hoape, the less for more desyre,
And yet I trust e're that I dye, to see that I require.
The resting place of love, where virtue dwells and
(growes,

There I desire my weary life sometime may take repose.
My song thou shalt attaine, to find the pleasant place,
Where she doth liue by whom I liue, may chance to haue
(this grace.

When she hath read and seen, the Griefe wherein I serue,
Between her Breasts she shall the put there shall she thee
(reserue.

Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly see,
And if for waight the body fayl, the Soul shall to her flee.

*The Lover Blameth his love for renting of the
letter he sent her.*

Sufficed not (Madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but this also to rent,
The weeping paper that to you I sent,
Whereof ech letter was written with A tear.
Could not my present paynes (alas) suffice,
Your greedy heart, and that my heart doth feel,
Torments that prick more sharper than the Steel,
But new and new must to my lott aryse,

Vse

SONGES and SONETTES. 85

Use then my death soe shall your Crueltye,
Spite of your spyte rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such torments of the hart,
Feel as I doe this shall you gayne thereby.

*The Lover curseth the tyme when fyrst he fell in
love.*

WHEN fyrst myne Eyes did view and mark,
Thy fayr Beauty to behold,
And when my Ears lysned to hark,
The pleasant woords that thou me tolde.
I would as then I had been free,
From Ears to hear, and Eyes to see.
And when my Lipps gan fyrst to mone,
Whereby my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tongue dyd talke of love,
To thee that hast true loue downe throwne.
I would my lipps and tongue alsoe,
Had then been dumme, no deal to goe.
And when my hands haue handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memory,
And when my feet haue gone and sought,
To find and get the Company.
I would each hand a foot had beene,
And I each foot A hand had seen.
And when in mind I dyd consent,
To follow this my fancies will,
And when my hart did first relent,
To tast such bait my life to spill.
I would my hart had been as thine,
Or els thy hart had been as myne.

The Lover determineth to serve faithfully.

Since love will needs, that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree,
And since no Chaunce may it remove,
In wealth and in aduersitie.
I shall alway my selfe apply,
To serve and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I finde but hate,
And Cruelly my life to wast,

86 SONGES and SONETTES.

And though that still A wretched state,
Should pyne my days vnto the last :

Yet I profess it willingly,
To serue and suffer patiently.

For since my hart is bound to serue,
And I not ruler of myne owne,
What soe befall, tyll that I sterue,
By prooffe full well it shall be knowne.
That I shall still my self apply,
To serue and suffer patiently.

Yet though my Griefe finde noe redress,
But still encrease before myne Eyes,
Though my reward be Cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happs can deuysse,
Yet I profess it willingly,
To serue and suffer patiently.

Yea though fortune her pleasant face,
Sould shew, to set me up aloft,
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should wrythe away, as she doth oft.
Yet would I still my self applye,
To serue and suffer patiently.

There is no griefe, no smert, no wo,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this minde may make me goe,
And whatsoeuer me befall,
I do profess it willingly,
To serue and suffer patiently.

The Lover suspected blasmeth Ill Tongues.

Mistrustfull minds be moved,
To haue me in suspect,
The Truth it shall be proved,
Which time shall once detect.

Though falshed goe about,
Of Crime me to accuse,
At length I do not doubt,
But truth shall me Excuse.
Such Sauce, as they haue served,
To me without desert,

Even

SONGES and SONETTES. 87

Even as they haue deserved,
Thereof God send them part.

The Lover Complaineth, and his Ladie Comforteth.

Lover. **I**T burneth yet, alas, my heartes desire,
Lady. What is the thing, that hath inflam'd
(thy Heart?)

Lo. A Certaine point as fervent as the fyre.

La. The heat shall cease if that thou wilt convert,

Lo. I cannot stop the fervent rageing yre,

La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?

Lo. Heare my request, and rew my weeping chere

La. With right good will say on lo, I thee here.

Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content,

La. Thou seekest, perchaunce of me, that I may not.

Lo. Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayst, well assent.

La. That I may not the Griefe is myne, God wot,

Lo. But if I feele, whatso thy woordes have ment.

La. Suspect me not, my woordes be not forgett.

Lo. Then say, alas! shall I have help or no.

La. I see no time to answer, yea, but no.

Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and stand no more in doubt.

La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.

Lo. Lo with delayes, thou dryves me still about.

La. Thou wouldest my death, it plainly doth appeare.

Lo. First may my heart his blood, and life blede out.

La. Then for my sake, alas! thy will forbear.

Lo. From day to day, thus wastes my Lyfe away.

La. Yet for the best, suffre some smale delay.

Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a dede,

La. If I sayd yea, what should thereof ensue?

Lo. An heart in payne of succour so should spede,

Twixt yea, and nay, my dout shall still renew,

My swete, say yea, and do away this drede.

La. Thou wilt nedes so, be it so, but then be trew.

Lo. Nought would I else, nor other Treasure none,

Thus hearts be wonne by Love, request, and mone.

88 SONGES and SONETTES.

Why loue is blinde.

OF purpose, love chose first for to be blinde,
 For he with sight of that, that I beholde,
 Vanquisht had been, against all godly kynde,
 His bow your hand, and trusse should haue unfold.
 And He with me to serve had been Affinde,
 But, for he blind, and reckles would him holde.
 And still, by chance, his dredly strokes bestow,
 With such, as see, I serve, and suffer wo.

To his unkinde love.

WHAT rage is this, what furor of what kynde,
 "What power what plage, doth wery thus mye
 Within my bones to rankle is assynde, (minde?
 What Poyson pleasant swete.

Lo see myne Eyes flow with continual teares,
 The Body still away sleeplese it weares,
 My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres
 Nor doth my limmee sustayne.

In depe wyde wound, the deadly stroke doth turne,
 To curelesse skarre that never shall returne,
 Go to, triumph, rejoyce thy goodly turne,
 Thy frend thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
 Nor yetr my plaint no pitie can procure,
 Fierce Tygre, fell, hard rocke without recure
 Cruel rebell to love.

Once may thou love, never beloved again,
 So love thou still, and not thy Love obtayne,
 So wrathfull love with spites of just disdaine,
 May thret thy cruell hart.

The lover blameth his instant desyre.

DEsyre (alas!) my Maister, and my foe,
 So sore altered thy selfe, how maist thou see,
 Some time thou sekest, and dryves me to and fro,
 Some time thou ledest, that leaueeth thee and me,
 What reason is to rule thy subjects so,
 By forced law and mutabilitie?
 For where by thee I doubted to have blame,
 Even now by hate agayne I doubt the same.

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 89

The Lover complaineth his estate.

I See that chance hath chosen me,
Thus secretly to live in payne,
And to another geuen the free,
Of all my losse to have the gayne,
By chance affinde thus do I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Unto my self some time alone,
I do lament my wofull case,
But what availeth me to mone,
Since truth and pitie hath no place,
In them, to whom I sue and serve,
And other have that I deserve.

To seke by meane to change this mind,
Alas, I prove it will not be,
For in my heart I cannot finde,
Once to refrayne, but still agree
As bound by force alway to serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Such is the fortune that I have,
To love them most, that love me lest,
And to my payne to seeke and crave
The thing, that other have possesse,
So thus in vaine alway I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

And till I may appease the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well
To wayle my wo my heart shall freate
Whose pensif payne my tong can tell,
Yet thus unhappy must I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Of his love called Anna.

WHAT woord is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turnde and made in twayne,
It is mynne Anna, God it wote
The only Causer of my payne,
My love that medeth with Disdaine,
Yet is it loved, what will you more,
It is my Salve, and eke my fore.

That

90 SONGES and SONETTES.

That pleasure is mixed with every paine.

VEnemous thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
 Beare flowers we see, full fresh and fayre of Hue,
 Poyson is also put in Medicine,
 And unto Man his health doth oft renue,
 The fyre that all things eke consumeth clene,
 May hurt and heale : then if that this be true,
 I trust some time my harm may be my health,
 Sins every woe is joyned with some wealth.

A riddle of a gyft given by a Ladie.

A Lady gave me a gift she had not,
 And I received her gift which I took not,
 She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not,
 And I received it albeit I could not.
 If she give it me I force not,
 And if she take it again she cares not,
 Conster what this is and tell not,
 For I am fast sworne, I may not.

That speaking or profering bringes alway spending.

SPeake thou and spede, where will or power ought
 (helpeth,
 Where power doth want, will must be wonne by
 (welth:
 For nede will spede, where will Workes not his kynde,
 And gayne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee fynd.
 For Sute and Golde, what do not they obtayne,
 Of good and bad the Tryers are these Wayne.

He

SONGES and SONETTES. 91

*He ruleth not though he reigne over Realmes that is
subject to his owne lustes.*

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage,
Of Cruell Will, and see thou kepe the free,
From the foul Yoke of sensual Bondage,
For though thine Empire stretch to Indian See,
And for thy fear trembleth the fardeth Thules,
If thy desyre have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no Governour.

If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche Starre in Heaven fixed,
And gives the Moone her hornes and her eclipsing.
A lyke hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foule lust and vyce doe conquer thee.

All wer that so thou had a Flood of Golde,
Unto thy thirst yet should it not suffice,
And though with Indian Stones a thousand folde,
More precious then can thy self devise.
Ycharged were thy backe, thy covetise,
And busy Byting yet should never let,
Thy wretched lyfe, nede do thy death profet.

*Whether Libertie by losse of life or life in prison and
thraldome be to be preferred.*

LYke as the byrde within the Cage luclosed,
The dore unsparred, her foe the hawke without
Twixt death and prison pitiously oppressed,
Whether for to choose standeth in dout.
Lo so do I, which seke to bring about,
Which should be best by determination
By losse of life, libertie, or lyfe by prison.

O MI-

92 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

O Mischief by Mischief to be redressed,
Where payne is best there lyeth but little pleasure,
By short death better to be delivered,
Then byde in painfull lyfe, thraldome and dolour.
Small is the pleasure where much payne we suffer,
Rather therefore to chuse me thinketh wisdome,
By loss of lyfe libertie, then lyfe by prison.

And yett me thinkes although I live and suffer,
I do but wayte a time and fortunes chance,
Oft many thinges do happen in one hower,
That which opprest me now may me advance,
In time is trust which by deathes grevaunce
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason
By death to chuse Libertie, and not life by prison.

But death wer deliverance where lif lengthens paine,
Of these two illes let see now chuse the best,
This Bird to deliver that here doth plaine ;
What say ye Lovers, which shal be the best ?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke opprest ;
And which to chuse, make plain Conclusion
By loss of lyfe libertie, or lyfe by prison.

Against bourders of money.

FOR shamefast harme of great and hatefull nede,
In depe dispayre, as did a wretch go,
With ready Corde out of his life to spede,
His stumbling foot did fynde an hoorde, lo,
Of Gold, I say, where he preparde this Dede
And in exchange, he left the corde tho'
He that had hid the Golde, and found it not,
Of that he found he shapt his Neck a knot.

Description

Description of a gonne.

VUlcane begat me, Minerua me taught,
 Nature my Mother, Craft nourisht me yere by yere
 Three bodies are my foode ; my strength is in naught,
 Anger, wrath, waste, and noyse, are my Children dere.
 Gesse frende, what I am, and how I am wraught,
 Monster of sea or of lande, or of els where
 Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend,
 And if I be thine Enemie I may thy life ende.

Wyate being in prison to Bryan.

SYghes are my foode, my drinke are my teares,
 Clinking of fetters would such musike crave,
 Stinke, and close ayre, away my life it weares
 Poor Innocence is all the hope I have,
 Rayne, wynde, or weather, judge I by myne ears,
 Malice assautes that righteousnesse should have.
 Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heale againe,
 But yett, alas ! the skarre shall still remaine.

Of Dissembling words.

THroughout the World if it were sought,
 Fayre words ynoughe a Man shall fynde ;
 They be good chepe, they cost right nought,
 Their substance is but only wynde :
 But well to say, and so to meane,
 That swete accorde is seldome fene.

Of the mean and sure Estate.

STand who so lis upon the Slipper wheele,
 Of high Estate, and let me here rejoyce,

And

94 SONGES and SONETTE S.

And use my life in quietnesse eche dele,
 Unknowne in Court that hath the wanton joyes,
 In hidden place my time shall slowly passe,
 And when my yeres be past without annoyse,
 Let me dye old after the common trace,
 For gypes of Death do he too hardly pass;
 That knowne is to all, but to himself, alas!
 He dyeth unknowne dased with dreadfull face.

The Courtiers Life.

IN Court to serve decked with freshe araye,
 Of sugared Meates feling the swete repast,
 The Lyfe in Bankets and sundry kyndes of playe,
 Amid the presse the worldly lookes to waste.
 Hath with it joyned oft times such bitter taste,
 That who so joyes such kinde of life to holde,
 In prison joyes fettred with chaines of Golde.

Of Disappointed purpose by Negligence.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour,
 Could overcome, but could not use his chance
 And Ilikewyse of all my long Endeavour,
 The sharpe Conquest though fortune did avance,
 Ne could I use, the hold that is given over,
 I vnpossesse, so hangeth now in balance.
 Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,
 At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spayne.

TAgus farewell that westward with thy Stremes,
 Tufnes up the graines of Gold already tryde,
 For I with Spurre and faile go seke the temmes,
 Gayneward the Sunne that sheweth her welthy pride;

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 95

And to the Towne that Brutus fought by dreames,
Like bended Moon that leaves her lusty syde,
My King, my Countrey, I seke for whom I live,
O mighty Jove the wyndes for this me geve.

Of Sodaine trusting.

DRiven by desyre I did this dede,
To danger my self without cause why,
To trust th'untrue not lyke to spede,
To speake and promise faithfully.
But now the prooffe doth verify,
That who so trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself and please his foe.

*Of the Mother that eat her child at the Siege of
Jerusalem.*

IN doubtfull brest whyles Motherly pittie,
With furious famine standeth at debate
The Mother saith, O Child unhappy,
Return thy blood where thou hadst Milke of late.
Yeld me those lymmes that I made unto thee,
And enter there where thou wer generate,
For of One body against all nature,
To another must I make Sepulture.

*Of the Meane and sure Estate written to
John Poynes.*

MY Mothers Maides when they do sow and spinne,
They sing a Song made of a fieldish Mouse,
That for because her livelod was but thinne,
Would needs go see her Townish Sisters house.
She tought her self endure to grievous payne,
The stormy blastee her Cave so sore did soufe;

That

96 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

That when the furrows swimm'd with the rayne,
 She must lye cold and wet in sory plight,
 And worse then that bare Meate ther did remayne,
 To Comfort her, when she her house had dight,
 Some tyme a Barley corne, some time a Beane,
 For which she laboured hard both day and night.
 In harvest tyme, whyle she might go and Glean,
 And when her store was stroyed with the floode,
 Then welaway for she undone was clene,
 Then was she faine to take instede of foode
 Slepe if she might, her hunger to begyle,
 My sister, quod she, hath a living good,
 And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle ;
 In colde and storme she lyeth warm and drye
 In bed of downe, the durt doth not defyle
 Her tender foot, she labours not as I.
 Richely she fedes and at the Riche mannes cost,
 And for her Meate she nedes not crave nor cry,
 By Sea, by Land, of delicates the most
 Her cater seketh, and spareth for no perell,
 She fedes on boyld meate, bake meate and on rost,
 And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travell
 And when she list, the licour of the Grape
 Doth glad her heart, till that her Belly swell ;
 And at this Journey makes she but a jape,
 So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,
 With her Sister her part so for to shape,
 That if she might there kepe herself in health,
 To live a Lady while her life doth last,
 And to the dore now is she come by stealth,
 And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast,
 Th'other for feare durst not well scarce appeare
 Of every noise so was the wretch agast
 At last, she asked softly who was there,
 And in her language as well as she could,
 Pepe (quod the other) Sister I am here.
 Peace (quod the Towne Mousse) why speakest thou so
 (loude,
 And by the hand she took her fayre and well,

Welcome

SONGES and SONETTES. 97

Welcome, quod she my Sister by the roode,
 She feasted her, that Joy it wasto tell,
 The fayre they had, they drank the wyne so clere,
 And as to purpose now and then it fell
 She chered her, with how Sister what chere?
 Amid this Joy befell a sory chance,
 That welaway, the Stranger bought full dere,
 The fare she had, for as she lookte a skunce,
 Under a stole she spied two stemming eyes
 In a rounde heade with sharp eares: In France
 Was never Mousse so ferde, for the unwyse
 Had not ysene such a beast before,
 Yet had nature taught her after guyse
 To know her foe, and dread him evermore;
 The Towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go,
 The other had no shift, but wonders sore,
 Ferde of her life, at home she wisfit her tho',
 And to do, alas! as she did skippe,
 The Heaven it would, lo! and eke her chaunce was so,
 At the thresholde her sely foote did trippe,
 And ere she might recover it again,
 The Traytour Cat had caught her by the hippe,
 And made her there against her will remayne,
 That had forgot her poore Suertie, and rest,
 Forseking welth, wherein she thought to raygne.
 Alas (my poynes) how men do seke the best,
 And finde the worse, by Error as they staye;
 And no marvell, when, sight is so opprest,
 And blindes the guyde, anone out of the way
 Goeth guyde, and all in seking quiet life.
 O wretched Myndes! there is no golde that may,
 Graunt that you seke, no warre, no peace, no strife,
 No, no, althought thy head were hoopte with golde,
 Serjeant with Mace, with Hawbart, Sword nor knife,
 Can not repulse the care that folow should,
 Eche kynde of lyfe hath with him his disease,
 Live in delites, even as thy lust woulde,
 And thou shalt finde when lust doth most thee please,

98 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

It yrketh straight, and by itself doth fade.
 A small thing is that, that may thy minde appease:
 None of you all there is, that is so madde
 To seke for grapes on brambles, or on briers,
 For none I trow, that hath a witte so badde
 To set his hay for Conies over Rivers,
 Nor ye set not a Dragge-net for an hare;
 And yet the thing that most is your desire,
 You do mislike, with more travell and care
 Make plaine thine heart that it be not knotted
 With hope or dreade, and see thy will be bare
 From all Affectes, whom vyce hath never spotted;
 Thy self content with that is thee Assynde,
 And use it well that is to thee Allotted:
 Then seke no more out of thy self to fynde
 The thing that thou hast sought so long before;
 For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy mynde
 Made, if ye list to continue your sore,
 Let present passe, and gape on time to come,
 And depe thy self in Travell more and more,
 Henceforth (my Poynes) this shall be all and some,
 Those wretched fooles shall have nought els of me:
 But, to the Great God, and to his dome,
 None other payne pray I for them to be,
 But when the rage doth leade them from the right
 That looking Backward vertue they may see
 Even as she is so goodly, fayre and bright;
 And whylst they claspe theyr lusts in Armes acrosse,
 Graunt them good Lord, as thou maist of thy might,
 To freat inward, for losing such a loss,

SONGES and SONETTES. 99

Of the Courtiers life, written to John Poynes.

MYne own John Poynes, sins ye delight to know
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,
 And flee the prease of Courtes, wherefo they goe,
 Rather then to live thrall under the awe
 Of Lordly lookes, wrapped within my Cloke,
 To will and lust learning to set a Law
 It is not, that because I storme or mocke
 The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
 Charge over us, of right to strike the Stroke;
 But true it is, that I have always ment
 Less to esteeme them, then the common sort,
 Of Outward thinges that Judge in their entent:
 Without regarde, what inward doth resort,
 I graunt, some time of Glory that the fyre,
 Doth touch my heart, me list not to report.
 Blame by honour and honour to desyre.
 But how may I this honour now attaine,
 That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer?
 My poynes, I cannot frame my tune to fayn.
 To cloke the truth, for praise without desert,
 Of them that list all vice for to retayne,
 I cannot honour them that set theyr part
 With Venus and Bacchus all their life long.
 Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart,
 I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wronge.
 To worship them like God on Earth alone,
 That are as Wolves these sely Lambes among,
 I cannot with my Woordes complayne and mone.
 And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,
 Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone,
 I cannot speake and looke like a Saint.
 Use wyles for wit, and make desceit a pleasure,
 Call craft Counsaile, for lucre still to paynt,
 I can not wrest the Law to fyll the Coffer
 With innocent blood to feed my self fatte,
 And do most hurt where that most helpe I offer.

100 SONGES and SONETTES.

I am not he that can allow the State,
 Of hye Caesar, and damne Cato to dye,
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,
 From Caesars hands, if Livy doth not lye.
 And would not live where Liberty was lost,
 So did his heart the Common wealth apply,
 I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
 To make the crow in singing, as the Swanne ;
 Nor call the Lyon of Coward beastes the most,
 That cannot take a Mouse, as the Cat can,
 And he that dyeth for hunger of the Golde,
 Call him Alexander, and say that Pan,
 Passeth Apollo in Musike many folde,
 Praise Syr Copas for a noble tale,
 And scorne the Story that the Knight tolde,
 Praise him for Counsell that is dronke of Ale.
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the Sway,
 Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is
 (pale ;

On others lust, to hang both night and day,
 None of these pointes would ever frame in me,
 My wit is nought, I can not learn the way,
 And much the less of things that greater be.
 That asken helpe of colours to devise,
 To joyne the meane with eche extremitie,
 With nerest vertue ay to cloke the vyce,
 And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
 To presse the vertue that it may not tyse.
 As Dronkenness good fellowship to call,
 The frendly foe with his faire double face,
 Say he is Gentle, and Curties therewithall,
 Affirme that favill hath a goodly grace.
 In eloquence, and cruelty to name,
 Zeale of Justice, and change in time and place,
 And he that suffereth offence without blame,
 Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,
 That rayleth reckless unto eche mans shame,
 Say he is rude, that cannot lye and fayne.
 The lecher a lover and tyranny

SONGES and SONETTES. 101

To be right of a princes raigne,
 I cannot I, no no, it will not be.
 This is the cause that I could never yet,
 Hang on their Slevs the weigh (as thow maist see)
 A chippe of chaunce, more then a pound of Wit,
 This makes me at home to hunt and hawke,
 And in foul weather at my book to sit,
 In frost and Snow, then with my bowe stalke,
 No man doth marke whereso I ryde or goe,
 In lusty leas at libertie I walke.
 And of these Newes I fele no weale no woe,
 Save that a clogge doth hang yett at my hele,
 No force for that, for that is Ordred so,
 That I may leape both hedge and dyke full wele.
 I am not now in France to judge the wyne,
 With savery Sauce those delicates to feele,
 Nor yet in Spayne, where one must him incline,
 Rather then to be, Outwardly to seme,
 I meddle not with wittes that be so fyne,
 Nor Flanders chere lettes not my Sight to deme,
 Of black and white nor taket my wittes away,
 With Beastlines, such doe those beastes esteeme,
 Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pray
 For Money, pryson and treason, of some
 A common practice used night and daye;
 But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
 Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
 Where if thou list, mine own John Poynes to come,
 Thou shalt be judge, how I do spende my tyme.

*How to use the court and himself therein, written to
 Syr Fraunces Bryan.*

A Spending hend that alway powreth out,
 Had nede to have a bringer in as fast,
 And on the stone that still doth turne about,
 There groweth no Mosse: These proverbes yet doe last.

H ;

Reason

102 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
 That length of yeres their force ean never waste,
 When I remember this and eke the case
 Wherein thou standst, I thought fourthwith to write
 (Bryan) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
 In writing is to counsayle Man the right,
 To thee therefore that trottes styll up and downe,
 And never rests but running day and Night,
 From Realme to Realme, from Citie strete, and
 (Towne;

Why doest thou weare thy Body to the bones,
 And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe,
 And drinke good Ale so nappy for the nones,
 Fede thy self fatte ane heape up pounce by pound,
 Lykest thou not this? No, why? for swine so groines
 In sty, and chaw dung monlded on the ground,
 And drivel on pearles, with head still in the Manger,
 So of the harpe the Ass doth heare the sound,
 So sackes of durt be filde. The neat Courtier
 So serves for lesse, then do these fatted swine,
 Though I seme leane and drye without a Moister,
 Yet will I serve my prince, my Lord and thyne,
 And let them live to fede the paunch that list,
 So may I live to fede both me and myne,
 By God well sayd. But what and if thou wilt
 How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende
 That would I learne, and it shall not be mist
 To tell the how. Now harke what I intende
 Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
 Shal purchase frendes, where trouth shall but offende,
 Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and ease,
 For though that trouth of every man hath praise,
 Full neare that wynde goth trouth in great misease,
 Use vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,
 In woord alone to make thy language swete,
 And of the dede, yet doe not as thou sayes,
 Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre unmete,
 To geat thy bread, eche thing is now so skant,
 Seke still thy profit upon thy bare fete,

Lend

Lend in no wise for fear that thou do want;
 Unlesse it be, as to a Calfe a chese,
 But if thou can be sure to win a cant
 Of half at least, it is not good to leese.
 Learne at the Ladde, that in a long white cote,
 From under the stall withouten landes or fee,
 Hath lept into the shoppe, who knowes by rote,
 This rule that I have tolde thee here before,
 Sometime also riche Age begynnes to dote,
 Se thou when there thy gayne may be the more,
 Stay him by the Arme where so he walk or goe,
 Be nere alway, and if he cough to fore,
 What he hath spyt treade out, and please him so
 A diligent knave that pykes his Maisters purse
 May please him so, that he withouten mo,
 Executour is, and what is he the worse,
 But if so chance, thou get nought of the Man,
 The Widow may for all thy payne disburse
 A riveled skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
 A toothelesse Mouth shall doe thy Lippes no harme;
 The Gold is good, and though the curse or banne,
 Yet where thee list, thou mayst lye good and warme;
 Let the old Mule byte upon the brydle,
 Whilst there do lye a sweter in thine Arme,
 In this also see that thou be not ydle,
 Thy Nece, thy Cofin, sister or thy Daughter
 If she be fayre, if handsome be her middle,
 If thy better hath her love besought her,
 Avance his cause and he shall helpe thy nede
 It is but love, turne thou it to a laughter.
 But ware I say, so Gold the helpe and spede,
 That in this case thou be not so unwyse,
 As pander was in such a lyke dede,
 For he the foole of Conscience was so nyce,
 That he no gayne would have for all his payne
 Be next thy selfe, for Friendship bears no pryce,
 Laughst thou at me? why? do I speak in vayne?
 No not at thee, but at thy thyrfty jest

104 SONGES and SONETTES.

Wouldest thou, I shoulde for any losse or gayne
 Change that for golde that I have tane for best?
 Next godly thinges, to have an honest name,
 Should I leave that then take me for a beast.
 Nay then farewell, ane if thou care for shame
 Content the with honest povertie,
 With free tong, what thee mislykes, to blame
 And for thy trouth some time Adversitie,
 And therewithall this gyft I shall thee give,
 In this world now little prosperitie,
 And quoyne to kepe, as water in a sieve.

The Song of Jopas unfinished.

WHEN Dido feasted fyrst the wandring Trojan
 (Knight,
 Whom Junos wrath with Stormes did force in Libik
 (Sands to Light.
 That mighty Atlas taught the Supper lasting long,
 With crisped lockes, in Golden Harpe Jopas sang in song:
 That same (quod he) that we the world do call and
 (name.
 Of Heaven and Earth with all contentes, it is the very
 (frame:
 Of thus, of heavenly powers by more powre kept in
 (one,
 Repugnant kindes, in middes of whom the earth hath
 (place alone.
 Firme, rounde, of living things the Mother, place and
 (Nourse,
 Without the which in egall weight this heaven doth hold
 (his course.
 And it is calde by name, the first and moving heaven,
 The firmament is placed next containing other seven.
 Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and
 (thicke,
 As shining lights which we call Starres, that therein
 (cleave and sticke.
 With

SONGES and SONETTES. 105

With great swift sway the fyrst, and with his restless
(Sours,
Carieth it self, and all those eyght in even continual
(cours.

And of this world so round within that rolling cale,
Two points there be that never move, but firmly kepe
(their place.

The tone we see alway, the tother stands object,
Against the same divyding just, the Ground by line
(direct.

Which by ymagination, drawne from the one to th' other,
Toucheth the centre of the Earth, for way there is none
(other,

And these becalde the poles, descride by Starres not
(bright,
Artike the one Northward we see, Antartike thother
(hight

The lyne, that we deyse from thone to thother so,
As axell is, upon which the heavens about do go,
Which of water nor Earth, of Ayre nor fyre have
(kinde;

Therefore the substance of those same were hard for Man
(to find;

But they been uncorupt, simple and pure unmixt;
And so we say been all those Starres, that in the same be
(fixt;

And eke those erring seven, in cyrcle as they stray,
So calde, because against that fyrst they have repugnat
(way,

And smaller by ways too, scant sensible to Man,
To busy woorke for my poor harpe, let sing then he that
(can,

The wydest save the fyrst of all these nyne above,
One hundred yere doth aske of space for one degree to
(move:

Of which Decrees we make in the fyrst moving hea-
(ven,

Three hundred and threescore in partes, justly divided
(even;

And

106 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

And yet there is another between those heavens two,
 Whose moving is so flye so slacke, I name it not for
 (now.
 The seventh heaven, or the Shell next to the Starry
 (Skye,
 All those Degrees that gathereth up with aged Pace, so
 (flye,
 And doth perfourme the same, as Elders count hath
 (bene,
 In Nine and Twenty yeres complete, and days almost
 (Sixteen,
 Do carye in his bought the Starre of Saturne olde,
 A threatner of all living things with drought, and with
 (his cold,
 The sixt whom this conteins, doth stalke with yonger
 (pase,
 And in twelve Yere doth some what more then thothers
 (vyage was,
 And thys in it doth beare the Starre of Jove benigne,
 Twene Saturnes Malice, and us Men, friendly defend-
 (ing Signe;
 The fifth beares Bloudy Mars, that in three hundred
 (Dayes,
 And twise eleven with one full Yere hath finish't all those
 (wayes.
 A Yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto fixe,
 And in the same the dayes eye, the Sune therein he
 (stickes:
 The thyrd that Governde is by that, that Governs me,
 And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we
 (see.
 In like space doth perfourme that course, that dy'd the
 (tother,
 So doth the next, the next unto the same, that second is
 (in Order.
 But it doth beare the Starre, that calde is Mercury,
 That many a crafty secreet Steppe doth treade, as Calcars
 (trye,
 That skye is last, and sixt next us those wayes hath gone
 In seven and twenty common days, and eke the third One;
 And

SONGES and SONETTES. 107

And bearerh with his Sway the dyvers Moone about.
 Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now
 (her light is out :
 Thus have they of their owne two movinges all these
 (seven,
 One, wherein they be carried still, eche in his severall hea-
 (ven :
 Another of themselves. where they bodies be layde
 In by waies, and in lesser roundes, as I afore have sayde,
 Save of them all the Sunne doth stray least from the streight,
 The Starry Skye hath but One course, that we have calde
 (the Eight.
 And all these movinges Eyght are ment from West to East,
 Although they seeme to clyme aloft, I say from East to
 (West ;
 But that is but by force of theyr first moving Skye,
 In twise twelve howres from East to East that carieth
 (them by and by.
 But marke me well also, the moving of these seven,
 Be not about the axletree of the fyrst moving heaven ;
 For they have theyr two poles directly tone to the
 (tother,

Syr T. Wyatte the Elder.

Vncertaine Auctors.

*The Complaint of a lover with Suite to his love
for pitie.*

IF ever woefull man might move your hartes to ruthe,
 Good Ladies heare his woful playnt, whose death shall
 (trye his truth ;
 And rightful Judges be on this his true report,
 If he deserve a lover's name among the faithfull sort ;
 Five hundred times the Sunne hath lodgde him in the
 (West ;
 Since in my hart I harbred fyrst of all the goodliest
 (gest,
 Whose

108 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

Whose woorthines to shew, my wittes are all to
(faynt,
And I lacke cunnning of the Scholes, in colours her to
(paynt.

But this I briefly say in woordes of egall weight,
So voyde of vyce was never none, nor with such vertues
(freight,

And for her beauties prayse, no wight that with her
(warres,
For where she comes, she shews her self, as Sunne among
(the Starres.

But Lord thou wast to blame, to frame such perfite-
(nesse,
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to re-
(dresse:

For if ye knew the pains and panges that I have
(past,
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life hath
(last

When all the Gods agreed, that Cupid with his Bowe
Should shote his Arrowes from her eyes, on me his might
(to show.

I knew it was in vaine my force to trust upon.
And well I wist it was no Shame to yield to such a
(One.

Then did I me submyt with humble hart and
(mynde,
To be her Man for evermore, as by the Gods affinde.

And sincethat day, no wo, wherewith love might tor-
(ment,
Could move me from this faythfull band, or make me
(once repent:

Yet have I felt full oft the hottest of his fyre,
The bitter tears, the scalding sighs, the burning hote
(desyre;

And with a sodain sight the tremblyng of the hart,
And how the blood doth come and go, to succour every
(parte:

When that a pleasant looke hath lyt me in the ayre,
A frowne hath made me fall as fast into a depe dyspayre.
And

SONGES and SONETTES. 109

And when that I e're this, my tale could well by hart,
And that my tong had learned it, so that no word might
(start;

The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a Stay,
That to be Lord of all the world, one woord I could not
(say.

And many a sodaine crampe my hart hath pinched so,
That for the tyme my fenced all, felt neither weale nor wo.

Yet saw I never thing that might my mynde content,
But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so consent,
Nor neuer hard of wo that dyd her will displease,
But wisht the same unto my self, so it myght do her ease.

Nor ever thought that fayre, nor never liked face,
Unless it dyd resemble her, or some part of her grace.

No distanee yet of place could us so far diuide,
But that my heart, and my good will dyd still with her
(abyde.

Nor yet it never lay in any fortunes powre,
Toput that swete out of my thought, one minute of an
(howre.

No rage of drenching Sea, nor woodnes of the wynde:
Nor Cannons with their thundring crackes could put her
(from my minde;

For when both Sea and Land assunder had us set,
My whole delight was only then, my self alone to get;
And thitherward to looke, as nere as I could gesse,
Where as I thought that she was then that might my wo
(redress.

Full ofte it did me good that wayes to take my
(winde,
So pleasant Ayre in no place else methought I could not
I saying to myself my lyfe is yondet way, (finde,
And by the winde I have her sent a thousand Sighes aday;
And sayd unto the Sunne, great gyftes are geven thee,
For thou mayst see myne earthly blisse, where-ever that
(she be.

Thou seest in every place, woulde God I had thy
(myght
And I the Ruler of my self, then should she know no
(Night.
And

110 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

And thus from wish to wish, my wittes have been at
(Stryfe,
And wanting all that I have wisht, thus have I lead my
(lyfe,

But long it cannot last, that in such wo remains;
No force for that, for death is swete to him that feels
(such pains:

Yet most of all me grieves, when I am in my Grave,
That she shall purchase by my death a cruel name to
(have.

Wherefore all you that hear this plaint, or shall it
(see
Wish that it may so pearce her hart that she may pitie
(me

For and it were her will, for both it were the best
To save my lyfe to kepe her name and set my hart at rest.

*Of the Death of Maister Devorox, the Lord
Ferres Sonne.*

WH O Justly may rejoyce in ought under the Skye,
As Life or Lands as frendes or fruites which
(only live to dye.

Or who doth not well knowe all worldly workes are
(vaine,

And geveth nought but to thee lendes to take the same
(agayn.

For though it lift some up as we long upward all,
Such is the sort of slipper welth, all things do rise to
(fall.

Thuncertaintie is such, Experience teacheth so,
That what things men do covet, most them soonest they
(forgo.

Lo Devorox where he lyeth, whose lyfe men held so dere,
That now his death is sorrowed so, that pitie it is to
(heare.

Hys byrth of Antient bloud his parent of great fame,
And yet in vertue farre before, the formost of the fame.

His

SONGES and SONETTES. III

His King and Countrey bothe he served to so great
(gayne,
That with the Brutes, record doth rest, and ever shall
(remayne.
No man in Warre so mete an Enterprife to take,
No man in Peace that pleasurde more of Enemies friendes
(to make.
A Cato for his Counsell his head was surely such,
Ne Theseus friendship was so great, but Devorox was
(as much.
A Graffe of so small grothe, so much good fruite to
(bring,
Is seldome hearde, or never seene, it is so rare a thing.
A Man sent us from God, his lyfe did well declare,
And now sent for by God agayne, to teach us what we
(are.
Death and the Grave, that shall accompany all that live,
Hath brought him heven though somewhat sone which
(life could never geve.
God grant wel all that shall professe as he profest,
To live so well to dye no worse, and send his Soule
(good rest.

They of the meane Estate are happiest.

I right be raft and overronne,
And power take part with open wronge,
If feare by force do yelde to sone,
The lacke is like to last to long.
If God for goodes shal be unplaced,
If right for riches loses hys shape,
If World for Wifedome be embraced,
The gesse is great much hurt may hap.
Among good things I prove and finde,
The quiet lyfe doth most abound,
And sure to the contented mynde
There is no riches may be founde.
For riches hates to be content,

Rule

112 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

Rule is enemy to quietnesse,
Power is most part impacient,
And seldome lykes to live in peace.
I heard a heardman once compare,
That quiet nights he had mo slept
And had mo merydayes to spare,
Then he which ought the beast, he kept.

I would not have it thought hereby,
The Dolphin Swimme I mean to teach,
Nor yet to learne the Fawlcon flye
I rowe not so farre past my reache.

But as my part above the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will,
So tyll my breath shall fayle my brest,
I will not cease to wish you still.

Comparison of Lyfe and Death.

THE lyfe is long, that lothsomly doth last,
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date,
The present panges and paynfull plagcs forepast,
Yelde grieve aye grene to stablsh this Estate.
So that I fele in this great Storme and Strife,
That deathe is swete that enderh such a lyfe.

Yet by the Stroke of this strange overthrowe,
At which Conflict of thraldome I was thrust,
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to knowe,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the way, upon how feble force,
His terme doth stand till death doth end his course.

The pleasant yeres that seme so swift that runne,
The merry dayes to end so fast that flete,
The joyfull nightes of which day daweth so soone,
The happy howres which me do mis then mete.
Doe all consume as Snowe against the Sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begonne.

Since Death shall dure till all the world be waft
 What meaneth man to dread death then so sore?
 As Man might make that Life should alway last
 Without regarde the Lord hath led before
 The daunce of death which all must runne on row
 Though how, or when the Lord alone doth know.

If Man would minde what burthens life doth bring
 What grevous crimes to God he doth commit
 What plagues, what panges, what perilles, therby springe
 With no sure hower in all his dayes to fit:
 He would sure thinke as with great cause I do,
 The day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port wherby we passe to Joy
 Life is a Lake that drowneth all in paine,
 Death is so dere it ceaseth all Annoy,
 Life is so leude that all it yeldes is vayne:
 And as by life to bondage man is brought,
 Even so likewise by death was freedom wrought.

Wherefore with *Paul* let all men wish and pray
 To be dissolved of this foule fleshly Masse,
 Or at least be arme against the Day
 That they be found good, prest to passe
 From life to death, from death to life againe,
 To such a life as ever shall remaine.

*The Tale of Pigmalion with Conclusion upon the
 Beautie of his Love.*

IN *Grece* sometime there dwelt a Man of worthy fame
 To grave in Stone his cunning was, *Pigmalion* was his
 Name.

To make his fame endure when death had him bereft
 He thought it good, of his own hand some filed Work
 were left.

In secreet Study then such work he gan devise
 As might his cunning best commend, and please the
 Looker's Eyes. [Field

A Courser faire he thought to grave, barbed for the
 And on his back a seemly Knight well arm'd with Spear
 and Shield.

114 SONGS and SONNETES.

Or els some foul or fish to grave he did devise
And still within his wandring Thoughts new fancies
did aryse.

Thus varied he in minde what Enterprife to take
'Till fancy moved his learned hand a woman fair to
make. [frame

Whereon he staied, and thought such perfect fourme to
Whereby he might amaze all *Grece* and winne immortal
name.

Of yvorie white he made so fair a Woman than
That Nature scorn'd her perfectness so taught by Craft
of Man.

Well shaped were her lims, full comly was her face,
Eche little lively coucht, eche part had seemly grace.

Twixt nature and *Pigmalion*, there might appere great
Strife [Life.

So semely was his ymage wrought, it lackt nothing but

His curious eye beheld his own devised worke [lurke:
And gasing oft thereon, he found much venom there to

For all the featurde shape so did his fancy move [love;

That with his idoll whom he made, *Pigmalion* fell in

To whom he honour gave, and decked with Gar-
landes swete

And did adourn with Jewells rich, as is for lovers mete,

Sometimes on it he fawn'd, some time in rage would cry,

It was a wonder to behold, fanfy blearde his eye.

Since that this ymage dame enflamed so wise a Man

My dere alas since I you love, what wonder is it then;

In whom hath nature set the Glory of her name

And brake her mould in great dispaire your like she
coule not frame.

*The Lover sheweth his wofull State and praieeth
pitie.*

LYKE as the Larke within the Marlians foote,
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:

So sing I now seing no other boote

My rendering Song and to your will obey

Your

Your vertue Mountes about my force to hye
 And with your beautie sealed I am so sure
 That there availes resistance none in me
 But patiently your pleasure to endure,
 For on your will my fancy shall attend,
 My life my death I put both in your choyce,
 And rather had my Life by you to end
 Then live by other alwayes to rejoyce:
 And if your Crueltie do thirst my Blood
 Then let it fourth if it may do you good.

*Upon consideration of the State of this Life he
 wisheth Death.*

THE longer Life the more Offence
 The more Offence the greater paine,
 The greater paine the lesse defence,
 The lesse defence the lesser gaine;
 The loss of gaine long yll doth trye,
 Wherefore come death and let me dye.

The shorter Life, lesse count I finde;
 The less account the sooner made;
 The account soon made, the merier mind,
 The merier mynd doth thought evade;
 Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
 Wherefore come death and let me dye.

Com gentle death, the ebbe of care,
 The ebbe of Care, the flood of Life,
 The flood of life, the joyful fare,
 The joyful fare, the end of Strife,
 The end of Strife, that thing with I.
 Wherefore come death and let me dye.

*The lover that once disdained love, is now be-
 come subject being caught in his snare.*

TO this my Song give care who list
 And mine entent Judge as ye will,
 The time is come that I have mist
 The thing whereon I hoped styll,

116 SONGS and SONNETES.

And from the toppe of all my Trust
Myshap hath throwen me in the dust.

The time hath been and that of late,
My hart and I might leap at large;
And was not shut within the gate
Of love's desire, nor tooke no charge
Of any thing that did pertaine,
As touching love in any paine.

My thought was free my hart was lyght
I marked not who lost, who saught,
I plaide by day, I slept by night,
I forced not, who wept, who laught,
My thought from all such things was free,
And I my self at libertie.

I toke no hede to tauntes nor toys
As leef to see them frowne as smyle,
Where fortune laught I scornde their joyes
I found their fraudes and every wyle,
And to my self oft times I smyled,
To see how love had them begiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit,
I masked still among the Sort
Of such as fed upon the bayte
That *Cupide* laide for his disport,
And ever as I saw them caught
I them beheld and thereat laught.

'Till at the length when *Cupide* spied
My scorneful wyll and spitefull vse,
And how I past not who was tyed
So that my self myght still live lose,
He set himself to lye in waite
And in my way he threw a baite.

Such one as Nature never made
I dare well say save she alone,
Such one she was as would invade
A hart more hard then Marble Stone,
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a Man in a Mase
When use of reason is away,

So I began to stare and gase
 And sodeinly, without delay
 Or ever I had the wit to loke
 I swallowed up both bait and hooke.

Which daily greves me more and more
 By fundry Sortes of careful wo,
 And none alive may salve the Sore
 But only she that hurt me so,
 In whom my lyfe dothe now consist
 To save or slay me as she lyst.

But seeyng now that I am caught
 And bounde so fast I cannot flee.
 Be ye by myne ensample taught
 That in your fanfies fele you free
 Despyse not them that lovers are
 Left you be caught within his Snare.

Of Fortune and Fame.

THE Plage is great where fortune frownes,
 One Mischief bringes a thousand woes,
 Where trumpets geve their warlike Sownds,
 The weake sustayne sharp overthrowes :
 No better lyfe they tast and feele
 That subject are to fortunes whele.

Her happy Chaunce may last no time,
 Her Pleasure threatneth paynes to come.
 She is the fall of those that clyme,
 And yet her whele avaunceth some
 No force, where that she hates or loves,
 Her fickle minde so oft removes.

She geves no gyft, but craves as fast
 She sone repentes a thankful dede,
 She turneth after every blast,
 She helps them oft that hath no nede;
 Where power dwelles, and riches rest,
 False Fortune is a common gest.

Yet some affyrme and prove by Skill,
 Fortune is not a flying fame,

118 SONGS and SONNETES.

She neither can do good nor yll
 She hath no fourme, yet beares a name,
 Then we but strive against the Streames,
 To frame such toyes on fantasies dreames.

If she hath shape or name alone,
 If she do rule or beare no sway,
 If she have bodie, lyfe or none,
 Be she a Sprite I cannot saye,
 But well I wot, some cause there is
 That causeth wo and sendeth blisse.

The causes of thinges I will not blame,
 Lest I offende the prince of peace:
 But I may chyde, and braule with fame,
 To make her crye and never cease
 To blowe the trumpe within her eares,
 That may appease my wofull teares.

Against wicked tonges.

O Evil tonges which clap at every wynde,
 Ye flea the quicke, and eke the dead defame,
 Those that live well, some faute in them ye fynde
 Ye take no thought in flaundring theyr good name,
 Ye put Just men oft times to open Shame:
 Ye ringe so loude, ye founde unto the Skies,
 And yet in prooffe ye so nothing but lyes. [long]

Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of
 Ye bring riche Realmes to ruine and decay,
 Ye pluck downe right ye do enhaunce the wrong;
 Ye turne swete Myrth to wo and well away,
 Of Mischiefes all ye are the ground I say.
 Happy is he that lives on such a Sort,
 That needs not fear such tonges of false report.

*Hell tormenteth not the damned Ghostes so sore
 as unkindnes the lover.*

THE refflesse rage of depe devowring hell,
 The blasfing brandes that never doe consume

The

The roaring route, in *Plutoe's* den that dwell,
 The fiery breath, that from those ympes doth fume,
 The dropsy dryeth, that *Tantale* in the Flood
 Endureth aye, all hopeles of reliefe,
 He hunger sterven, where fruite is ready foode
 So wretchedly his Soule doth suffer grief:
 The liver gnawne of guylfull *Prometheus*,
 Which Vultures fell with strayned talent tyre,
 The labour lost of weried *Sisiphus*,
 These hellish hounds with paines of quenchless fyre
 Cannot so sore the silly Soules torment,
 As her untruth my hart hath all to rent.

Of the mutabilitie of the Worlde.

BY fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to fynde
 Such fantasies, as my careful thought had brought
 into my mind.
 And when eche One was gone to rest full soft in Bed to lye
 I would have slept, but than the Watch did follow
 styl myne eye:
 And sodeynly I saw a Sea of woful Sorowes prest
 Those wicked wayes of sharp repulse bred mine unquiet
 rest. [degree
 I saw this World, and how it went, eche State in his
 And that from wealth y granted is, both lyfe and
 libertie.
 I saw how Envy it did rayne, and bear the greatest
 Price,
 Ye greater poyson is not found within the Cocka-
 trice;
 I saw also, how that disdayn oft times to forge my woe
 Geve me the cuppe of bitter Swete to pledge my
 mortall fo:
 I saw also, how that desyre, to rest no place could finde
 But still constraynde in endlesse paine to follow natures
 kinde.

120 SONGS and SONNETES.

I saw also most straunge of all, how nature dyd forsake
The bloud, that in her wombe was wrought, as doth
the lothed Snake.

I saw how fanſie would retayne no longer then her luſt,
And as the wind how ſhe doth chaunge, and is not for to
Trust. [chaunge

I ſaw how Stedfaſtneſs did flee with winges of often
A flyeing byrd, but ſeldome ſene her nature is ſo ſtraunge.
I ſaw how pleaſant times did paſſe, as flowres do in the
mede,

To day that riſeth red as roſe, to morowe falleth ded.
I ſaw my time how it dyd runne as Sand out of the Glaſſe,
Even as eche howre appointed is, from tyme and tyde to
paſſe.

I ſaw the yeres that I had ſpent, and loſſe of all my gayne,
And how the ſport of youthful plays my folly dyd retayne.
I ſaw how that the little ant in Summer ſtill doth runne
To ſeek her foode, wherby to live in winter for to come.
I ſaw eke vertue how ſhe ſate the threde of lyfe to ſpinne
Which ſheweth the end of every worke before it doth
beginne.

And when all theſe I thus behelde with many moe perdy
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a perſite pro-
pertie.

And then I ſayde unto my ſelfe a leſſon this ſhall be
For other, that ſhall after come, for to beware by me.
Thus all the night I did devyſe, which way I might con-
ſtraine

To forme a plot, that wit might worke theſe branches in
my brain.

*Harpalus complaint of Phillidaes Love beſtowed
on Corin, who loved her not, and denied him
that loved her.*

Phillida, was a fayre Mayde
As freſh as any flowre
Whom *Harpalus* the Heardman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpa-

Harpalus and eke *Corin*
 Were herdmen both yfere:
 And *Phyllida* could twiſt and ſpinne,
 And thereto ſing full clere.

But *Phyllida* was all to coy
 For *Harpalus* to winne,
 For *Corin* was her only joy
 Who forſt her not a pinne.

How often would ſhe flowers twinc,
 How often Garlandes make
 Of Couſlips and of Columbine,
 And all for *Corins* ſake.

But *Corin* he had hawkes to lure
 And forced more the field,
 Of lovers Law he took no cure
 For once he was begylde.

If *Harpalus* prevayled mought,
 His Labour all was loſt,
 For he was fartheſt from her thought,
 And yet he loved her moſt.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane
 And drye as clod of clay,
 His fleſh it was conſumed cleane,
 His Colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be ſhawe,
 His heare hong all unkempt,
 A man moſt fit even for the grave
 Whom ſpitefull love had ſpent.

His Eyes were read, and all forewatched,
 His face beſprent with teares,
 It ſemde unhap had him long hatched,
 In middes of hys diſpayres.

His cloaths were black and alſo bare,
 As one forlone was he,
 Upon his head he alwaies ware
 A wreathe of willowe tree.

His beaſtes he kept upon a Hill,
 And he ſate in the dale,
 And thus with Sighs and Sorrows ſhrill
 He gan to tell his tale.

Oh

122 SONGS and SONNETES.

Oh *Harpalus* (thus would he say)
Unhappiest under sonn,
The cause of thine unhappy day
By love was fyrst begunne.

For thou wentst first by sure to seeke
A Tygre to make tame.

That lettes not by thy love a leeke
But makes thy Griefe her game.

As easy it were for to convert
The frost into the Flame,
As for to turne a froward hart,
Whom thou so feign wouldest frame.

Corin he liveth carelesse
He leapes among the leaves,
He eates the fruites of thy redresse,
Thou reapes, he takes the Sheaves.

My Beastes awhile your foode refraine,
And harke your heardsman's sounde;
Whome spightful love alas! hath slayne,
Through gyrt with many a wounde.

O happily be ye beastes wild,
That here your pastures takes;
I see that ye be not begylde,
Of these your faithful mates.

The Hart he fedeth by the Hinde,
The Buck hard by the Do;
The Turtle Dove is not unkinde.
To him that loves her so.

The Ewe she hath by her the Ramme,
The young Cow hath the Bull;
The Calfe with many a lusty Lambe,
Doe feed their hunger full.

But well away that nature wrought
Thee *Phillida* soe faire;
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is that crueltie,
With beauty should have part:
Or else that such great tyranny,
Should dwell in woman's hart.

I see therefore to shappe my death
 She cruelly is prest.
 To th'ende that I may want my breath,
 My days been at the best.

O *Cupide*, graunt this my request,
 And do not stoppe thine Eares;
 That she may feel within her brest,
 The paynes of my dyspayres.

Of *Corin* that is carelesse
 That she may crave her fee,
 As I have done in great distresse
 That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shall dye her slave,
 Her slave and eke her thrall;
 Write you my friendes upon my Grave,
 This Chaunce that is befall.

Here lyeth unhappy *Harpalus*,
 By cruell love now slaine;
 Whom *Phillida* unjustly thus,
 Hath mured with disdain.

Upon Syr James Wilfordes Death.

LO here the Ende of man the cruell Sisters three
 The Web of *Wilfordes* lyfe uneth had half esponne,
 When rashe upon misdede they all accorded be
 To breake vertues course ere half the race were ronne;
 And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game,
 And holden highest place within the house of fame.

But yet though he be gone, though sense with him
 be past

Which trode the even steppes that leaden to Renowne.
 We that remayne alive ne suffer shall to waste
 The fame of his desertes, so shall he lose but sowne
 The thing shall aye remayne, aye kept as fresh in store
 As if his eares should ring of that he wrought before.

Wayle therefore his want, sith he so left the Stage
 Of care and wretched Lyfe, with joy and clappe of hands,
 Who playeth lenger partes, may wel have greater age,
 But few so well may passe the gulse of fortunes sandes,

Soc

Soe tryedly did he trede ay prest at vertues becke,
 That fortune found no place to geve him once a checke.
 The fates have ry'd him hence, who shal not after goe
 Though earthed be his crops, yet flourish shall his fame,
 A gradsome thing it is, that ere he stept us fro,
 Such mirrouts he us left our Lyfe thereby to frame,
 Wherefore his prayse shall last aye freshe in *Britons* fight.
 Tyll Sun shall cease to Shine and lend the Earth his light.

Of the wretchednesse in this World.

WHO list to live upright, and hold himself content,
 Shall see such Wonders in this world, as never
 erst was sent,
 Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the sower,
 Such wandering here for worldly welth that losse is in
 one hower:
 And as the good or badde, get up in high degree,
 So wades the world in right or wrong, it may none
 other be; [obey,
 And looke what lawes they make, eche man must them
 And yoake himself with patient heart, to drive and
 draw that way.
 Yet such as long ago, great rulers wer assynde, [of minde.
 Both lives and lawes are now forgot and worne cleue out
 So that by this I see, no state on earth may last,
 But as their tymes appointed be, to tyre and fall as fast.
 The goodes that gotten be by good and just defart;
 Yet use them so that neady handes may helpe to spend
 the part:
 For looke what heape thou hordst, of rusty gold in store,
 Thine enemyes shall waste the same, that never swat
 therefore.

The repentant Sinner in durance and adversitie.

UNto the liveing Lord for pardon do I pray,
 From whom I graunt, even from the well, I have
 run still astray;
 And other lives there none (my death shall well declare)
 On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes
 do fare: But

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But thee, O Lord, alone, I have offended so,
That this small scourge is much to scant for mine offence
I know.

I ranne without Returne the way the world lykte best,
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected lest.
The through wherein I thrust, hath thrown me in such
case, [grace.

That Lord my soule is sore beset without thy greater
My Gyltes are growne soe great, my power doth so
appayre, [dispayre.

That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much
But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,
Where there lyeth helpe for every hurt, and salve for
every sore,

My lost time to lament, my vayne ways to bewayle,
No day no night, no place no hower, no moment I
shall fayle,

My soule shall never cease with an assured fayth,
To knocke, to crave, to call, to crye, to thee for helpe,
which fayth,

Knocke and it shal be heard, but aske, and given it is;
And all that lyke to keep this course, of mercy shall not
misse:

For when I call to minde how the one wandring shepe
Did bring more joy with his returne, than all the flocke
did kepe: [Ghost

It yeldes full hope and trust, my strayed and wandring
Shal be received and held more dere, then those were
never lost.

O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make haste
To pardon the forepassed race that carelesse I have past,
And but the day draw neare that death must pay the det
For love of lyfe which thou hast lent and tyme of pay-
ment set, [at hande,

From this sharpe showre me shilde, which threatned is
Wherby thou shalt great power declare, and I the
storme withstand.

Not my will Lord but thine, fulfilde be in eche case,
To whose great will and mighty power all powers shall
once geve place.

My faith, my hope, my trust, my God and eke my Guyde
Stretch forth thy hande to save the Soule, what so the body
byde :

Refuse not to receive that thou so deare hast bought,
For but by thee alone I know all Safetie in vain is sought.
I know and knowledge eke albeit very late, [estate,
That thou it is I ought to love and dreade in eche
And with repentant heart, doe laude the Lorde on hye
That hast so gently set me straight, that erst walkte I so
wry.

Now Graunt me grace my God, to stande thine strong in
Sprite,
And let the world then worke such waies, as to the world
seemes mete.

*The Lover here telleth of his divers joies, and
adversities in love, and lastly of his Ladies
Death.*

SYth singing gladdeth oft the hearts,
Of them that fele the panges of Love ;
And for that while doth ease their smartes,
My self I shall the same way prove.

And though that love hath smyt the stroke
Wherby is lost my libertye

Which by noe means I may revoke,
Yet shall I sing, how pleasantly :

Nye twenty years of Youth I past,
Which all in libertie I spent ;
And soe from first unto the last,
Ere aught I knew what loving ment.

And after shall I sing the wo,
The paine, the grief, the dedly smart ;
When love this life did overthrowe,
That hiden lyes within my Heart.

And then, the Joyes that I did fele,
When fortune list after this ;
And set me hye upon her whele,
And changed my wo to pleasant blisse.

And so the sodeyn fall againe,
From all the joys that I was in ;

All you that list to hear of paine,
Geve eare, for now I doe beginne.

Loe first of all when love begane,
With hote desires my heart to burne ;
Me thought his might availde not than,
From liberty my Heart to turne.

For I was free, and did not knowe
How much his might man's Heart may greve,
I had profest to be his fo,
His law I thought not to beleve.

I went untyed in lusty leas,
I had my wish alwayes at will ;
There was no wo, might me displease,
Of pleasant Joys I had my fill.

No painful thought did pass my heart,
I spilt no teare to wet my brest ;
I knew no sorow, sigh, nor smart,
My greatest grief was quiet rest.

I brake no Slepe I tossed not,
Nor did delight to sitte alone ;
I left no change of colde and hotte,
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.

For all was Joy that I did fele,
And of voyde wandering I was free ;
I had no clogge tyde at my hele,
Thus was my life at libertie.

That yet me thinks it is a blisse,
To think upon that pleasure past ;
But forth withall I fynde the Misse,
For that it might no longer last.

Those dayes I spent at my desyre,
Without wo or adversitie ;
Till that my heart was set a fyre,
With Love, with Wrath, and Jelousie.

For on a day (alas the while)
Lo, heare my harme how it began ;
The blinded Lord, the God of Guile
Had list to end my freedom than.

And through my eye into my heart,
All sodainly I felt it glyde ;
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet under my syde

The head (alas) doth still remaine,
 And since could I never know
 The way to wring it out againe;
 Yet was it nigh three yere agoe.

This sodain stroke made me agast,
 And it began to vexe me fore;
 But yet I thought it would have past,
 As other such had done before.

But it did not, that (wo is me)
 So depe imprinted in my thought
 The stroke abode, that yet I see
 Methinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Kinde taught me straight that this was love
 And I perceived it perfectly,
 Yet thought I thus nought shall me move
 I will not thrall my libertie.

And diverse wayes I did assay,
 By flight, by force, by frend by fo
 This fiery thought to put away,
 I was so loth for to forgo

My libertie, that me was lever
 Then Bondage was, where I heard say,
 Who once was bound, was sure never
 Without great paine to scape away.

But what for that, there is noe choyce,
 For my mishappe was shapen so;
 That those my dayes that did rejoyce,
 Should turne my blisse to bitter wo.

For with that stroke my blisse toke ende,
 Insteade whereof fourthwith I caught
 Hotte burning Sighes, that since have brend
 My wretched heart almost to nought.

And since that day O Lord my lyfe,
 The Misery that it hath felt,
 That nought hath had, but wo and strife
 And hotte desires my heart to melt.

O Lord how sodaine was the change,
 From such a pleasant Libertie;
 The very thraldome seemed strange,
 But yet there was no remedy.

But

But I must yelde and give up all,
And make my Guyde my chieftest fo;
And in this wise became I thrall,
Lo Love and hap would have it so.

I suffered wrong and held my peace,
I gave my teares good leave to ronne
And never would seke for redresse,
But hopte to live as I begonne.

For what that was that might me ease,
He liyed not might it knowe;
Thus drank I all myne own dis ease,
And all along bewaylde my wo.

There was no sight that might me please,
I fled from them that did rejoyce;
And oft alone, my hart to ease,
I would bewayle with woful voyce,

My life, my state, my misery,
And curst my selfe and all my dayes:
Thus wrought I with my fantasy,
And sought my help none other wayes:

Save sometimes to my selfe alone,
When farre of was my helpe, God wot,
Loude would I crye, my life is gone,
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wisht I straight that death might end
These bitter panges, and all this grief;
For nought, me thought, might it amend
Thus in dispayre to have reliefe.

I lingered furth, till I was brought
With pining in soe pitious case,
That all, that saw me sayd, me thought
Lo death is painted in his face.

I went no where, but by the way,
I saw some sight before myne Eyes
That made me sigh, and oft times say,
My life, alas I thee despyse.

This lasted well a yere, and more,
Which no wight knew, but onely I;
Soe that my life was nere forlore,
And I dispayred utterly.

K

Till

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Till on a day, as fortune would
(For that, that shall be nedes must fall)
I set me down, as though I should
Have ended then my life and all.

And as I sat to write my plaint,
Meaning to shew my great unrest,
With quaking hand and hart full faint
I mid my playntes among the rest.

I wrote with ynke, and bitter teares,
I am not myne, I am not myne;
Behold my life, away that weares,
And if I dye the losse is thine.

Here with a little hope I caught
That for a while my life did stay,
But in effect all was for nought;
Thus lived I still, tyll on a day,

As I sat staring on those eyes,
Those shineing eyes that first me bound,
My inward thought tho cryed, Aryse
Lo mercy where it may be found

And therewith all I drew me nere
With feble hart, and at a brayed
(But it was softly in her eare)
Mercy Madame, was all I saide.

But wo was me when it was told,
For therewith all fainted my breath,
And I sate still for to beholde
And hear the Judgment of my death.

But love nor hap would not consent
To end me then, but well awaye
There gave me Blisse, that I repent
To thinke I live to see this day.

For after this I plained still
Soe long, and in so piteous wise,
That I my wish had at my will
Graunted, as I would it devise:

But Lord whoever heard or knew
Of half the joy that I felt than
Or who can think it may be true
That so much blisse had ever man.

Lo, fortune thus set me aloft,
 And more my Sorowes to releve,
 Of pleasant Joys I tasted oft
 As much as love or happe might geve.

The sorowes old I felt before
 About my heart, were driven thence;
 And for eche grief, I left afore,
 I had a blisse in recompence.

Then thought I all the time well spent
 That I in plaint had spent so longe,
 Soe was I with my life content
 That to my selfe I sayd among.

Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,
 To shew thy joyes set fourth thy voice,
 And sure thou hast thy wish at will
 My happy heart, rejoyce, rejoyce.

Thus felt I joyes a great deale mo
 Then by my Song may well be tolde,
 And thinking on my passed wo
 My blisse did double manifolde.

And thus I thought with mannes blood
 Such Blisse might not be bought to deare,
 In such estate my joyes then stooode
 That of a change I had no feare.

But why sing I so long of Blisse?
 It lasteth not, that will awaye;
 Let me therefore bewayle the misse,
 And sing the Cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there lived none
 That led his life more pleasantly,
 Nor under hap there was not one
 Methought so well at ease as I.

But O blinde Joy, who may thee trust
 For noe Estate thou canst assure,
 Thy faithful vowes prove all unjust,
 Thy fair behestes be full vnfore.

Good prooffe by me, that but of late
 Not fully twenty days ago,
 Which thought my life was in such state
 That nought might worke my heart this wo.

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Yet hath the en'my of myne ease,
Cruel mishappe, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did most me please
Devised me such cruel spight:

That from the hiest place of all
As to the pleasing of my thought,
Downe to the diepest am I fall,
And to my helpe availeth nought.

Lo, thus are all my joyes quyte gone,
And I am brought from happinesse
Continually to wayle and mone;
Lo, such is fortunes stablnessse.

In welth I thought such suertie
That pleasure should have ended never,
But now alas. adversitie
Doth make my singing cease for ever.

O! brittle joy! O! welth vnstable!
Who feles the most, he shall not misse
At length to be made miserable,
For all must end as doth my blisse.

There is none other certaintie,
And at the end the worst is his
That most hath known prosperitie.
Then throwen benethe the Hyll of Blisse.

For he that never blisse assaied
May well away with wretchednesse,
But he shall finde that hath it said
A paine to part with pleasantnesse.

As I do now; for ere I knew
What pleasure was, I felt no Grief
Like unto this, and it tis trew
That blisse hath brought me in this mischief.

But yett I have not songen, how
This mischief came, but I intend
With woful voice to sing it now,
And therewithal I make an end.

But Lord, now that it is begonne
I fele my sprites are vexed fore;
Oh! Geve me breth till this be done,
And after let me live noe more.

Alas

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Alas the en'my of this life,
The ender of all pleasantnesse,
Alas he bringeth all this strife,
And causeth all this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all the welth
That brought my hart to happinesse,
This wicked death he came by stelth
And robde me of my Joyfulnesse.

He came, when that I little thought
Of ought that might me vexe so sore,
And sodainly he brought to nought
My pleasantnesse for ever more.

He slew my joy, alas the wretch,
He slew my joy, ere I was ware;
And now alas, no might may stretch
To set an end to my great care.

For by this cursed deadly stroke
My Blisse is lost, and I forlore;
And no help may the losse revoke,
For lost it is for evermore.

And closed up are those faire eyes
That gave me first the signe of grace,
My fayre swete foes, mine Enemies
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.

The loke which did my life uphold,
And all my sorrowes did confound
With which more Blisse then may betold,
Alas now lieth it under Ground.

But cease, for I will sing no more,
Since that my harm hath no redresse;
But as a wretche for evermore
My life will waite with Wretchednesse.

And ending this my wotull song,
Now that it ended is and past,
I would my life were but as long
And that this word might be my last.

For lothsome is that life (men say)
That liketh not the livers minde;
Lo, thus I seke myne owne decay
And will, till that I may it finde.

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Of his love named White.

Full faire and white she is, and *White* by name,
 Whose white doth strive, the lilies white to staine;
 Who may contemne the Blast of black defame,
 Who in darke night can bring day bright againe;
 The ruddy roase impreaseth with clere heew
 In lippes and chekes, right orient to behold,
 That the nerer gaser may that reew.

And fele disperst in limmes the chilling cold,
 For white all white his bloodless face will be,
 The ashey pale so alter will his cheare;
 But I that doe possesse in full degree
 The hearty love of this my hart so deare,
 So oft to me as she presents her face
 For joy do fele my hart spring from his place.

Of the lovers unquiet State.

What thing is that which I both have and lacke,
 With good will granted, yet it is denyed;
 How may I be received and put a backe,
 Alwaye doeing, and yet unoccupied:
 Most slow in that which I have most applied,
 Still thus to seke, and lese that I winne
 And that was doon as newest to begin.

In riches finde I wilful povertie,
 In great pleasure, live I in heavinesse;
 In much freedome I lacke my libertie,
 Thus am I both in joy and in distresse;
 And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine
 In paradise I suffer all this paine.

Where good will is, some Proove will appere.

IT is no fire that geves no heat
 Though it appere never so hot,
 And they that runne and cannot sweate
 Are very leane and dry, God wot.

A perfect leche applyeth his wittes
To gether herbes of all degrees,
And fevers with there fervent fittes
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine will serch to finde a vent,
Although the cask be sett so strong;
And wit will walke when will is bent,
Although the way be never so long.

The Rabbets runne under the rockes,
The Snailes doe clime the highest towers.
Gunpowder cleaves the sturdy blockes;
A fervent will all things devoures.

When wit with will and diligent
Applie themselves, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident
From force defend the Castell gates.

Forgetfulnesse makes litle haste,
And Sloth delightes to live full soft,
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth wast,
And is full drie that craves full oft.

*Verses Written on the Picture of Sir James
Wilford, Knt.*

A Las that ever death such vertues should forlet,
As compast was within his corps, whose picture is
here set,
Or that it ever lay in any fortunes might, [a wight.
Through depe disdaine to end his life that was so worthy
For sythe he first began in armour to be clad. [had.
A worthier Champion than he was, yet *England* never
And though recure be past, his life to have againe;
Yet would I with his worthinesse in writeing to remayne,
That men to mind might call, how farre he did excell
At all assaies to winne the fame, which were to long
to tell:
And eke the restless Race that he full oft hath runne
In painful plight from place to place, where service was
to don.

Then should men well perceive, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthiest wight that ever nature
wrought.

The Ladie Praieth the returne of her lover abiding on the Seas.

SHall I thus ever long, and be no whit the nere,
And shall I still complaine to thee, the which me
will not here?

Alas, say nay, say nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and say that thou wilt
come. [a lives man bee.

That thou wilt come thy word so sware, if thou
The roaring hugy waves, they threaten my pore ghost,
And tosse thee up and downe the seas, in danger to be lost,
Shall they not make me feare that they have swallowed
thee.

But as thou art most sure alive, so wilt thou come to me,
Whereby I shall go see thy Ship ride on the Strand,
And think and say lo where he come, and sure here will
he lande,

And then I shall lifte up to thee my little hand,
And thou shalt thinke thine heart in ease, in health to
see me stand;

And if thou come indede (as Christ thee sende to doe)
Those Arms which misse thee yet, shall then embrace
thee two.

Eche vain to every joint, the lively blood shall spread,
Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth shew full
pale and dead.

But if thou slip thy trouth; and do not come at all
As minutes in the clock do strike, so call for death I shall;
To please both thy false hart, and rid my selfe from wo,
That rather had to dye in trouth, then live forsaken so.

The meane Estate is best.

THE doutfull man hath fevers strange,
And constant hope is oft diseased,
Dispaire cannot but brede a change,
Nor fleting hartes cannot be pleasde;
Of all these bad, the best I think,
Is wel to hope, though fortune shrinke.

Desired

Desired thinges are not ay prest,
Nor thinges denied left all unsought,
Nor new thinges to be beloved best,
Nor all offers to be set at nought;
Where faithful hart hath ben refuse,
The chosers wit was there abuse.

The wofull Ship of careful Sprite,
Fleeting on seas of wallinge teares,
With sailes of wishes broken quite,
Hanging on waves of dolefull feares
By surge of Sighes at wreck nere hand
May fast no anker holde on land.

What helps the dial to the blinde,
Or els the clocke without it sound;
Or who by dreames doth hope to finde
The hidden gold within the ground,
Shall be as free from cares and feares
As he that holdes a wolfe by the eares.

And how much mad is he that thinks
To clime to heaven by the Beames:
What joy alas, hath he that winks
At *Titan* or his golden Streames;
His joyes not subject to reasons Lawes,
That joyeth more than he hath cause.

For as the Phenix that climeth hye
The sunne lightly in Ashes burneth;
Againe, the Faulcon so quick of eye.
Sone on the grounde the net masheth.
Experience therefore the meane assurance
Prefers before the doutfull pleasure.

*The lover thinkes no payne to great, whereby he
may obtayne his Ladie.*

Sith that the way to wealth is wo,
And after paine is pleasure prest,
Why should I than despaire so,
Ay bewailing mine unrest;
Or let to lead my life in paine,
So worthy a Lady to obtaine?

The

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The Fisherman doth count no care
To cast his nets to wracke or wast,
And in reward of eche mans share,
A gogen gift is much embrast.
Should I then grudge in grieve of gall,
That loke at length to whelme a whall.

The pore man ploweth his ground for gayne,
And soweth his Seede increase to crave,
And for th'expence of all his pain,
Oft holdes it hap his fede to save.
These patient paines my part doth show
To long for love ere that I know.

And take no scorne to scape from Skill,
To spend my Sprites, to spare my Spech,
To win for welth the want of will,
And thus for rest to rage I reche:
Running my race as rect upright,
Till reare of truth appease my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,
Who doutlesse may restore againe
My harmes to health, my ruth to rest,
That laced is within her chaine,
For earst ne are the griefes so great
As is the Joy when love is met.

For who covets so high to clime
As doth the bird that pitfal toke;
Or who delightes so swift to swimme,
As doth the fishe that scapes the hoke;
If these had never entred wo,
How mought they have rejoised so:

But yet alas ye lovers all
That here my joy thus lesf rejoyce,
Judge not amys what so befall;
In me there lieth no power of choyse:
It is but hope that doth me move,
Who standerd bearer is to love.

On whose ensigne when I behold,
I see the shadow of her shape,
Within my faith so fast I fold,
Through drede I die, throught hope scape,

Thus

Thus ease and wofull oft I finde,
What will you more, she knoweth my mynde.

*Of a New Married Student that plaied fast or
lose.*

A Student at his boke so placed.
That welth he might have wonne;
From boke to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now who hath plaied a feater cast
Since jugling first begonne,
In knitting of himselfe so fast,
Himselfe he hath undoone.

The meane Estate is to be accompted to the best.

WHO craftly castes to ftere his boate,
And safely scoures the flattering flood,
He cutteth not the greatest Waves;
For why, that way were nothing good.
He fleteth on the crooked shore,
Lest harme him happe a wayting left,
But wines away betwene them both,
As who woulde say the meane is best.
Who waiteth on the Golden meane,
He put in point of Sickernes,
Hides not his head in sluttish coates,
Ne shroudes himselfe in filthines.
Ne fittes aloft in high Estate,
Where hatefull hartes envie his chance,
But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,
Ne proudly doth himselfe avance.
The highest tree in all the wood,
Is rifest rent with blustering windes.
The higher hall the greater fall,
Such chance have proude and lofty mindes.
When *Jupiter* from hie doth threat
With mortall mace and dint of thunder,
The highest hilles been battered eft,
When they stood still that stoden under.

The

The man whose hed with wit is fraught,
 In wealth will feare a worser tide;
 When fortune failes dispaireth nought,
 But constantly doth still abide.
 For he that fendeth griesly Stormes,
 With whisking windes and bitter blastes,
 And fowlt with haile the winters face,
 And frotes the Soile with hory frostes;
 Even he adawth the force of colde,
 The Springe in sendes with somer hote,
 The same full oft to stormy hartes
 Is cause of bale, of Joy the roote,
 Not always ill though so be now.
 When cloudes bene driven, then rides the racke.
Phebus the freshe ne shooteth still,
 Sometimes he harpes his muse to wake,
 Stand still therefore, pluck up thy hart;
 Lose not thy Port though fortune faile;
 Againe when winde doth serve at will,
 Take hede to hie to hoys thy Saile.

The lover refused, Lamenteth his Estate.

I Lent my love to losse, and gaged my lyfe in vaine,
 If hate for love and death, for life of lovers be the gaine:
 And Curse I may by Course, the place, eke tyme and
 howre,
 That nature fyrst in me dyd fourme to be a lives crea-
 ture.
 Sith that I must absent my self so secretly,
 In place desert, where never man my secretes shall espye.
 In Dolyng of my dayes among the beastes so brute,
 Who with their tonges may not bewray the secrets of
 my sute.
 Nor I in like to them may once to move my mynde,
 But gase on them, and they on me, as beastes are wont
 of kynde.
 Thus ranging as refusde, to reach some Place of rest,
 All ruffe of heare, my nayles unnocht as to such seem-
 eth best,

That

That wander by their wittes, defourmed so to be,
That men may say, such one may curse the time he
fyrst gan see

The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree,
As God himselfe may not Discerne one place mended to
Nor place it in lyke place, my fanſie for to please, [be.
Who would become a heardsmans hyre, one howre to
have of ease;

Whereby I might restore to me some ſtedfaſtneſſe,
That have no thought heapt in my hed, then life may
long diſgeſſe:

As oft to throwe me downe upon the earth ſo colde,
Whereas with teares moſt rufully, my ſorrowes doe un-
And in beholding them I chiefly call to mynde, [ſolde.
What woman could finde in her heart, ſuch bonding for
to bynde.

Then raſhly fourth I yede, to caſt me from that care,
Lyke as the byrde for foode doth flye, and lighteth in
the ſnare.

From whence I may not meve, untill my race be ronne,
So trained is my truth through her that thinkes my life
wel wonne.

Thus toſſe I too and fro, in hoape to have reliefe,
But in the fine I finde not ſo, it doubleth but my greife,
Wherefore I will my want a warning for to be,
Unto all men, wiſhing that they, a myrrour make of me.

*The felicitie of a mynde imbracing virtue, that
beholdeth the wretched deſyres of the worlde.*

WHen dredful ſwelling ſeas, through boyſterous
windy blaſtes,
So toſſe the Ships, that all for nought ſerves anker,
ſaile, and maſtes:

Who takes not pleaſure then, ſafely on ſhore to reſt,
And ſee with dreade and depe diſpayre, how ſhipmen are
diſtreſt.

Not

142 SONGS and SONNETES.

Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,
Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, and yet to feele
no part.

Delight we take also, well ranged in aray
When armies meete, to see the fight, yet free be from
this fray.

But yet among the rest, no joy may match with this,
T'aspyre unto the temple hye where wisdome throned is.

Defended with the sawes of hory heads expert,
Which Clere it keep from errours mist, that might the
truth pervert. [der foote,

From whence thou maist look downe, and see as un-
Mans wandring will and doubtful life from whence they
toke their root.

How some by wit contend, by prowes some to ryse,
Riches and rule to gayne and holde, is all that Men devyse.

O miserable myndes, O hartes in folly drent, [spent?

Why see you not what blindnesse in this wretched life is
Body devoyde of grieve, mynde free from care and
drede, [to feede.

Is all and some that nature craves, wherewith our lyfe

So that for natures turne fewe thinges may well suffice,

Dolour and grief clene to expell, and some delight surprise.

Yea and it falleth oft, that Nature more content,

Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause delight
is spent.

All worldly Pleasures vade.

THE winter with his grievly stormes no longer dare
abyde, [newly dyde.

The pleasant grasse with lusty grene, the earth hath

The trees have leves, the bowes don spred, new changed
is the Yere; [bankes appere;

The water brokes are clean sonk down, the pleasant

The spring is come, the goodly nimphes now daunce in
every place, [his face.

Thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late ychaungde

Hoape for no immortalitie, for wealth will wear away,

As we may learn by every yere, yea howers of every day.

For

SONGS and SONNETES. 143

For *Zephrus* doth mollify the Cold and blustering
windes, [our mindes.

The somers drought doth take away the spring out of
And yet the somer cannot last but once must step asyde,
Then autumnne thinkes to kepe his place, but autumnne
cannot bide

For when he hath brought furth his fruits, and stuft
the barnes with corn, [worn.

Then winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumnne
Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tempestes
work much harme, [had made so warm.

Then rage of stormes done make al Cold, which somer
Wherefore let no man put his trust in that, that will
decay, [weare away.

For slipper wealth will not continue, pleasure will
For when that we have lost our lyfe, and lye under a stone,
What are we then; we are but earth, then is our plea-
sure gone.

No Man can tell what God almight of every wight doth
cast, [last.

No Man can say to day I live, tyll morne my life shall
For when thou shalt before thy Judge stand to receive
thy dome, [thee become.

What sentance *Minos* doth pronounce that must of
Then shall not noble stocke and bloud redem thee from
his handes, [his bands.

Nor sugred talke with eloquence shall loose thee from
Nor yet thy lyfe uprightlye led can helpe there out of
hell, [and dwell.

For who defendeth downe so depe, must there abyde
Diana could not thence deliver the chaste *Hypolitus*,
Nor *Theseus* could not call to lyfe his friend *Perithous*.

A Complaint of the losse of libertie by love.

IN seeking rest, unrest I finde,
I fynde that wealth is cause of wo.

Wo worth the time that I enclynde
To fixe in mynde her beauty so.

That day be darkened as the night
Let furious rage it cleane denoure,

No

144 *SONGS and SONNETES.*

Ne sunne nor moone therein geve light,
But it consume with streame and showre.

Let no small byrdes strayne forth their voyce,
With pleasant tunes, ne yet no beast
Fynde Cause whereat he may rejoyce,
That day when chaunced myne unrest.

Wherein alas, from me was raught
Myne owne free choyce and quiet mynde,
My lyfe my death in balance braught,
And reason rasde through barke and rinde.

And I as yet in floure of Age,
Both wit and will did still aduaunce,
Ay to resist that burning rage,
But when I darte then dyd I glaunce.

Nothing to me dyd seme so hye,
In mynde I could it strait attaine,
Fancy perswaded me thereby,
Love to esteeme a thing most vayne.

But as the byrde upon the bryer,
Doth pricke and proyne her without care,
Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere
She is unto the fowlers snare :

So I amynd deceitfull trust,
Did not mistrust such woful happe ;
Tyll cruel love, ere that I wist,
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.

Then dyd I feele and partly knowe
How little force in me did raygne,
So soon to yelde to overthrowe,
So frayle to flit from joy to payne.

For when in wealth will dyd me leade,
Of libertie to hoysse my sayle,
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,
I thought free choyce would still prevayle.

In whose calme streames I sailde so farre,
No raging storme had in respect,
Untill I raisde a goodly starre,
Whereto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in dolefull wyse,
My tackle faylde, my cumpasse brake

Through

Through hote desyres such stormes did ryse,
That stern and top went all to wrake.

Oh cruell hap, oh fatall chaunce,
O fortune why wer thou unkinde,
Without regard thus in a trance,
To reve from me my joyful mynde.

Where I was free now must I serve,
Where I was lose now am I bound,
In death my lyfe I do preserve,
As one through gyrt with many a wounde.

A praise of his ladie.

C Eve place you Ladies and be gone,
Boast not your selves at all,
For here at hande approacheth one,
Whose face will stayne you all.

The vertue of her lively lookes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to have none other bookes
To reade or look upon.

In eche of her two christall eyes,
Smyleth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lampe of joye.

I think nature hath lost the moulde,
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if nature coulde
So fayre a creature make.

She may be well comparde
Unto the Phenix kinde,
Whose like was never seene nor heard,
That any man can fynde.

In lyfe she is *Diana* chaste
In trouth *Penelopey*,
In Woord and eke in dede stedfast;
What will you more we say:

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could finde suche a wight,
Her beauty twinkleth lyke a starre
Within the frosty night.

L

Her

146 SONGS and SONNETES.

Her roseall coulour comes and goes,
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At *Bacchus* feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton playe,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest myrth that she doth use,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vyce she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth ydlennesse.

O lord it is a world to see,
How Vertue can repayre,
And decke in her such honestie,
Whome nature made so fayre.

Truely she doth as farrre excede,
Our Women now adayes,
As doth the Jelifloure, a wede,
And more a thousand wayes.

How might I doe to get a graffe
Of this unspotted tree:
For all the rest are playne but chaffe
Which seeme good corne to bee,

This gyft alone I shall her geue,
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live,
Within the mouth of man.

The poore Estate to be holden for best.

EXperience now doth shew what god us taught before.
Desyred Pompe is vayne, and seldome doth it last,
Who climbs to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full
fore,

Alas the wofull end that comes with care full fast,
Reject him doth renoune, his prompt full lowe is cast,
Deceiued is the byrd by swetenesse of the call,
Expell that pleasant tast, wherein is bytter gall.

Such

SONGS and SONNETES. 147

Such as with oten cakes in poor estate abydes,
Of care have they no cure, the Crab with myrth they
roft. [down slides,
More ease feel they then those, that from their height
Excesse doth brede theyr wo, they sayle in *Scilias*
Remaying in the Stormes till ship and all be lost. [coft,
Serve God therefore thou poore, for lo, thou livest in
Eschue the golden hall, thy patched house is best. [rest,

*The Complaynt of Thestilis amid the Desert
wood.*

T *Hestilis* a fely man, when love did him forsake,
In mourning wise, amid the wods thus gan his
Plaint to m ke.

Ah woful Man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone,
And pine away with careful thoughtes, unto thy
Love unknowne.

Thy Lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honour so,
That ay to her thou wert a frend, and to thy self a fo.

Ye Lovers that have lost your heartes desyred choyse,
Lament with me my cruel happe, and help my
trembling voice.

Was never man that stode so great in fortune's grace,
Nor with his swete alas to deare posselt so high a place.

As I whose simple heart aye thought himself full sure.

But now I see hye springing tydes they may not ay endure.

She knowes my gyltlesse heart, and yet she lets it pyne.

Of her untrue professed love, so feble is the twyne.

What wonder is it than, if I berent my heares,

And craving death continually do bathe myself in tears.

When *Cresus* King of *Lide* was cast in cruel bandes,

And yelded goodes and life also into his Enemies handes,

What tongue could tell his wo, yet was his grief

much lesse [wo redress.

Then mine, for I have lost my love which might my

Ye woodes that shroude my lims geve now your hollow

founde, [found.

That ye may help me to bewayle the cares that me con-

Ye rivers rest a while and stay the streames that runne,
 Rew *Thestylis* most woful man that restes under the sunne,
 Transport my sighs ye wyndes unto my pleasant foe,
 My trickling tears shall witnesse beare of this my cruell
 woe.

O happy man wer I, if al the Goddes agreed,
 That now the Systers three should cut in twaine my
 farall therede.

Till lyfe wi he love shall ende, I here resygne al joy,
 Thy pleasant swete I now lament, whose lacke bredes
 mine annoy;

Farewell my deare therefore, farewell to me wel knowne,
 If that I dye it shall be saide that thou hast slayne
 thyne owne.

An Answer of Comfort.

T*Hestilis* thou sely man, why dost thou so complayne,
 If nedes thy love will thee forsake, thy mourning is
 in vayne. [to runne,

For none can force the Streames against their course
 Nor yet unwilling love with tears or wailing can be
 wonne. [ease,

ease thou therefore thy P'aintes, let hope thy sorowes
 The shipmen though their Sayles be rent, yet hope to
 scape the Seas. [change.

Though strange she seems awhile, yet thinke she will not
 Good causes drive a ladies love, sometime to seem full
 strange.

No lover that hath wit, but can foresee such happe,
 That no wight cannot wish or will slepe in his Ladies
 lappe.

Achilles for a tyme fayre *Brises* did forgo,
 Yet did they mete with joy againe, then think thou
 mayst do so.

Though he and lovers al, in love sharpe Stormes do finde,
 Despair not thou poore *Thestylis*, though thy love seme
 unkind,

Ah think her graffed love cannot so sone decay, [away.
 Hye springes may cease from swelling still, but never drye
 Oft

Oft Stormes of lovers yre, do more their love encrease,
As shyning sunne refreshe the frutes, when raining gins
do cease. [again,

When Springs are waxen lowe, then must they flowe
So shall thy hart advanced be, to pleasure out of Payne,
When lacke of thy delight most bitter grief apperes,
Thinke on *Etrascbus* worthy love, that lasted thyrty
yeres, [Choyce,

Which could not long atcheve, his heartes desyred
Yet at the ende he found rewarde, that made him to re-
joyce.

Since he so long in hope with Patience did remayne,
Cannot thy fervent love forbear thy love a month or
twaine?

Admit she minde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,
Is there no moe may thee delight but she that paines
thee so? [done,

Thestylis draw to the towne, and love as thou hast
In tyme thou knowest by faithfull love, as good as she
is wonne.

And leave the desert woodes and wayling thus alone,
And seke to salve thyfore eliwhere, if all her love be gone.

*The Lov r praieth pittie, shewing that Nature hath
taught his dog as it were to sue for the same by
kissing his ladies handes.*

Nature that taught my fely dog God wat
Even for my sake to like where I do love,
Inforced him wher as my Lady sat,
With humble sute before her falling flat.
As in his sort he might her pray and move
To rue upon his lord and not forgeat,
The stedfast faith he beareth her, and love
Kissing her hand whome she coulde not remove.
Away that would for frowning nor for threat,
As they he would have sayd in my behove,
Pity my Lord your Slave that doth remayne,
Lest by his death, you gyltlesse slay us twayne.

Of his ring sent to his ladie.

Since thou my ring mayst go, where I ne may,
 Since thou maist speake where I must holde my
 Say unto her that is my lives stay [Peace,
 Graven within which I do here expresse,
 That sooner shall the sunne not shine by day,
 And with the Raine the floodes shall waxen lesse,
 Sooner the tree the Hunter shall bewray,
 Then I for change, or choyce of other love,
 Do ever seke my fanfy to remove.

The changeable State of Lovers.

FOR that a Restlesse hed must come what have in
 ure,
 Wherewith it may acquainted be, as *Falcon* is with *Lure*.
 Fanfy doth me awake out of my drowfy slepe,
 In seeing how the little mouse, at Night begins to creepe.
 So the desyrous man, that longes to catch his Pray,
 In spying how to watche his tyme, lyeth lurking still
 by day.
 In hoping for to have, and fearing for to find
 The salve that shoulde recure his sore, and sorroweth
 but the mynde.
 Such is the guyse of love, and the uncertayn State,
 That some should have their hoped hap, and other
 hard Estate.
 That some should seme to joy in that they never had,
 And some again shall frown as fast, where causelesse
 they be sad.
 Such trades no Lovers use, when they be most at large,
 That guyd the Stere when they themselves lye fettred
 in the barge,
 The grenesse of my Youth cannot thereof expresse,
 The Proceffe, for by Proofe unknowen, all this is but
 by gesse,
 Wherefore I hold it best, in time to hold my peace,
 But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my Pen to cease.

A Pen of no awayle, a fruitlesse labour eke,
My troubled hed with fanfies fraught, doth paine it
felfe to feke.

And if perhaps my wordes of none availe do pricke
Such as do fele the hidden harmes, I would not they should
kicke, [harne,
As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them no
Although I seem by others fyre, sometimes my self to
warne.

Which clerely I denye, as guiltlesse of that cryme,
And though wrong deemde I be therin, truth it will
trye in tyme.

A Praise of Audley.

WHEN *Audley* had run out his Race, and ended
wer his dayes, [worthy Praise.
His fame stept forth and bad me write of him some
What lyfe he lad, what actes he did, his vertues and
good name,
Wherto I calde for true report, as witness to the same.
Well borne he was, well bent by kind, whose mind did
never swerve
A skilfull head, a valiant hart, a ready hand to serve.
Brought up and trainde in feates of war long time be-
yond the Seas, [sought to please.
Calde home agayn to serue his Prince, who still he
What turnay was there he refulde, what service did he
shoon? [was doon?
Where he was not nor his Advice, what great exploits
In town a Lambe, in filde full fierce, a Lyon at the nede,
In sobre wit a *Solomon*, yet one of *Hector's* fede.
Then shame it wer that any tonge should now defame
his dedes,
That in his Life a mirrour was to all that him succedes,
No poore estate nor hye renowne his nature could per-
vart, [stant hart;
No hard Mischancee that him befell could move his con-
Thus long he lived, loved of all, as one mislykte of none,
And where he went who calde him not the gentle Para-
gon.

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But course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall when it
 is ripe,
 And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his grievous
 gripe.
 Yet though the ground received have his corps into her
 wombe,
 This Epitaphe ygrave in brasse, shal stand upon his
 tombe.
 Lo! here he lyes that hated vyce, and vertuous lyf imbrafft,
 His name in earth, his sprite above, deserves to be well
 plast.

Tyme tryeth trueth.

ECHE thing I see hath tyme, which tyme must
 trye my truth,
 Which trueth deserves a special trust, on trust gret
 friendship groweth;
 And friendship may not faile where faithfulness is found;
 And faithfulness is full of fruite, and fruitful thinges be
 found.
 And found is good at prooffe, and prooffe is prince of
 prayse,
 And precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome ner
 decayes.
 All these thinges tyme tryes fourth, which time I must
 abyde,
 How should I boldly credite crave till tyme my truth
 have tryde;
 For as I found a tyme to fall in fancies frame,
 So I do with a lucky time for to declare the same.
 If hap may aunswer hoape, and hoape may have his
 hyre,
 Then shall my heart possesse in peace, the time that I de-
 syre.

The Lover refused of his love, embraceth vertue.

MY Youthfull yeres are past,
 My joyfull dayes are gone,
 My lyfe it may not last,
 My grave and I am one.

My

My Myrth and joyes are fled,
 And I a Man in wo,
 Desirous to be ded,
 My Mischiefe to forgo.

I burne and am a colde,
 I freese amyddes the fyer,
 I see she doth witholde
 That is my most desyre.

I see my helpe at hande,
 I see my lyfe also,
 I see where she doth stande
 That is my deadly fo.

I see how she doth see,
 And yet she wil be blynde,
 I see in helpyng me,
 She sekes and will not fynde.

I see how she doth wrye,
 When I begynne to mone,
 I see when I come nye,
 How fayne she would be gone.

I see what wil ye more,
 She will me gladly kill,
 And you shall see therfore
 That she shall have her will.

I cannot live with Stones,
 It is too hard a foode,
 I wil be dead at ones
 To do my Lady good.

The Picture of a Lover.

BEholde my Picture here wel portrayed for the nones,
 With heart consumed and falling flesh, behold the
 very bones.

Whose cruel chaunce alas, and desteny is such,
 Onely because I put my trust in some folke all too much.
 For since the tyme that I did enter in thys pyne,
 I never saw the ryfing sunne but with my weeping eyen.
 Nor yet I never heard so sweet a Voice or sounde,
 But that to me it dyd encrease the dolour of my wound.

Nor

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Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I never lay,
 But that it semed hard to me or ever it was day.
 Yet in this body bare, that nought but life retaynes,
 The Strength whereof cleane past away, the care yet
 still remaynes,
 Like as the cole in flame doth spend it self you see,
 To vaine and wretched cindre dust till it consumed bee.
 So doth this hope of myne enforce my fervent sute,
 To make me for to gape in vayne, whilst other eate the
 fruite,
 And shall do tyll that death doth geve me such a grace,
 To rid this sely wofull sprite out of this dolefull case.
 And then would God wer writ in Stone or els in leade,
 This Epitaph upon my grave, to shew why I am dead.
 Here lyeth the lover lo, who for the love he ought,
 Alive unto his ladie dere, his death thereby he caught.
 And in a shielde of blacke, lo here hys armes ap-
 pears,
 With weeping eyes as you may see, well poudred all
 with teares.
 Lo here you may beholde, aloft upon his brest, [best.
 A Womans hand straining the hart of him that loved her
 Wherefore all you that see this corps for love that
 starves,
 Example make unto you all, that thanklesse lovers sarves.

Of the Death of Philips,

BEwaile with me all ye that have profest
 Of musicke th' arte, by touch of coarde or winde,
 Lay downe your lutes and let your gyttens rest,
Philips is dead whose like you cannot fynde,
 Of musike much exceeding all the rest;
 Muses therefore of force now must ye wrest
 Your pleasant notes into another sounde,
 The String is broke, the lute is dispossess,
 The hande is colde, the body in the ground,

The

SONGS and SONNETES. 159

The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
Phillips her frende, that can her touche no more.

*That all things sometime finde ease of thyr Paine,
 save only the Lover.*

I See there is no for
 Of things that live in grieve,
 Which at sometime may not resort
 Whereas they have reliefe.

The stricken Dere by kinde
 Of Death that standes in awe,
 For his recure an herbe can fynde,
 The arrowe to withdrawe.

The chased dere hath soyle,
 To coole him in his heate;
 The asse after his wery toyle,
 In stable is up set.

The cony hath his cave,
 The little byrd his nest,
 From heate and colde themselves to save,
 At all times as they list.

The Owle with feble sight,
 Lyes lurking in the leaves,
 The sparrow in the frosty night
 May shroude her in the caves.

But wo to me, alas,
 In sunne nor yet in shade,
 I cannot find a resting place,
 My burden to unlade.

But day by day still beares
 The burden on my backe,
 With weeping eyen and watry teares,
 To holde my hope abacke.

All things I see have place,
 Wherein they bowe or bende,
 Save this, alas, my woful case,
 Which no where fyndeth ende

Tb'assante

156 SONGS and SONNETES.

Th'assaute of Cupide upon the fort where the lovers hart lay wounded, and how he was taken.

WHEN *Cupide* scaled fyrst the fort
Wherein my heart lay wounded fore,
The batry was of such a fort
That I must yelde or dye therfore.

There saw I love upon the Wall,
How he his banner dyd dysplay,
Alarme, Alarme, he 'gan to call,
And bade his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes the which that *Cupide* bare,
Were pearced heartes with tears besprent,
In Silver and Sable to declare
The stedfast love he alwayes ment.

There myght you see his hand all drest,
In colours, like to whyte and blacke,
With powder and with pellets prest,
To bring the fort to spoyle and sacke.

Good while the maister of the shot,
Stoode in the rampyre brave and proude,
For spence of powder he spared not,
Assaulte, Assaulte, to cry aloude.

There myght you heare the cannons rore,
Eche piece dyscharged a lover's looke,
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place wheras they tooke.

And even with the Trumpets sowne,
The scaling ladders were up set,
And beauty walked up and downe,
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.

Then fyrst desyre began to scale
And shrowed him under his targe,
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed Souldiers with theyr Pykes,
And holborders with handy strokes,
The hargabúshe in fleshe it lightes,
And dims the ayre with misty smokes.

And

And as it is now Souldiers use,
 When shot and powder gins to want,
 I hanged up my flag of truce,
 And pleaded for my lyves graunt.

When fancy thus had made her breache,
 And beauty entred with her bande,
 With bag and baggage sely wretch,
 I yelded into beauties hand.

Then beauty bad to blowe retrete,
 And every Souldiour to retyre,
 And mercy mylde with spede to fet
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame (quod I,) sith that this day
 Hath served you at all assayes,
 I yelde to you without delay,
 Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have been the marke,
 At whom you shot at with your eye,
 Nedes must you with your handy warke,
 Or salve my fore, or let me dye.

The Aged Lover renounceth love.

I Lothe that I dyd love,
 In Youth that I thought swete,
 As time requires for my behove,
 Methinks they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
 My fancies all are fled,
 And tract of time begynnes to weave
 Gray heares upon my hed.

For age with stealing steppes
 Hath clawde me with his crouche,
 And lusty lyfe away she leapes
 As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
 Me as she dyd before,
 My hand and pen are not in plight,
 As they have been of yore.

For

155 SONGS and SONNETES.

For reason me denyes
This youthly ydle ryme,
And day by day to me she cryes,
Leave of these toyes in ryme.

The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrows in my face,
Say lympling age will lodge hym now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The Harbinger of Death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth byd me to provyde.

A pickax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a geast most mete.

Methinkes I heare the Clarke
That knoles the carefull knell,
And byddes me leave my woful warke,
Ere Nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,
That Youth did laugh to skorne,
Of me that cleane shall be forgot,
As I had not been borne.

Thus must I Youth geve up,
Whose badge I long dyd weare,
To them I yelde the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.

Lo, here the bare hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
Which youthfull yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her band
These croked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I fyrst was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other trust
Asye of clay were cast by kynd,
So shall ye waste to dust.

Of the Lady Wentworth's death.

TO live to dye, and dye to live again,
 With good renowne of fame well led before,
 Here lyeth she that learned had the lore;
 Whom if the perfect Vertues woulden dayne,
 To be set furth with soyle of worldly grace,
 Was noble borne, and matcht in noble race,
 Lord *Wentworthes* Wife, nor wanted to attayne,
 In natures giftes, her Prayse among the rest,
 But that that gave her Prayse above the best.
 Not Fame, her Wedlockes chastnes durst distayne
 Wherin with Child, delivering of her wombe
 The untimely birth hath brought them both in tombe,
 So left she life by death to live againe.

The Lover accusing his love for her unfaithfulness purpoſeth to live in libertie.

THE smoky sighes, the bitter teares,
 That I in vaine have waſted,
 The broken ſleepes, the woe and feares,
 That long in me have laſted,
 The love and all I owe to thee,
 Here I renounce, and make me free.
 Which freedom I have by thy Guylt,
 And not by my deſerving,
 Since ſo unconstantly thou wilt,
 Not love, but ſtill be ſwerving,
 To leave me of which was thine owne,
 Without cauſe why as ſhall be knowne:
 The fruites were fayre the which did growe,
 Within thy garden planted,
 The leaves were greene of every bough,
 And moyſture nothing wanted,
 Yet or the bloſomes gan to fall,
 The Caterpillar waſted all.

Thy

Thy bodie was the garden place,
 And sugered woordes it beareth,
 The blossomes all thy faith it was,
 Which as the canker weareth,
 The Caterpillar is the same,
 That hath wonne thee and lost thy Name.

I mean the lover loved now,
 By thy pretenced folly,
 Which will prove like, thou shalt find how,
 Unto a tree of holly,
 That barke and beary beares always,
 The one, byrdes fedes, the other slayes.

And right well mightest thou have thy wish,
 Of thy love new acquaynted,
 For thou art like unto the dishe,
 That *Adrianus* painted,
 Wherein were grapes portrayd so fayre,
 That fowles for foode did there repayre.

But I am lyke the beaten fowle,
 That from the net escaped,
 And thou art like the ravening owle,
 That all the night hath waked,
 For none entent but to betray,
 The sleping fowle before the day.

Thus hath thy love been unto me,
 As pleasant and commodious,
 As was the fyre made on the se,
 By *Naulus* hate so odious,
 Therwith to trayne the *grekisch* Host,
 From *Troyes* returne where they were lost.

*The Lover for want of his desire, Sheweth his death
att hande.*

AS Cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
As branche or Slippe better from whence it growes,
As well Sowne Sede for drought that cannot Sprout
As gaping groundes that rainlesse cannot close,
As Mowles that want the earth to do them bote
As fishe on land to whom no Waters flowes,
As Chameleon that lackes the ayre to Sote,
As flowers do fade when *Phebus* rarest Showes;
As Salamandra repulsed from the fyre,
So Wanting my wish Idye for my desyre.

*A happy end exceedeth al plesures and riches of the
World.*

TH E Shyning Season to Some,
The glory in the worldes Sight,
Renounced fame though fortune wonne
The glittering gold the eyes delight,
The Sensuall lyfe that semes so Swete,
The heart with joyfull dayes replete,
The thing whereto eche wight is thral
The happy end exceedeth all.

Against an Unstedfast Woman.

O Temerous tauntres that delightes in toyes,
Tumbling cockboate tottring too and fro,
Jangling iestres, depraveres of Swete ioyes,
Ground of the grasse whence all my grief doth grow
Sullen Serpent enuironed with despyte,
That ill for good at all tymes dost requite.

A prayse of Petrarche and of Laura his Ladie.

O Petrarche head and prince of Poets all,
 Whose lively gyft of flowing eloquence
 Well may we seke, but find not how or whence,
 So rare a gyft with thee did ryse and fall,
 Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
 Be to thy name, and to her excellence,
 Whose beauty lighted in thy time and Sence,
 So to be set furth as none other shall.
 Why hath not our pens rymes so perfit wroughte,
 Ne why our time furth bringeth beauty such?
 To trye our wittes as gold is by the touch,
 If to the stile the Matter ayded ought!
 But there was never *Laura* more then one,
 And her had Petrarche for his Paragone.

*That Petrarche cannot be passed but notwithstandinge
 that Laura is farre surpassed.*

WITH Petrarche to compare there may no wight,
 Nor Yet attayne Unto so high a stile,
 But Yet I wot full well where is a file,
 To frame a learned man to praise aright,
 Of Stature meane, of semely forme and Shappe,
 Eche line of iust Proporcion to her height,
 Her colour fresh, and mingled with such Sleight.
 As though the rose sat in the lilies lap.
 In Wit and long to Shew what may be Sed,
 To every dede she ioyes a perfit grace,
 If *Laura* lived, she would her cleane deface:
 For I dare say, and lay my life to wed,
 That *Adonis* could not, if he downe discended,
 Once iustly say, Lo! this may be amended.

Against

SONGES and SONETTES. 163

Against a cruel Woman.

C Ruel unkinde whom mercy cannot move,
Harbour of unhappe where rigours rage doth,
(raigne

Ground of any grieve where pittie cannot prove,
Trickle to trust of all untruth the trayne,
Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remove;
Daungerous delph, depe dungeon of disdaine,
Sacke of Self-Will, the chest of craft and chaunge,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Ah! pittielesse Plaint whom Plaint cannot Provoke,
Den of desceit that right doth still refuse,
Causelesse unkinde that cariest under cloke
Cruelty and craft me onely to abuse,
Stately and stubborne withstanding *Cupide's* stroke,
Thou Marveilous made that makest men to muse,
Swollen by self-will, most stony stiffe and trange,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change.

Slipper and Secret where Suretie cannot sow,
Net of neweltie, nest of newfanglenesse,
Spring of all Spyte, from whence whole fluddes doe
(Flow,

Thou cave and cage of care and craftinesse,
Wavering willow that every blast doth blow,
Graff without groth and cause of carefulnesse,
Heape of mishappe of all my greife the grange,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Hast thou forgot that I was thyne infest
By force of love, has thou not hart at all?
Sawest thou not other for thy love were left
Knowest thou unkinde, that nothing mought befall
From out of my heart that coulde have thee bereft,
What meanest thou then, at ryot thus to range
And leavest thine owne that never thought to change.

164 SONGES and SONETTES.

*The lover Sheweth what he woulde have, if he were
graunted him to have what he would wishe.*

IF it were so that god would graunt me my request,
And that I might of earthly thinges have that I lyked
(best;
I would not wish to clyme to Princely hye estate,
Which Slipper is and Slydes so oft, and hath so fickle fate,
Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel Sword in hand,
And so to Shed the gyltless blood of Such as would with-
(stand:
Nor I would not desyre in worldly rule to raygne,
Whose fruite is al unquietnesse, and breaking of the brayne.
Nor richesse in excesse of vertue so abhorde,
I would not crave which bredeth care, and causeth all
(discorde.
But my request should be more worth a thousand folde,
That I might have and her enjoy that hath my Heart
(in holde.
Oh God what lusty lyfe Should we lyve then for ever,
In Pleasant Joy, and Perfect blisse, to length our lives to-
(gether.
With Woordes of frendly chere, and lokes of lively love,
To Utter all our hot desyres, which never should remove.
But grosse and gredy Wittes which grope but on the
(ground,
To gather mucke of worldly goodes which of do them
(confound,
Cannot attayne to knowe the misteries divyne,
Of Parfit love whereto hye wittes of knowledge do en-
(clyne,
A niggard of his golde Such joy can never have,
Which geates with toyle and kepes with care and is his
(mony slave.
As they enjoy alwaies, that tast love in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heaven in their minde,
No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great an ease,
As for to finde or doe the thing that might my lady Please.
For

SONGES and SONETTES. 165

For by her onely love, my heart should have all joy,
And with the Same put care away, and all that could
(annoy.

As if that any thing Should chaunce to make me Sadde
That touching of her corall lippes, would straight waies
(make me gladde:

And when that in my hart I fele that did me greve,
Which one embracing of her armes she might me sone
(relieve.

And as the Angels all which sit in heaven hye,
With Prefence and the Sight of God, have their fe-
(licitie.

So lykewise I on earth, Should have all earthly blisse,
With Prefence of that Paragon, my god in earth that is.

*The ladie forsaken of her lover Praith his returne,
or to the end of her owne life.*

TO love, alas who would not feare,
That seeth my wofull State,
For he to whom my heart I bear,
Doth me extremely hate:
And why therefore I cannot tell,
He will no longer with me dwell.

Did You not sue and long me serve,
Ere I you graunted grace,
And will you thus now from me swerve,
That never did trespass?

Alas Poore woman! then alas!

A wery life here must I passe:

And shall my faith have such refuse.

In dede and shall it So?

Is there no choyce for me to chuse

But must I leave You so?

Alas Poore woman! then alas!

A wery lyfe hence must I passe.

And is there now no remedy

But that You will forget her!

166 SONGES and SONETTES.

There was a time when that perdy
You would have hearde her better.
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your love is but a blast:

And can you thus breake your behest
In dede and can you so?

Did you not fware you loved me best?

And can you now say no?

Remember me poore wight in paine,

And for my Sake turne once againe.

Alas poore *Dido* now I fele,

Thy present painfull State;

When false *Eneas* did him stele,

From thee at *Carthage* gate:

And left thee sleping in thy bed,

Regarding not what he had sed.

Was ever woman thus betrayde,

Nor man so false forsworne,

His faith and trowth so strongly tyde,

Untruth hath all to torne.

And I have leave for my good will,

To wayle and wepe alone my fil.

But since it will not better be

My teares shall never blin,

To moist the earth in such degree,

That I may drowne therein.

That by my death all men may say,

Lo! women are as true as they.

By me all women may beware,

That see my wofull Smart,

To seke true love let them not spare,

Before they set their hart.

Or els they may become as I,

Which for my truth am lyke to dye.

SONGES and SONETTES. 167

*The lover yelden into his ladies bandes, prayeth
mercy.*

IN fredome was my fantasie,
Abhorring bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my selfe I bynde;
Truely to serve with all my heart,
Whilst lyfe doth last not to revert.

Her beutie bounde me first of all,
And forst my will for to consent,
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as she list I am content,
My will is hers in that I may
And where she biddes I will obey.

It lyeth in her my woe or welth,
She may do that she lyketh best,
If that she list I have my health,
If she list not, in wo I rest,
Sins I am fast within her bandes
My woe and welth lye in her handes.

She can no lesse then pittie me
Sith that my faith to her is showne,
It were to much extremitie
With crueltie to use her owne,
Alas a sinful enterprise
To slay that yeldes at her her deuise.

But I thinke not her hart so harde,
Nor that she hath such cruel lust.
I doubt nothing of her rewarde,
For my desert, but well I trust,
As she hath beutie to allure
So hath she a hart that will recure.

168 SONGES and SONETTES.

*That nature which worketh all thinges for our behoofe,
hath made women also for our comfort and delight.*

A Mong dame natures workes such perfit law is
(wrought,
 That thinges be rulde by course of kind in order as they
(ought;
 And serveth in their state, in such just frame and sort,
 That slender wits may judge the same, and make thereof
(report.
 Behold what secret force the wynde doth easely showe,
 Which guides the shippes amid the Seas, if she his bel-
(lowes blowe,
 The waters waxen wilde where blustering blastes do
(ryse,
 Yet feldome do they passe their bondes, for nature that
(devise:
 The fire which boyles the leade, and tryeth out the golde
 Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his force
(unfolde,
 The frost which killes the fruite, doth knit the brused
(bones,
 And is medicine of kinde, prepared for the *nones*.
 The earth in whose entrailes the foode of man doth live,
 At every springe and fall of leafe, what pleasure doth she
(give?
 The ayre which lyfe desyres, and is to health so swete,
 Of Nature yeldes such lively smelles, that comfortes e-
(very sprete.
 The Sunne through natures might doth draw away the
(dew,
 And spreds the flowers where he is wont, his princely
(face to shew.
 The Moone which may be calde the lanterne of the
(night,
 Is halfe a guide to traveling men, such vertue hath her
(light,
 The Starres not vertuelesse are beauty to the eyes
 A ledes man to the Mariner, a sygne of calmed skyes.
 The

SONGES and SONETTES. 169

The flowers and fruitfull trees, to man do tribute pay,
And when they have their dutie done, by course they
fade away:
Eche beaste both fishe and fowle, doth offer lyfe and all,
To nourish man and do him ease, yea serve him at his
(call.

The Serpentes venomous whose ougly shapes we hate,
Are Sovereigne salves for sundry sores, and needful in
(their state.

Sith nature showes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
Why shoulde not man submit himselfe to be in natures
(charge ?

Who thinkes to flie her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wyfest cannot slippe her snare, for nature governs all.
Lo, nature gave us shape, lo, nature fedes our lives,
Then they are worse then mad, I thinke, against he force
(that strives,

Though some do use to say, wich can do nought but faine,
Women wer made for this entent, to put us men to paine,

Yet sure I think they are a pleasure to the mynde,
A joy which man can never want, as nature hath Assynde.

When adversitie is once fallen it is to late to beware.

TO my Mishappe alas I finde
That happy hap is dangerous,
And fortune worketh but her kynde,
To make the joyful dolorous.
But all to late it comes to mynde,
To wayle the want that makes me blynde.

Amid my mirth and pleasantnesse,
Such chaunce is chaunced sodainly,
That in dispayre without redresse
I find my cheifest remedy.
No new kinde of unhappinesse,
Should thus have left me coumfortlesse.

Who would have thought that my request,
Should bring me furth such bitter fruite ?
But now is hapt that I feard lest,
And all this harme comes by my suite.

For

170 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

For when I thought me happieft
Even then hapt all my cheif unrest.

In better case was never none,
And yet unwares thus am I trapt,
My cheif desyre doth cause me mone,
And to my harme my welth is hapt,
There is no man by I alone,
That hath such cause to sigh and mone,
Thus am I taught for to beware,
And trust no more such pleasant chance,
My happy hap bred me this care,
And brought my myrth to great mischaunce.
There is no man whom hap will spare,
But when the list his welth is bare.

Of a lover that made his only God of his love,

ALL you that frendshippe doe professe,
And of a frend present the place,
Geve eare to me that did possesse,
As frendly fruites as ye embrace,
And to declare the circumstance,
There were themselves that did advance,
To teache me truely how to take,
A faithful frende for vertues sake.

But I was one of little skill,
To know what good might grow thereby,
Unto my wealth I had no will,
Nor to my nede I had none eye,
But as the chylde doth learne to goe,
So I in time did learne to knowe,
Of all good fruites the world brought forth,
A faithful frende is thing most worth.

Then with all care I sought to finde,
One woorthy to receive such trust,
One onely that was riche in minde
One secret, sobre, wyse and just,
Whom riches could not rayse at all,
Nor povertie procure to fall.

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 171

And to be short in few woordes playne,
 One such a frende I did attaine,
 And when I did enjoy this welth,
 Who lived lord in such a case.
 For to my frendes is was great helth,
 And to my foes a fowle deface,
 And to my selfe a thing so riche,
 As seke the world and fynde none suche,
 Thus by this frende I set such Store,
 As by my self I set no more.

Thys frende so much was my delight,
 When care had clene orecome my heart,
 One thought of her rid care as quyte,
 As never care had causde my smart.
 Thus joyed I in my frend so dere,
 Was never frende sate man so nere.
 I carde for her so much Alone,
 That other God I carde for none.

But as it doth to them befall,
 That to themselves respect have none
 So my sweet graffe is growen to Gall
 Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone,
 This ydoll that I honorde foe,
 Is now transformed to my fo.
 That me most pleased, me most paynes
 And in dispayre my heart remaynes.

And for just scourge of such desart,
 Thre plages I may my selfe assure,
 First of my frende to lose my part,
 And next my lyfe may not endure,
 And last of All the more to blame,
 My soule shall suffer for the same.
 Wherefore ye frendes I warne you all,
 Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

Upon the Death of Str Antony Denny,

DEath and the king, did as it were contend,
 Which of them two bare *Denny* greatest love;
 The king to shew his love ganne farre extende,
 Did him advance his betters far above,

New

172 SONGES and SONETTES:

New place, much welth, great honor, eke him gave,
To make it known what power great princes have.

But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his weried ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heven it lift,
Now deme that can, who did for *Denny* most,
The Kinge gave welth but fading and unsure,
Death brought him blisse that ever shall endure.

A Comparison of the lovers Paines.

LYke as the brake within the ryders hand,
Doth straine the horse, nye woode with grief of
(paine,

Not used before to come in such a bande,
Striveth for grieffe, although god wot in vayn,
To be as erst he was at libertie,
But force of force doth strain the contrary.

Even so sins band doth cause my dedly grieffe,
That made me so my wofull chaunce lament :
Like thing hath brought me into paine and mischief
Save willingly to it I did assent.
To binde the thing in fredome which was free,
That now full fore alas repenteth me.

Of a Rosemary branche sent.

SUCH grene to me as You have sent,
Such grene to you I send againe ;
A flourishing heart that will not feint.
For drede of hope or losse of gayne :
A stedfast thought all wholly bent,
So that he may your grace obtayne ;
As you by prooffe have alwaies sene,
To live your owne and alwaies grene.

To his love of his constant heart.

AS I have been, so will I ever be
Unto my death, and longer if I might

Have

SONGES and SONETTES. 173

Have I of love that friendly looking eye,
 Have I of fortune favour or despyte,
 I am of rocke by profe as you may see
 Not made of wax, nor of no mettall light
 As leefe to die, by chance as to deceive,
 Or break the promise made, and so I leave.

Of the Token which his Love sent him.

THE golden apple that the troyan boy,
 Geve to *Venus* the fayrest of the three,
 Which was the cause of all the wracke of *Troy*,
 Was not received with a greater joy,
 Then was the same (my love) thou sent to me,
 It healed my sore it made my sorrows free,
 It gave me hope, it banisht mine annoy,
 Thy happy hand full oft of me was blist,
 That can geve such a salve when that thou list.

Manhood availeth not without good fortune.

THE cower'd oft whom deynty vyandes fed,
 That boasted much his Ladies cares to please,
 By help of them whom under him he led,
 Hath reapt the Palme that valance cold not cease.
 Tho' unexpert that shores unknown were sought,
 Whom Neptune yet appalled not with feare,
 In wandering shippe on trustles seas hath tought,
 The skill to fele that time so long doth leare.
 The sporting Knight that skorneth Cupides hinde,
 With fayned chere the payned cause to brede,
 In game unhydes the leaden Sparkes of mynde,
 And gaynes the gole, where glowing flames should
 (speede,
 Thus I see prooffe the troth and manlie heart
 May not avayle, if fortune chaunce to start.

That

174 SONGES and SONETTES.

That Constancy of all Vertues is most worthy.

THough in the waxe a perfect Picture made,
 Doth shew as fayre as in the marble stone,
 Yet do we see it is esteemed of none;
 Because that fier or force the fourme doth fade,
 Whereas the Marble holden is full dere;
 Since that endures the date of longer dayes:
 Of Dyamondes it is the greatest Prayse,
 So long to last and always one Tappere.
 Then if we do esteeme that thing for best
 Which in Perfection longest tyme do last,
 And that most vaine that turnes with every blast,
 What jewel then with tong can be expresse,
 Like to that hert where love hath framde such seth,
 That cannot fade but by the force of deth.

The uncertayne State of a lover.

LYke as the rage of rayne,
 Filles rivers with excesse,
 And as the drought agayn,
 Doth draw them lesse and lesse,
 So I both fall and clyme,
 With no and yea sometime.
 As they swell hie and hie,
 So doth encrease my state,
 As they fall drye and drye,
 So doth my welth abate.
 As yea is mixt with no,
 So mirth is mixt with wo.
 As nothing can endure,
 That lives and lackes reliefe;
 So nothing can stand sure,
 Where chaunge doth raygne as chiefe.

Where-

SONGES and SONETTES. 175

Wherefore I must intende,
 To bowe when others bende.
 And when they laugh to smyle,
 And when they weep to wayle,
 And when they craft, begyle,
 And when they fight, assayle,
 And thinke there is no change
 Can make them seme to strange.
 Oh, most unhappy Slave!
 What man may leade this course?
 To lacke he would fainest have,
 Or els to do much worse.
 These be rewards for such,
 As live and love to much.

*The Lover in liberty smileth at them in Thraldome,
 that sometime skorned his bondage.*

AT libertie I sit and see,
 Them that have erst laught me to scorne,
 Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
 And now they banne that they wer borne.
 I see them sit full sobrelly,
 And think their earnest lokes to hide,
 Now in themselves they cannot spye,
 That they or this in me have spyed.
 I see them sitting al alone,
 Marking the steppes eche woorde and looke,
 And now they treade where I have gone
 The paynful Path that I forsoke.
 Now I see well I saw no whit,
 When they saw well that now are blinde,
 But happy hap hath made me quit,
 And just judgment hath them assynd.
 I see them wander all alone,
 And treade full fast in dredfull dount,

The

176 SONGES and SONETTES.

The selfe same path that I have gone,
Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At libertie all this I see,
And say no woord but erst among,
Smyling at them that laught at me,
Lo such is happe, marke well my song.

*A Comparifon of his love with the faithfull and
painfull love of Troylus to Crefide.*

I Rede how *Troylus* served in *Troy*
A Lady long and many a Day,
And how he boade so great annoy,
For her as all the Stories say,
That halfe the paine had never Man,
Which had this wofull *Trojan* than,
His Youth, his sport, his pleasant chere,
His courtly state and company,

In him so straungely altered were,
With such a face of contrary,
That every joy became a wo,
This poyson new had turnde him so.

And what Me thought might most him ease,
And most that for his comfort stode,
The same did most his Mind displease,
And set him most in furious mode,
For all his pleasure ever lay,
To think on her that was away.

His Chamber was his Common walke,
Wherein he kept him secretly,
He made his bed the place of talke,
To here his great extremity,
In nothing els had he delight,
But even to be a Martyr right.

And now to call her, by her name
And straight therewith to sigh and throbbe:
And when his fanfies might not frame,
Then into teares and so to sobbe,

All in extremes and thus he lyes,
Making two fountains of his Eyes.

As agues have sharpe shiftes of fits,
Of colde and heat successively ;
So had his Head like chaunge of Wits,
His pacience wrought so diversly :
Now up, now down, now here, now there,
Like One that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were *Priam's Sonne*,
And Comen of the King's hye bloode ;
This Care he had ere he her wonne,
Till she that was his Maistresse good :
And lothe to see her Servant so
Became Physician to his Wo.

And took him to her hands and grace,
And sayd she would her Mynde apply :
To help him in his wofull Case,
If she might be his remedy.

And thus they say to ease his Smart
She made him owner of her Heart.

And truth it is (except they lye)
From that day fourth her study went ;
To shew to love him faithfully,
And his whole myndefull to content :
So happy a Man at last was he,
And eke so worthy a Woman she.

Lo Lady then judge You by this,
Myne ease, and how my Case doth fall ;
For sure betwene my Life and his,
No difference there is at all :
His care was great so was his payne
And myne is not the least of twayne.

For what he felt in Service true,
For her w^hom that he loved so ;
The same, I feele as large for you,
To whom I doe my Service owe.
There was that time in him no payne,
But now the same, in me doth raigne.

178 SONGES and SONETTES.

Which if you can compare and waye,
And how I stand in every plight;
Then this for you, I dare well say,
Your Heart must needs remorse of right,
To grant Me grace and so to do,
As *Chreside* then dyd *Troylus* to.

For well I wot you are as good,
And even as fayre as ever was she;
And Commen of as woorthey blood,
And have in you as large pitie.
To tender me your owne true Man,
As she did him her Servant than.

Which gyft I pray God for my sake,
Full soone and shortly you me Send;
So shall you make my Sorowes flake,
So shall you bring my wo to end.
And set me in as happy Case
As *Troylus* with his Lady was.

To leade a Virtuons and honest Lyfe.

Flee from the prease and dwell with sooth fastness,
Suffise to thee thy good thought be Small;
For horde hath hate, and clyming fickleness,
Prayse hath Envy, and weale is blynde in all:
Favour no more than thee behove shall,
Reade well thy self, that others well canst reade,
And Trough shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

Payne thee not eche crooked to redresse,
In hoape of her that turneth as a Ball;
Great rest standeth in little Businesse,
Beware also to spurne against a Nall.
Strive not as doth a Crocke against a Wall,
Deme fyrst thy self, that demest others dede;
And Truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

That

SONGES and SONETTES. 179

That thee is sent, receive it in buxomnesse,
 The wrestling of this World asketh a fall,
 Here is home, here is but wildernesse,
 Fourth Pilgrime, fourth beast out of thy Stall,
 Look up on hye, give thanks to God of all,
 Weane well thy lust, and honest lyfe aye leade,
 So trouth shall thee deliver, it is no dreade.

*The wounded Lover determineth to make Suite to
 to his Lady for his recure.*

SINCE *Mars* fyrst moved Warre, or styrred Men to
 (Stryfe,
 Was never seen so fierce a fight, I scarfe could scape with
 (lyfe :
 Resist so long I dy'd, till death approach'd so nye,
 To save my self I thought it best with spede away to
 (flye.
 In daunger still I fled, by flight I thought to 'scape
 From my deare Foe, it vayled not, alas it was to
 (late.
 For *Venus* from her Campe brought *Cupide* with his
 (brande
 Who sayde now yelde, or els Desyre, Chase thee in every
 (Lande
 Yet would I not streight yelde, 'till fanfy fiercely
 (Stroke,
 Who from my will did cut the raines and charged me
 (with his Yoke
 Then all the Dayes and Nightes mine Eare might here
 (the Sounde
 What carefull Sighs my my Hert wolde stele, to feele it
 (self so bound.
 For though within my breast, thy Care I work (he sayd)
 Why for good Will didst thou beholde her percing Eye
 (displayde ?

180 SONGES and SONETTES.

Alas ! the fish is caught through bayte that hydes the
 (hooke,
 Even so her Eye me trayned hath, and tangled with
 (her looke.
 But, e're that it be long, my Heart thou shalt be
 (fayne,
 To stay my life, pray her forth throw sweet lookes when
 (I complayn:
 When that she shall deny, to do me that good
 (turne,
 Then shall shee see to ashes-gray, by flames my Body
 (burne.
 Defert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
 For fear of Nay I never fought, the way to frame my
 (sute:
 Yet hap that what hap shall, delay I may to long
 Affay I shall, for I heare say, the still Man oft hath
 (wrong.

The Lover shewing of the continual paines that abyde within his Breast, determineth to Dye because he cannot have redresse.

THE doleful Bell that still doth ring
 The wofull knell of all my joyes,
 The wretched Hart doth pierce and wring,
 And filles myne Eare with deadly noyse.

The hungry Viper in my Brest
 That on my Hart doth lye and gnawe;
 Doth daily brede my new unrest,
 And dieper sighes doth cause me drawe.

And though I force both hande and Eye,
 On pleasant matter to attende;
 My Sorowes to deceive thereby,
 And wretched lyfe, for to amende.

Yet

SONGES and SONETTES. 181

Yet goeth the Myll within my Hart,
Which grindeth nought but payne and Wo;
And turneth all my joy to smart,
The Evil corne it yeldeth so.

Though *Venus* smyle with yelding Eyes,
And sweete Musick doth play and sing;
Yet doth my Sprites feele none of these,
The Clarke doth at myne Eare so ring.

As sinallest Sparks uncared for,
To greatest flames do sonest grow;
Even so did this mine inward-fore,
Begin in Game, and end in woe.

And now by use so swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine Eares so fill;
But that the Clacke it over goeth,
And plucketh me back into the Mill.

But since the Mill will nedes about,
The Pinner whereon the Wheele doth goe;
I will assay to strike it out,
And so the Mill to over throw.

The power of love over Gods themselves.

FOR Love *Appollo* (his Godhead set aside)
Was servant to the King of *Thessaly*,
Whose daughter was so pleasant in his Eye,
That both his harpe and psaltry he defyde,
And bagpipe solace of the rurall bride,
Did puffe and blow, and on the hoites hye,
His Cattell kept with that rude Melody.
And oft eke him that doth the Heavens gide,
Hath love transformed to shapes for him to base;
Transmuted thus, sometime a swan is he,
Leda to coy and eft *Europe* to please.
A milde white bull unwrinckled front and face

182 SONGES and SONETTES.

Suffreth her play till on his back leapt she;
Whom in great care he ferieth through the seas,

The promise of a constant lover.

AS Lawrell leaves that cease not to be grene
From parching Summer, nor yet from Winter's
(threte;
As hardened Oke that feareth no Sworde so kene;
As flint for toole in twaine that will not frete:
As fast as rocke, or piller surely set:
So fast am I to you, and ay have been,
Assuredly whom I cannot forget;
For joy, for payne, for torment nor for tene;
For losse for gayne for frowning nor for thret;
But ever one, yea both in Calme, and blast.
Your faithfull friende, and will be to my tast.

*Against him that had Slandered a Gentlewoman
with himselfe.*

FAlse may be, and by the powers above.
Never have he good speed or luck in love
That so can lie, or spot the worthy fame
Of her from whom thou Rart to blame.
For chaste *Diana* that hunted still the Chace.
And all her Maids that sue her in the Race,
With fair bowes bent, and arrows by their side,
Can say that thou in this hast falsly lyde:
For never hang the bowe upon the Wall
Of *Diane's* Temple, No nor Never shall.
Of broken Chaste the sacred vow to Spot,
Of her whom thou dost charge so large I wot,
But if ought be whereof her blame may rise,
It is in that she did not well advise
To mark thee right, as now she doth thee know
Falsé of thy deed, false of thy talk also;
Lurker of kind, like serpent laid to bite,
And poyson hid under the Sugar white.

What

SONGES and SONETTES. 183

What danger such? so was the house Defiled
Of Collatine, so was the beguiled beguiled.
So smarted she, and by a traiterous force
The *Carthage* queen, so she forbid her corse.
So strangled was the *Rhodopeian* Mayde,
Eye traytour eye, to thy Shame be it sayde:
Thou dunghil Crow, that crock'st against the Rain,
Home to thy hole, brag not with *Phæbe* again;
Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy voice
Thy Song is foul, I weary of thy Noife:
Thy black feathers, which are thy wearing weed
Wet them with tears and sorrow for thy deed:
And in dark Caves, where irkesome wormes do crepe,
Lurk thou all day, and fly when thou shouldst slepe,
And never light where living thing hath Life,
But eat and drink, where stink and filth is rife,
For she that in a Fowl of Feathers bright,
Admit She took some pleasure in thy sight;
As fowle of State some times delight to take
Fowle of mean sort, their flight with them to make,
For play of Wing, or solace of that kind
But not in sort, as thou dost break thy mind
Not for to tread with such foul Fowl as thou.
No, No, I swear, and dare it here avow,
Thou never setst thy foot with in her Nest,
Boast not so broad, then to thine own unrest;
But blush for shame, for in thy face it stands,
And thou canst not unspot it with thy hands:
For all the Heavens against thee Record beare,
And all on Earth, against thee eke will Sweare.
That thou in this, art even none other Man
But as the judges, were to *Susan* than;
Forgers of that whereto their lust them prickt
Bashe blaser thou, the truth hath thee convict:
And she a Woman of her worthy fame
Unspotted stands, and thou hast caught the Shame:
And there I pray to God that it may rest,
False as thou art, as false as is the best

184 SONGES and SONETTES.

That so canst wrong, the Noble kind of Man,
 In whom all truth first flourish'd and began.
 And so hath stand, till now thy wretched part
 Hath spotted us, of whose kind one thou art,
 That all the shame, that ever rose or May
 Of shameful deed, on thee may light I say.
 And on thy kind, and this I wish thee rather
 That all thy seed, may like be to their father:
 Untrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
 So as all we be blame less of thy part:
 And of thy deeds, and thus I do thee leave
 Still to be false, and falsely to deceive.

A praise of Maistresse R.

I Heard when fame with thundring Voice did summon
 (to appear
 The chief of Nature's Children all, that kind hath placed
 (here.
 To view what brute by virtue got their lives could justly
 (crave;
 And bad them shew what praise by truth they worthy
 (were to have:
 Wherewith I saw how *Venus* came and put her self in
 (place,
 And gave her Ladies leave at large to stand and plead
 (their Case:
 Each One was called by name a row, in that assembly
 (there,
 That hence are gone or here remains, in Court or other
 (where:
 A solemn silence was proclaim'd, the judges sat and
 (heard
 What truth could tell, or craft could fain, and who
 (should be prefer'd:
 Then Beauty slept before the bar, whose brest and neck
 (was bare,
 With hair trust up, and on her head a Caul of Gold she
 (ware.
 Thus

SONGES and SONETTES. 185

Thus Cupids thralls began th flock, whose hungry Eyes
 (did say,
 That she had stained all the Dames, that present were
 (that day.
 For ere she spake with whispering words, the praise was
 fild throughout,
 And fancy forced common voice, thereat to give a
 shout.
 Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, and sound
 her praise on hy,
 That glads the heart of every wight, that her beholds
 with Eye.
 What stir and rule (quod order than) do these rude
 (people make?
 We hold her best that shall deserve a praise for virtues
 (fame.
 This Sentence was no sooner said, but beauty therewith
 blusht
 The noise did cease, the hal was still and every thing was
 (husht.
 Then fineness thought by training talk to win that beauty
 (lost,
 And whet her Tongue with jolly words, and spared for
 (no cost;
 Yet wantoness could not abide, but broke her tale in
 (hast,
 And peevish pride for Peacocks plumes would needs be
 (hieft plait.
 And therewithal came curiousnesse and Carped out of
 (frame,
 The Audience laught to hear the strife, as they beheld
 (the same.
 Yet reason soon appeas'd the brute, her reverence made
 (and done,
 She purchased favour for to speak, and thus her tale
 (begun.
 Since bounty shall the Garland wear, and crowned be
 (by fame,
 O happy judges call for her, for she deserves the same.

Where

186 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

Where temperance governs beauties flowers, and glory
 (is not fought,
 And shamefaced meeknesse mastreth pride, and Virtue
 (dwells in thoght :
 Bid her come forth, and shew her face, or else assent each
 (one,
 That true report shall grave her Name in Gold or Marble-
 (stone.
 For all the World to read at Will what worthynesse doth
 (rest,
 In perfect pure unspotted Life, which she hath here
 (possesse.
 Then Skill rose up and sought the praise, to find that if
 (he might,
 A Person of such honest name, that Men should praise of
 (right :
 This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink her selfe a side,
 Whose sober looks did shew gifts her wively grace did
 (hide.
 Lo here (quoth Skill, good people all) is Lucrese left
 (alive,
 And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did
 (strive.
 No longer frame could hold her Peace, but blew a blast
 (so highe,
 That made an Eccho in the Air, and sounding through
 (the Skie ;
 Thy Voice was loud, and thus it said, come R. with hap-
 (py Days,
 The honest Life hath won the fame, and crowned thee
 (with praise.
 And when I heard my Maistres named, I thrust amids the
 (throng,
 And clapt my Hands and wisht of God, that she might
 (prosper long.

Of

SONGES and SONETTES. 187

Of one unjustly defamed.

I Ne can close in short and cunning Verse,
Thy worthy praise of bountie by defart,
The hatefull spite and slander to rehease;
Of them that see, but know not what thou art.
For kind by Craft hath wrought thee so to Eye,
That no wight may thy Wit and Virtue Spye;
But he have other feel than outward side,
The lack whereof doth hate and spight to trye:
Thus kind by craft is let of Virtues light.
She how the outward shew, the Wits may dull
Not of the Wise, but as the most intend,
Minerva yet might never pierce their Scull,
That Circes Cup and Cupids brand hath blend,
Whose fond affects now stirred have the brain;
So doth thy hap thy hue with colour stain,
Beauty thy foe thy shape doubleth thy sore,
To hide thy wit, and shew thy Virtue vain;
Fell were thy Fate, if Wisdom were not more.
I mean by thee even G by name,
Whom stormy Winds of Envy and disdain,
Do tesse with boistrous blasts of wicked fame;
Where stedfastnesse as chiefe in thee doth raigne.
Patience thy Subtil mind doth guide and steere;
Silence and shame with many resteth there.
Till Time thy Mother, list them forth to call,
Happy is he that may enjoy them all.

Of the Death of the late Countesse of Pembroke.

YET once again my Muse I pardon pray,
Thine intermitted Song, if I repeate,
Not in such wise, as when Love was my pay;
My soylly wo, with joyfull verse to trete.
But now (unthank to our desert be given,
Which merit not, a Heavens gift to keep)
Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath riven,
From Earth a jewel laid in Earth to sleepe.

188 SONGES and SONETTES:

A jewel, yea a Gem of Woman head,
 Whose perfect Virtues linked as in Chain;
 So did adorn that humble wively bed,
 As is not rife to find the like again.
 For Wit and Learning framed to obey,
 Her Husbandes will that willed her to use,
 The Love he bare her chiefly as a stay;
 For all her Friends that would her furtherance chuse.
 Well said therefore a Heavens gift she was,
 Because the best are sooneft hence bereft,
 And though herselfe to Heaven hence did pass;
 Her spoil to Earth from whence it came she left;
 And to us Tears her absence to lament,
 And eke his Chance, that was her mate by Law;
 Whose loss to lose so great an Ornament,
 Let them esteem, which true loves knot can draw.

That each thing is hurt of it selfe.

WHY fearest thou thy Outward foe,
 When thou thy selfe thy harm dost feed,
 Of grieve or hurt, of pain or Woe;
 Within each things is sowne the seed.
 So fine was never yet the Cloath,
 No Smith so hard his Iron did beat,
 But the one consumed was with Moth,
 The other with Canker all to frete.
 The kotty Oat and Wainscot old,
 Within, doth eat the silly-worm,
 Even so a Mind in Envy roild;
 Always within it selfe doth burne.
 Thus every thing that Nature wrought,
 Within it selfe his hurt doth beare,
 No Outward harm need to be sought,
 Where Enemies be within so near.

Of the Choyse of a Wife.

THE flickering Fame that flieth from Ear to Ear,
 And aye her strength increaseth with her flight,
 Gives

SONGES and SONETTES. 189

Gives first the Cause why men do heare delight
 Of those whom she doth Note for beauty bright :
 And with this fame that fleeth on so fast,
 Fantasie doth hye, when reason makes no hast.
 And yet not so content they wish to see
 And thereby know if fame have said aright,
 More trusting to the tryal of their Eye,
 Then to the brute that goes of any wight.
 Wise in that point that lightly will not live
 Unwise to seek that may them after grieve.
 Who knoweth not, how light may Love allure
 And kindle in the heart a hot desire?
 The eye to work that Fame could not procure,
 Of greater Cause there cometh hotter fire.
 For ere he wete himselfe he feeleth warme
 The Fame and Eye the Causers of his harme.
 Let Fame not make her known whom I shall know,
 Nor yet mine Eye therein to be my guide,
 Sufficeth me that Virtue in her grow ;
 Whose simple Life her Father's Walls do hide.
 Content with this I leave the rest to goe
 And in such Choice shall stand my wealth and woe.

Description of an Ungodly World.

WHO loves to live in peace and marketh every
 (Change
 Shall hear such news from time to time, as seem right
 (wondrous strange,
 Such fraude in friendly looks, such Friendship all for
 (gain,
 Such cloaked wrath in hateful heartes, as worldly Men
 (retain,
 Such feigned flatterring faith, among both high and
 (lowe,
 Such great deceit, such subtil wits, the poor to o-
 (verthrow,
 Such

190 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

Such spite in sugred tongues, such malice full of pride,
 Such open wrong, such great untruth, which cannot goe
 (unspyde.
 Such restless Sute for Rooms, which bringeth Men to
 (care,
 Such sliding down from slippery seats, yet can we not
 (beware.
 Such barking at the good, such bolstring of the ill.
 Such threatening of the wrath of God, such Vice embra-
 (ced still,
 Such striving for the best, such climbing to estate,
 Such great dissembling every where, such love all mixt
 (with hate,
 Such trains to trap the just, such proving faults to pike,
 Such cruel Words for speaking troth, whoever knew
 (the like ?
 Such strife for stirring Strawes, such discord daily
 (wrought,
 Such forged tales dull wits to blind, such matters made
 (of nought.
 Such Trifles told for truth, such crediting pf Lies,
 Such silence kept when fools do speak, such laughing at
 (the Wise.
 Such plenty made so scarce, such crying for redresse,
 Such feared Signes of our decay, which tongue dares not
 (expresse,
 Such Changes lightly markt, such troubles still ap-
 (pears,
 Which never were before this time, no not this thousand
 (years.
 Such bribing for the Purse, which ever gapes for
 (more,
 Such hording up of worldly wealth, such Keeping muck
 (in store,
 Such folly found in age, such will in tender youth,
 Such fundry sorts among great Clerks, and few that speak
 (the truth,
 Such falshood under craft, and such unstedfast ways,
 Was never seen within Mens hearts, as is found now a
 (Dayes,
 The

SONGES and SONETTES. 191

The Cause and ground of this, is our unquiet Minde,
Which thinks to take those goods away, which we must
(leave behind.

Why do Men seek to get which they cannot possess?
Or break their Sleeps with careful thoughts, and all for
(wretchednesse?

Though One amonges a Score, hath Wealth and ease
(a while,
A thousand want which toileth sore, and travail many a
(Mile:

And some although they sleep, yet wealth falls in their
(lap;
Thus some be rich and some be poor, as fortune gives
(the hap;

Wherefore I hold him Wise, which thinks himself at
(ease,
And is content in simple state, both God and Man to
(please,

For those that live like Gods, and honour'd are to Day,
Within short time their glory falls, as flowres do fade
(away.

Uncertain is their lives, on whom this world will
(frowne,
For though they sit above the stars, a storm will cast them
(dowu.

In wealth who fears no fall, may slide from joyful lone;
There is no thing so sure on Earth, but changeth as the
(Moon.

What pleasure hath the rich, or ease more than the
(poor,
Although he have a pleasant House, his trouble is the
(more,

They bow and speak him fair, which seek to suck his
blood,
And some do wish his soul in hell, and all to have his
(good;

The Coveting of the goods, doth nought but dull the
(Spright.
And some Men chance to tast the sower, that gropeth for
(the sweet.

The

192 SONGES and SONETTES.

The rich is still envied by those which eat his Bread,
With fawning Speech and flattring Tales, his Ears are
(daily fed;

In fine I see and prove the rich have many bitter foes,
He sleepeth best and Careth least that little hath to
(lose.

As time requireth now, who would avoid much strife,
Were better live in poor Estates, than lead a Prince's
(life;

To pass those troublesome times I see but little choice,
But help to wail with those that weep, and laugh when
(they rejoyce.

For as we see to Day our Brother brought in Care,
To Morrow may we have such Chance, to fall with him
(in snare.

Of this we may be sure, who thinks to sit most fast,
shall soonest fall like withered Leafs, that cannot bide a
(blast;

Though that the flood be great, the Ebbe as low doth
(runne,
When every Man hath played his part, our pageant will
(be done.

Who trusts this wretched world, I hold him worse then
(Madde,
Here is not one that feareth God, the best is all too
(bad.

For those that seem as Saints, are Devils in their
(Deeds,
Though that the Earth brings forth some flowers it
(beareth many weeds.

I see no present help from Mischiefe to prevail,
But flee the seas of worldly Care or bear a quiet fail.

For who that medleth least, shall save himself from
(smart,
Who stirrs an Oar in every boat shall play a foolish
(part.

SONGES and SONETTES. 193

The despairing Lover lamenteth.

Walking the Path of pensive Thought
 I askt my Heart how came this woe,
 Thine Eye (quoth he) this care me brought,
 Thy mind, thy Wit, thy Will alsoe,
 Enforceth me to Love her ever,
 This is the Cause joy shall I never.
 And as I walke as one dismaide,
 Thinking that wrong, this woe we lent,
 Right sent me Word, by wrath which said,
 This just judgment to thee is sent,
 Never to die but dying ever ;
 Till breath the fail, joy shalt thou never ;
 Sith right doth judge this wo to endure
 Of health, of Wealth, of remedy,
 As I have done, so be she sure
 Of faith and truth until I die,
 And as this paine Cloke shall I ever,
 So inwardly joy, shall I never.
 Gryping of gripes grieve not so sore,
 Nor serpents Sting causeth such smart,
 Nothing on Earth may pain me more,
 Then sight that pierced my wofull Heart ;
 Drowned with Cares still persevere,
 Come Death betimes, joy shall I never.
 O liberty ! why dost thou swerve
 And steal away thus all at once,
 And I in Prison like to starve,
 For lack of food to gnaw on bones.
 My hope and trust in thee was ever.
 Now thou art gone, joy shall I never !
 But still as one all desperate,
 To lead my Life in Misery,
 Sith fear from hope hath lockt the Gate,
 Where pity should grant remedy ;
 Dispair this Lot assigns me ever
 To live in pain, joy shall I never.

194 SONGES and SONETTES.

*The Lover prayeth his Service to be accepted, and
his defaults pardoned.*

P*rocrin* that sometime served *Cephalus*,
With heart as true as any lover might ;
Yet her betide in loving his unright.
That as in heart with love surpris'd thus,
She one Day to see this *Cephalus*,
Where he was wont to shrowd him in the shade
When of his hunting he an End had made,
Within the Woods with dreadful foot forth stalketh,
So busily love in her it walketh ;
That she to see him, may her not restraine,
This *Cephalus* that heard one shake the leaves,
Uprist all eager thirsting after prey,
With dart in Hand him list to farther dayne,
To see his love, but slew her in the greaves,
That meant to him but perfect love alway.
So Curious been alas the rites all,
Of mighty love, that unnethes may I thinke,
In his high service how to look or winke ;
Thus I complain that wretched am of all !
To you my Love and sovereign Lady dear,
That may my Heart with death or Life steer,
As ye best list, that ye vouchsafe in all,
Mine humble service, and if me misfall
By Negligence, or else for lack of Wit,
That of your Mercy you do pardon it ;
And think that Love made *Procrin* shake the leaves,
When with unright she Slain was in the greaves.

Description and praise of his Love.

Like the Phœnix, a Bird most rare in sight,
That nature hath with gold and purle drest ;
Such she me seems in whom I most delight,
If I might speak for envy at the least.

Nature

SONGES and SONETTES. 195

Nature I think first wrought her in despight,
 Of Rose and Lilly that summer bringeth first,
 In beauty sure exceeding all the rest ;
 Under the bent of her brows justly pight,
 As Diamonds or Sapphires at the least,
 Her glistring lights the darknes of the Night,
 Whose little Mouth and Chin like all the rest ;
 Her ruddy lips exceed the Coral quite,
 Her Ivory teeth where none exceeds the rest,
 Faultless she is from foot into the Wast ;
 Her Body smail, and straight as Mast upright,
 Her Armes long in full proportion cast,
 Her Hands depaiut with veines all blew and White :
 What shall I say for that is not in fight ?
 The hidden parts I judge them by the rest,
 And if I was the foreman of the Quest,
 To give a Verdict of her beauty bright,
 Forgive me *Phabus* thou shouldst be dispossess ;
 Which doth usurp my Ladies place of right,
 Here will I cease least envy Cause despight,
 But Nature when she wrought so fair a Wight,
 In this her Work she surely did intend
 To frame a thing that God could not amend.

*The Lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains
 of hell.*

THE Souls that lacked Grace
 Which lie in bitter pain,
 Are not in such a place,
 As foolish folke do faine ;
 Tormented all with fire,
 And boyle in led again,
 With Serpents full of Ire
 Stung oft with deadly pain ;
 Then Cast in frozen pits,
 To freese there certain hours,
 And for their painful fits
 Appointed tormentours.

196 SONGES and SONETTES.

No, No! it is not so,
 Their Sorrow is not such,
 And yet they have of Woe,
 I dare say twice as much;
 Which comes because they lack
 The sight of the Godhead,
 And be from that kept back,
 Wherewith are Angels fed.
 This thing know I by love,
 Through absence cruelty,
 Which makes me for to prove
 Hell pain before I dye.

There is no Tongue can tell
 My thousand part of Care,
 There may no fire in Hell,
 With my desire Compare;
 No boiling Led can pass
 My scalding Sighes in heat,
 Nor snake that ever was,
 With stinging can so fret,
 A true and tender heart,
 As my thoughts daily doe,
 So that I know but smart,
 And that which longs thereto.

O Cupid Venus's Son,
 As thou hast shewed thy might,
 And hast this conquest won,
 Now end the same aright;
 And as I am thy Slave,
 Contented with all this,
 So help me soon to have
 My perfect Earthly blifs.

Of the Death of Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder.

LO, dead! he lives, that whilome lived here,
 Among the dead, that quick goes on the ground,
 Though he be dead, yet doth he quick appeare;

By

SONGES and SONETTES. 197

By lively Name, that death cannot confound,
His lyfe for ay of Fame the trump shall found;
Though he be dead, yet lives he here alive,
Thus can no death from *Wiate* life deprive.

That length of Time consumeth all things.

WHAT harder is then stone, what more than Wa-
(ter soft?
Yet with soft Water drops, hard stones be pierced oft.
What gives so strong impulse.
That Stone ney, may withstand?
What gives more weak repulse
Than Water prest with hand?
Yet weak though Water be,
It holoweth hardest flint,
By proof whereof we see,
Time gives the greatest dint.

*The beginning of the Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses,
made into Verse.*

OLingring make *Ulysses* dear, thy Wife lo sends to
(thee,
Her driry plaint, write not again, but come thy self to
(me.
Our hateful scourge that Woman's foe proud *Troy* is now
(fordon;
We buy it dear, though *Priam* slain, and all his King-
(dom won.
O that the raging surges great that *Leachers* bane had
(wrought
When first with Ship he furrowed Seas, and *Lacedemon*
(fought,
In desert bed by shivering Coarse then should not have
(fought rest,
Nor take in grieve the cheerful sun so slowly fall to
(West.

198 SONGES and SONETTES.

And whiles I cast long running Nights, how best I might
 (beguile,
 No distaf should my Widowish hand have weary made the
 (while:
 When dread I not more dangers great then are I fallen
 (dead,
 Love is a careful thing (god wot) and passing full of
 (dread.

*The Lover asketh pardon of his passed folly in
 Love.*

YON that in play peruse my plaint, and read in ruine
 (the smart,
 Which in my Youth with sighes full cold, I harboured in
 (my Heart.
 Know ye that love in that frail age drave me to that di-
 (stresse,
 When I was halfe another Man, then I am now to guesse.
 Then for this work of wavering Words, where I now
 (rage now rue ;
 Tost in the toys of troublous love as care or comfort
 (grew.
 I trust with you that loves affairs, by proof have put in
 (Ure,
 Not only pardon in my plaint, but pity to procure :
 For now I wot that in the World a Wonder have I be,
 And where to long love made me blind, to late shame
 (makes me see :
 Thus of my fault shame is the fruit, and for my youth
 (thus past,
 Repentance is my recompence, and thus I learn at last.
 Look what the World hath most in price, as sure it is to
 (keep,
 As is the dream which fancy drives, whiles sense and rea-
 (son sleep.

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 199

*The Lover sheweth that he was stricken by Love on
Good-Friday.*

IT is the day on which the Sun deprived of his Light,
To rewe Christ's death and his Course gave place unto
(the Night.
When I amid mine Ease did fall to such distempred fits,
That for the face that hath my Heart, I was bereft my
(Wits.
I had the bait, the hook and all, and wist not loves pre-
(tence,
But farde as One that feard no ill, nor forst for no de-
(fence.
Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight,
And that day 'gan my secret Sighes, when all folk wept
(in sight.
For Love that viewed me void of Care, approacht to
(take his prey,
And stept by Stealth from Eye to Heart, so open lay the
(Way.
And strait at Eyes brake out in Tears so salt, they did
(declare,
By token of their bitter tast that they were forge of Care;
Now vaunt thee Love which fleest a Maid defend what
(virtues are,
And wounded hast a wight unwise, unweapon'd and un-
(ware.

*The lover describeth his whole Estate unto his Love,
and promising her his faithful good Will, assureth
himselſe of her again.*

THE sun when he hath spread his rais,
And shewd his face ten thousand ways;
Ten thousand things do then begin,
To shew the Life that they are in.

200 SONGES and SONETTES.

The Heaven shews lively art and hue,
 Of sundry shapes and Collours new,
 And laughs upon the Earth anone,
 The Earth as cold as any Stone;
 Wet in the Tears of her own kind,
 'Gins then to take a joyful Mind.
 For well she feels that out and out,
 The sun doth warm her round about;
 And dries her Children tenderly,
 And shews them forth full orderly.
 The Mountains high and how they stand,
 The Vallies and the great main land;
 The Trees the herbs the Towers strong,
 The Castles and the Rivers long:
 And even for joy thus of this heat
 She sheweth forth her pleasures great;
 And sleeps no more but sendeth forth,
 Her Clergions her own dear worth.
 To mount and fly up to the Air,
 Where then they sing in Order fair;
 And tell in song full merrily,
 How they have slept full quietly,
 That night about their Mother sides,
 And when they have Song more besides,
 Then fall they to their Mothers breasts,
 Where else they feed or take their rests.
 The hunter then sounds out his horn,
 And rangeth strait through wood and Corn.
 On Hills then shew the Ewe and Lambe,
 And every young One with his Damme;
 Then lovers walk and tell their tale,
 Both of their blis and of their bale;
 And how they serve and how they doe,
 And how their Ladie loves them to;
 Then tune the Birds their Harmony,
 Then flock the fowls in company;
 Then every thing doth pleasure find,
 In that that comforts all their kind;
 No dreams do drench them of the Night,
 Of foes that would them slay or bite.

SONGES and SONETTES. 201

As hounds to hunt them at the taile,
 Or Men force them through hill and dale;
 The Sheep then dreams not of the Wolfe,
 The Shipman forces not the Gulphe;
 The Lambs thinks not the Butchers knife,
 Should then bereave him of his Life;
 For when the Sun doth once run in,
 Then all their gladness doth begin;
 And then they skip, and then they play,
 So falls their Sadness then away:
 And thus all things have comforting,
 In that that doth them comfort bring;
 Save I, alas! whom neither Sun,
 Nor ought that God hath wrought and done,
 May comfort ought, as though I were
 A thing not made for comfort here;
 For being absent from your sight,
 Which are my joy and whole delight;
 My Comfort and my pleasure to,
 How can I joy, how should I doe;
 May sick Men laugh that rore with pain?
 Joy they in Song that that doe complain?
 Are Martyrs in their torments glad?
 Doe pleasure please them that are Man?
 Then how may I in comfort be,
 That lack the thing should comfort me;
 The blind Man oft that lacks his Sight,
 Complains not most the lack of Light;
 But those that knew their perfectness,
 And then doe miss their blisfuiness;
 In Martirs tunes they sing and Wail,
 The want of that which doth them fail;
 And hereof comes that in my braines,
 So many fancies works my pains;
 For when I waight your Worthinesse,
 Your Wisdom and your Gentlenesse,
 Your Virtues and your sundry grace,
 And mind the Countenance of your face;
 And how that you are She alone,
 To whom I must both plain and mone;

Whom

202 *SONGES and SONETTES;*

Whom I doe love, and must do still,
 Whom I embrace and ay so will;
 To serve and please you as I can,
 As may a Wofull faithful Man;
 And find my selfe so far you fro,
 God knows what torment and what wo;
 My rufull heart doth then embrace,
 The blood then changeth in my face;
 My sinews dull in dumps I stand,
 No Life I feel in Foot or Hand;
 As pale as any Clout and Dead,
 Lo suddenly the blood ore spread;
 And gone again it nill so bide,
 And thus from Life to death I slide;
 As cold sometimes as any Stone,
 And then again as hot anone;
 Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,
 To give me sundry sorts of Wits;
 Till that a Sigh becomes my friend,
 And then to all this Wo doth end;
 And sure, I think, that sigh doth runn
 From me to you, where as you won;
 For well I find it easeth me,
 And certes much it pleaseth me;
 To think that it doth come to you,
 As would to God, it could so do;
 For then I know you would soon find,
 By sent and favour of the Wind;
 That even a Martyr's sight it is,
 Whose joy you are, and his blisse;
 His comfort and his pleasure eke,
 And even the same that he doth seek;
 The same that he doth wish and Crave,
 The same that he doth trust to have,
 To tender you in all he may,
 And all your likings to obey;
 As far as in his power shall lye,
 Till Death shall Dart him for to Die;
 But we'l away mine own most best,
 My joy, my comfort, and my rest;

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 203

The Caufer of my Wo and smart,
 And yet the pleaſer of my heart ;
 And ſhe that on the Earth above,
 Is even the worthieſt for to love,
 Hear now my plaint, hear now my Woe,
 Hear now his pain that loves you ſo ;
 And if your Heart do pity bear,
 Pitie the Cauſe that you ſhall hear ;
 A doleful foe in all this doubt,
 Who leaves me not, but ſeek me out ;
 Of wretched form and lothſome face,
 While I ſtand in this Woful Caſe ;
 Comes forth and takes me by the Hand,
 And ſays, Friend heark and underſtand ;
 I ſee well by thy port and chere,
 And by thy looks and thy Mannere,
 And by thy Sadneſs as thou goeſt,
 And by the Sighs that thou out throweſt,
 That thou art ſtuffed full of Wo,
 The Cauſe, I think, I doe well know ;
 A fantaſar thou art of ſome,
 By whom thy Wits are overcome ;
 But haſt thou read old Pamphlets oft,
 Or haſt thou known how Books have taught ?
 That love doth uſe to ſuch as thou,
 When they doe think them ſafe enow ;
 And certain of their Ladies grace,
 Haſt thou not ſeen oft times the Caſe ?
 That ſuddenly their hap hath turn'd,
 As things in flame confume and burnde ;
 Some by deceit forſaken right,
 Some likewise changed of fanſie light ;
 And ſome by abſence ſoon forgot
 The Lots in Love, Why, knoweſt thou not ?
 And tho' that She be now thine own,
 And knows thee well, as may be known,
 And thinks thee to be ſuch an One,
 As ſhe likes beſt to be her owne ;
 Thinks thou that others have not grace,
 To ſhew and plain their woful caſe ?

And

204 SONGES and SONETTES.

And chuse her for their Lady now,
 And swear her troth as well as thou;
 And what if she do alter mind?
 Where is the Love that thou woul'st find?
 Absence my friend works wonders oft,
 Now brings full low that lay full Loft,
 Now turns the Mind, Now to, now fro,
 And where art thou, if it was so?
 If absence (quod I) be marvellous,
 I find her not so dangerous;
 For she may not remove me fro,
 The poor good Will that I do owe
 To her, whom unneth I love and shall,
 And chosen have above them all,
 To serve and be her own as far,
 As any man may offer her;
 And will her serve, and will her love,
 And lowly as it shall behove,
 And die her own, if fate be so,
 Thus shall my Heart, nay part her thro',
 And Witnesse shall my good will be,
 That absence takes her not from Me;
 But that my love doth still increase,
 To mind her still and never cease;
 And what I feel to be in me,
 The same good will, I think, hath she;
 As firm and fast to biden ay,
 Till Death depart us both away;
 And as I have my tale thus told,
 Steps unto me with Countenance bold;
 A stedfast Friend, a Counsellour,
 And named is hope my Comforter;
 And stoutly then he speaks and says,
 Thou hast said Troth with shouten naies;
 For I assure the Even by Oath,
 And thereon take my Hand and troth;
 That she is one the Worthiest,
 The truest and the faithfullest,
 The gentlest and the meekest of Mind,
 That here on Earth a man may find;

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 305

And if that Love and Truth were gone,
 In her it might be found alone;
 For in her Mind no thought there is,
 But how she may be true, I wis,
 And tenders thee, and all thy heal,
 And wisheth both thy health and weal,
 And loves thee even as far forth than
 As any Woman may a Man;
 And is thine own, and so she sais,
 And cares for thee ten thousand ways;
 On thee she speaks, on thee she thinks,
 With thee she Eats, with thee she Drinks,
 With thee she talks, with thee she Mones,
 With thee she sighs, with thee she groanes,
 With thee she says, farwel mine own,
 When thou, God knowest, full far at gone,
 And even to tell thee all aright,
 To thee she says full oft, good Night;
 And names thee oft her own most dear,
 Her comfort weal and all her Cheer;
 And tells her pillow all the Tale
 How thou hast done her wo and Bale;
 And how she longs and plains for thee,
 And says, Why art thou so from me?
 Am I not she that loves thee best?
 Do I not wish thine Ease and rest?
 Seek I not how I may thee please?
 Why art thou then so from thine ease?
 If I be she for whom thou carest,
 For whom in torments so thou farest;
 Alas! thou knowest to find me here,
 Where I remain thine most dear;
 Thine own most true, thine own most just,
 Thine own that loves thee still, and must;
 Thine own that Cares alone for thee,
 As thou, I think, dost care for me;
 And even the Woman, she alone
 That is full bent to be thine owne.
 What wilt thou more, what canst thou crave,
 Since she is as thou wouldst her have?

Then

206 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

Then set this drivel out of Dore,
 That in thy Brains such tales doth poure ;
 Of absence and of changes strange,
 Send him to those that use to Change ;
 For she is none, I thee a vow,
 And well thou mayst believe me now ;
 When hope hath thus his reason said,
 Lord, how I feel me well a paid ;
 A new blood then o're spreads my bones,
 That all in joy I stand at ones ;
 My hand I throw to Heaven above,
 And humbly thank the God of Love ;
 That of his grace I should bestow
 My love so well, as I it owe ;
 And all the Planets as they stand,
 I thank them to with Heart and Hand ;
 That their Aspects so friendly were,
 That I should so my good will beare ;
 To you that are the worthiest,
 The fairest, and the Gentilest,
 And best can say, and best can do,
 That longes, me thinks, a Woman to ;
 And therefore are most worthy far,
 To be beloved as you are ;
 And says hope in all his tale,
 Whereby he easeth all my baile ;
 For I believe, and think it true,
 That he doth speak or say of you.
 And thus contented, lo ! I stand,
 With what, that hope bears me in hand ;
 That I am yours, and shall so be,
 Which hope I keep full sure in me ;
 As he that all my comfort is,
 On you alone which are my blifs ;
 My pleasure chiefe which most I find,
 And turn the whole joy of my Mind ;
 And shall so be until the death
 Shall make me yield up life and breath :
 Thus good my own, lo ! here my trust,
 Lo ! here my truth, and service just ;

Lo !

SONGES and SONETTES. 207

Lo! in what Case for you I stand,
Lo! how you have me in your hand;
And if you can requite a Man,
Requite me as you find me than.

*Of the troubled Commonwealth restored to quiet by
the Mighty Power of God.*

THE secret flame that made of *Troy* so hot,
Long did it lurk within the Wooden horse:
The Machine huge *Trojans* suspected not,
The Guiles of *Greeks*; nor of their hidden force:
Till in their Beds their armed foes them met,
And slew them there, and *Troy* on fire set.

Then rose the roar of Treason round about,
And Children cold of Treason call and cry,
Wives wrung their hands, the whole fierd town thro'
(out,

When that they saw their husbands slain them by,
And to the Gods, and to the Skies they shrigh
Vengeance to take for treason of that Night,
Then was the Name of *Sinon* spread and blowne,
And whereunto his filed tale did tende,
The secret states and meetings then were known;
Of *Trojan* Traitours tending to this End,
And every Man could say as in that Case,
Treason in *Antenor* and *Aeneas*;
But all to long, such wisdom was in Store,
To late came out the name of traitour than
When that their King the altar lay before,
Slain there alas, that worthy Noble man;
Ilium on flame, the Matrons crying out,
And all the streets, and streames of blood about.

But such was fate, and such was simple trust,
That King and all should thus to ruine run,
For if our Stories certain be and just,
There were that saw such mischief should be done,

And

208 SONGES and SONETTES.

And warning gave, which counted were in sort,
 As said Divines in matter but of sport.
 Such was the time, and so in state it stood,
Troy trembled not, carelesse were the Men,
 They brake the Walls, they tookt his Horse for good ;
 Thee deem'd *Greeks* gone, they thought all suretie
 (than,
 When treason starts, and set the town on fire,
 And stroyed *Trojans*, and gave *Greeks* their desire.

Like to our time, wherein hath broken out
 The hidden harm that we suspected least,
 Wombed within our Walls and Realm about ;
 As *Greeks* in *Troy* were in the *Greekish* beast,
 Whose tempest great of harmes, and of Arms
 We thought not on, till it did noife our harmes.

Then felt we well the pillar of our wealth,
 How sore it shoke, then saw we even at hand,
 Ruine how she rusht to confound our helth,
 Our Realme and us with force of Mighty hand,
 And then we heard how treason loud did rore,
 Mine is the rule, and raigne I will therefore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kind,
 A face it beares of all humilitie,
 Truth is the cloke and friendship of the minde,
 And depe it goes, and worketh secretly,
 Like to a Mine, that crepes so nigh the Wall,
 Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturneth all.

But he on hie that secretly beholdes
 The state of things, and times hath in his hande,
 And pluckes in plages, and them again unfolds,
 And hath appointed realmes, to fall and stand ;
 He in the midst of all this sturre and route,
 ?Gan bend his browes, and move himself about.

As who should say, and are ye minded so?
And thus to those, and whom you know I love.
Am I such One, as none of you doe know?
Or know you not that I sit here above,
And my Hands, doe hold your Wealth and wo,
To raise you now, to over throw,

Then thinke that I, as I, have set you all,
In places where your honours lay, and fame,
So now my selfe shall give you eche your fall
Where eche of you, shall have your worthy shame,
And in their handes I will your fall shall be,
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see,

Whose Wisdome hie as he the same for saw,
So it is wrought, such lo! his justice is,
He is the Lord of Man and of his law,
Praise therefore now his mighty name in this,
And make accompt that this our case doth stande
As *Israell* free from wicked *Pharao's* hand.

*The lover to his Love having forsaken him, and
betaken her selfe to an other.*

THE birde that sometime built within my
(brest
And there as then chiefe succour did receive;
Hath now elsewhere, built her another nest,
And of the Old hath taken quite her leaue.
To you my oste that harbour mine old guest,
Of such a one, as I can now conceive.
Sith that in change her choise doth chief consist,
The Hawk may check, that now comes fair to fitt.

210 SONGES and SONETTES.

*The lover Sheweth that in dissembling his love
openly he keepeth secret his secret good Will.*

NOT like a God came *Jupiter* to woo,
When he the faire *Europa* Sought unto
An other forme his godly wisdom toke,
Such in effect, as writeth *Ovide's* booke,
As on the earth no living wight can tell,
That mighty *Jove* did love the queene so well.
For had he come in golden garments bright,
Or so as Men mought have star'd on the sight;
Spred had it bene, both through earth and aire,
That *Jove* had loved the Lady *Europa* fair.
And then had some bene angry at the heart,
And some againe as jewels for their part.
Both which to stop, this gentle god toke minde,
To shape himselfe into a brutish kinde;
To such a kinde as hid what state he was,
And yet did bring him, what he sought to passe.
To both their joyes, to both their comfort sone,
Though known to none, till all the thing was done;
In which attempt, if I the like assay,
To you, to whom, I do my selfe bewray:
Let it suffice that I do seke to be,
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

*The Lover disceived by his love repenteth him of
true Love he bare Her.*

I That *Ulysses* yeres have spent
To finde *Penelope*,
Finde well that folly I have ment
To seke that was not so,
Sincé *Troilus* case hath caused me,
From *Cressed* for to go,

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 211

And to bewaile *Ulysses* truth,
 In seas and stormy Skies,
 Of Wanton will and raging Youth,
 Which me have tossed fore,
 From *Scylla* to *Caribdis* clives,
 Upon the drowning Shore.
 Where I sought haven, there found I hap,
 From danger unto Death,
 Much like the Mouse that treads the trap
 In hope to finde her foode,
 And bites the bread that stops her breth,
 So in like Case I stooode.
 Till now repentance hastened him,
 To further Me so fast,
 That where I sanke there now I swimme,
 And have both streame and winde,
 And luck as good if it may last,
 As any Man may finde.
 That where I perished, safe I passe,
 And finde no peril there,
 But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,
 Now am I sure to save,
 And not to flete from feare to feare,
 Such Anker hold I have.

The Lover having enjoyed his Love humbly thanketh the God of Love, and avowing his heart onely to her faithfully promiseth utterly to forsake all other.

THOU *Cupid* God of Love, whom *Venus* thralles
 (do serve
 I yelde thee thanks upon my knees, as thou dost well
 (deserve;
 By the my wished joyes have shaken off dispaire,
 And all my storming dayes be past, and wether waxeth
 (faire;
 By the I have received a thousand times more joy
 Then ever *Paris* did possesse, when *Helen* was in
 (Troy.
 By

212 SONGES and SONETTES.

By the have I that hope, for which I long'd so fore,
And when I thinke upon the same, my heart doth leape
(therefore.

By the my heavy doubts and trembling feares are fled,
And now my Wits that troubled wer, with plesant
(thoughts are fed :

For dread is banisht clene, wherein I stood full oft,
And doubt to speak that lay full low, is lifted now
(aloft,

With armes bespred abroad with opende handes and
(heart,
I have enjoyed the fruites of hope, reward for all my
(Smart.

The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and
(trust,

The pledge of pure good will have I, which makes the
(lovers lust.

Such grace sins I have founde, to one, I me betake,
The rest of *Venus* darlings all, I utterly forsake;
And to performe this vow, I bid my Eyes beware,
That they no strangers do salute, nor on their beauties
(stare.

My Wits I warne ye all, from this time forth take
(heed,

That ye no wanton toies devise, my fantasies new to
(fede.

My Eares be ye shut up, and heare no woman's voice,
That may procure me once to smile, or make my hart
(rejoice.

My feet full slow be ye, and lame when ye should
(move,

To bring my body any where, to seek another love :
Let all the gods above, and wicked Spirits below,

And every wight in earth accuse, and curse me where I
(goe ;

If I do false my faith, in any point or Case,
A soden vengeance fall on me, I aske no better grace;

Away then fly ryme, present mine earnest faith,
Unto my Lady where she is, and mark thou what she
(saith;

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 213

And if she wellcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
Spring thou for joy, thy Maister hath, his most desired
(hap.

Totus Mundus in Maligno Positus.

Complain we may, much is amisse,
Hope is me gone to have redresse,
These daies ben ill, nothing sure is,
Kinde hart is wrapt in heavinesse.

The sterne is broke, the saile is rent,
The ship is given to winde and wave,
All helpe is gone, the rocke present,
That will be lost, what man can save.

Things hard, therefore are now refused,
Labour in youth is thought but vain,
Duty by (will not) is excused,
Remove the Stop, the way is plaine.

Learning is lewde, and held a Foole,
Wisdome is shent, counted to rale,
Reason is banisht out of schole,
The blinde is bold, and wordes prevaile.

Power without care slepeth at ease,
Will without law, runneth where he list,
Might without Mercy cannot please,
A wise Man saith not had I wist.

When power lackes care and forceth not,
When Care is feble and may not,
When Might is slothful and will not,
Weedes my grow where good herbs cannot.

Take wrong away, law needeth not,
For law to wrong is bridle and pain;
Take feare away, Law booteth not,
To strive against streame, it is but vaine.

Will is witty, brain sick is wise,
Trough is folly, and Might is right,
Wordes is reason, and reason is lies,
The bad is good, darknes is light.

214 SONGES and SONETTES.

Wrong to redresse Wisdom dare not,
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,
Wilfull is witlesse, and careth not,
Which end go first, till all be lost.

Few right do love, and wrong refuse,
Pleasure is sought in every State,
Liking is lust, there is no chuse,
The low give to the high checke mate.

Order is broke, in thinges of weight,
Measure and mean who doth not flee,
Two thinges prevaile, mony and flight,
To seme is better than to be.

The boule is round, and doth down slide,
Eche one thrusteth, none doth uphold,
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide,
The stay is gone, who can him hold?

Folly and falshod prateth apace,
Trough under bushel is faine to crepe,
Flattery is treble, Pride sings the base,
The meane the best part, scant doth pepe.

This fiery plage, the world infectes,
To Vertue and trouth it gives no rest,
Men's hartes are burnde with sundry sectes,
And to eche Man, his way is best.

With flodes and stormes thus be we tost,
Awake, good Lord, to thee we Cry,
Our Ship is almost sonk and lost,
Thy Mercy help, our Misery.

Man's strength is weake, man's wit is dull,
Man's reason is blinde, these thinges t'amend,
Thy hand (O Lord) of Might is full,
Awake betyme, and help us send.

In thee we trust, and in no wight,
Save us as Chicken, under the Hen,
Our Crookedness, thou cast make right,
Glory to thee, for aye, Amen.

The Wise trade of lyfe.

DO all your dedes by good advyse,
 Cast in your minde alway the Ende;
 Wit bought is of to deare a price,
 The tryed trust, and take as frende.
 For frendes I find there be but two,
 Of Countenance, and of effect
 Of th'one sort there are ynowe,
 But few been of the tother Sect.
 Beware also the Venome swete,
 Of crafty Wordes and flattery;
 For to deceive they be most meet,
 That best can play hypocrisie.
 Let Wisdome rule your dede and thought,
 So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

*That few Wordes shew Wisdome, and worke
 much quiet.*

WH O lyst to leade a quiet lyfe,
 Who lyst to ryde themselves from stryfe,
 Give Eare to Me, and marke what I say,
 Remember well, beare it away.
 Hold backe thy tong at Meate and Meale,
 Speak but few Wordes, bestow them well;
 By Wordes the Wise thou shalt lespye,
 By Wordes a foole soon shalt thou trye,
 A wise man can his Tongue make cease,
 A foole can never hold his peace.
 Who loveth rest, of Wordes beware,
 Who loveth Wordes, is sure of Care.
 For Wordes oft many have been shent,
 For sylence kept, none hath repent,
 Two Eares one Tong, only thou hast,
 Mo thinges to heare, than Wordes to wast.

216 SONGES and SONETTES.

A foole in wise can forbear,
 He hath two tongs, and bnt one Eare;
 Be sure thou keep a stedfast Brayne,
 Lest that thy Wordes put thee to payne;
 Wordes wisely set are worth much golde,
 The price of rashness is soon tolde;
 If tyme require Wordes to be had,
 To hold thy peace I count thee Mad;
 Talke only of needful verities,
 Strive not for trifling fantasies;
 With sobernesse the truth bolt out,
 Affirme No thing, wherein is doute;
 Who to this Lore, will take good heede,
 And spend No Mo Words, than he need,
 Though he be a foole and have no brayne,
 Yet shall he a Name of Wisdom gayne.
 Speake while time is, or hold thee still,
 Wordes out of time, do oft things spill;
 Say well, and do well, are things twayne,
 Twice blest is he in whom both raygne.

*The complaint of a hot Woer delayed with doubt-
 full Colde answers.*

A Kind of Coal is as men say,
 Which have assayed the same,
 That in the fyre, will wast away,
 And outward cast no flame.
 Unto my selfe may I compare,
 These Coales, that so consume,
 Where nought is seen, though Men do stare,
 Instead of flame but fume.
 They say also to make them burne,
 Cold water must be Cast,
 Or else to ashes, they will turne,
 And half to Cinder waste.
 As this is wonder for to see,
 Cold Water warm the fyre,
 So hath your Coldness caused Me,
 To burne in my desire.

And

SONGES and SONETTES. 217

And as this Water cold of kinde,
 Can Cause both heat and Cold ;
 And can these Coales both break and bynde,
 To burn as I have told ;
 So can your tong of frozen yce,
 From whence cold Answers come,
 Both coole the fyre, and fyre entice,
 To burn me all and fome ;
 Lyke to the Corne that stands on stacke,
 Which mowen in Winter sunne,
 Full fayre without, within is black,
 Such heate therein doth runne ;
 By force of fire this Water Colde,
 Hath bred to burne within,
 Even so am I thet heate doth holde,
 Which cold did first begin.
 Which heat is stynt, when I do strive,
 To have some ease sometime ;
 But flame a freshe I do revive,
 Whereby I cause to clyme :
 Instede of smoke a sighing breath,
 With Sparks of Sprinkled Teares,
 That I should live this living Death,
 Which wastes and never weares.

The Answer.

YOUR borrowed meane to move your Mone, of fume
 (withouten flame,
 Being fet from Smithy smoakeing Coales, ye seeme so
 (by the same.
 To shew what such Coals, use hath taught, by such as
 (have assayde,
 As I, that most do wish you well, and so right well
 (appayde.
 That you have such a lesson learnde, how eyther to Mayn-
 tayne,
 Your freedome of unkindled Coale, unheaped all in
 (vaine ;

Or

218 SONGES and SONETTES:

Or how most fruitfully to frame, with worthy Work-
 (man's art,
 That cunning piece may pass therefro, by help of hea-
 (ted Heart;
 Out of the Forge, wherein the Fumes of Sighes does
 (mount aloft,
 That argues present force of fire, to make the Mettal
 (soft.
 To yield unto the hammer hed, as best the workman
 (likes,
 That the yron glowing after blast in time and temper
 (strikes;
 Wherein the use of Water is, as you do seem to say,
 To quench no flame ne hinder heate ne yet to waste a-
 (way;
 But that which better is for you, and more delighteth me,
 To save you from the Sodeyne wast, vain Cynder-like
 to be;
 Which lasting better lykes in love, as you your semble
 (plye,
 Then doth the heaven blase, that flames and flitteth by
 (and by:
 Sith then you know each use, wherein our cole may be
 (applyde,
 Either to lye and last on horde, in open ayre to byde,
 Without en use to gather, fat by falling of the raynes,
 That makes the pitchy juyce, to grow, by soking in his
 (vaines.
 Or lye on furnace in the forge, as is his use of right,
 Wherein the Water trough may serve, and enter yelde
 (her wight;
 By work of Smiths both hands and head, a cunning key
 (to make,
 Or other piece as Cause shall crave, and bid him under-
 (take;
 Do as you deme most fit to do, and whereupon may grow
 Such joy to you, as I may joy your joyful case to know.

An

SONGES and SONETTES. 219

*An Epitaph made by W. G. lying on his death bed,
to be set upon hys owne tombe.*

LO here lyeth G. under the grounde,
Among the greedy wormes,
Which in his life tyme never found
But strife and sturdy stormes.
And namely through a wicked Wyfe,
As to the world appeares,
She was the shortning of his Life,
By many days and yeares;
He might have lived long god wot,
His yeeres they were full young,
Of wicked Wives, this is the Lot
To kill with Spitefull tongue;
Whose Memory shall still remayne
In writing here with me,
That men may know, whom she hath slayne,
And say this same is she.

An Aunswere.

IF that thy wicked Wyfe had spun the thread,
And were the Weaver of thy woe,
Thou art then double happy to be dead,
As happely dispatched so;
If rage dyd Cause thee to complayne,
And made Mode, Mover of thy Mone,
If frensy forced, on thy testy brayne,
Then blest is she, to live alone.
So whether were the grounds of others grieve,
Because so doubtful, was the dome,
Now death hath brought your payne a right reliefe,
And blessed be ye both become:
She that she lives no longer bound to beare
The rule of such a froward head,
That thou livest no longer fayne to feare,
The restless ramp, that thou hast wed;

Be

220 SONGES and SONETTES.

Be thou as glad therefore that thou art gone,
 As she is glad she doth abide,
 For so ye be a sunder, all is one,
 A badder Match cannot be untyde.

En Epitaph of Maister Henrye Williams.

FROM worldly wo, the End of Misbeliefe,
 From cause of Care that leadeth to lament,
 From vayne delights the ground of greater grieve,
 From fear for frendes, from matter to repent:
 From painfull pangs last sorrow that is sent,
 From dread of death, sith death doth set us free,
 With it the better pleased, should we be.
 This lothsome life, where lyking we do finde,
 The 'ncreaser of our Crimes doth us bereve,
 Our blifs that alway ought to be in minde,
 This wily World, whiles here we breath alive.
 And flesh our fained fo, do stifly strive,
 To flatter us, assuring here the joy,
 Where we alas, do find but great annoy.
 Untold heapes, though we have of worldly wealth,
 Though we possess the sea and fruitful ground
 Strength, beauty, knowledge, and unharmed health,
 Though at a Wish, all pleasure doth abound,
 It were but vaine, no friendship can be founde,
 When death assaulteh with his dreadful darte,
 No raunsome can stay the home hasting harte.
 And sith thou cut the lyves-line in twayne,
 Of Henry, Son to Sir John Williams Knight,
 Whose manly hart and prowes none could stayne,
 Whose godly lyfe to vertue, was our Light,
 Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by right,
 Thou in this lyfe so cruel mightest thou be,
 His sprite in heaven, shall triumph over thee.

Another

SONGES and SONETTES. 221

Another of the same.

STay gentle friend that passest by,
And learne the lore that leadeth all,
From whence we come with hast to hyc,
To lyue, to dye, to stand, to fall:

And learne that strength and lusty age,
That wealth, and want of worldly wo,
Cannot with stand the mighty rage
Of Death, our best unwelcome fo.

For hopefull youth, had hight me health,
My lust to last, till time to dye,

And fortune found my Virtue wealth,
But yet for all that here I lyē.

Learne also this, to ease thy Mynde
When death on Corps, hath wrought his Spight;

A tyme of tryumph shalt thou finde
With me to Scorn him in delight.

For One day shall we mete again,
Mauger death's dart, in Lyfe to dwell;

Then will I thank thee for thy payne,
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

Against Women eyther good or bad.

A Man may live thryse *Nestor's* Lyfe,
Thryse wander out *Ulysses* race,
Yet never finde *Ulysses* Wyfe,

Such Change hath Channced in this Case,
Lesse age will serve then *Paris* had,

Small Peyn (if none be small ynough)
To finde good Store of *Helen's* trade,
Such Sapp, the root doth yield the bough;

For One good Wife, *Ulysses* Slew,
A worthy knott of gentle blood;

For one ill Wife *Greece* overthrew
The Town of *Troy*, sith bad and good;

Bring Mischiefe, Lord let be thy will
To keep me free from either ill.

An

222 SONGES and SONETTES.

An answer.

THE Vertue of *Ulysses* Wyfe,
Doth live though She hath ceast her race,
And far surmounts old *Nestor's* lyfe;
But now in more than then it was,
Such Change is Chaunced in this Case.

Ladies now live in other trade,
Farre other *Helene's* now we see,
Than She whom *Trojan Paris* had.
As Vertue fedes the roote, so be
The Sap and boughes, of root and tree.
Ulysses rage, not his good Wyfe
Spilt gentle blood. Not *Helen's* face,
But *Paris* Eye, did rayse the Strife,
That did the *Trojan* buylding raze;
Thus sith ne good, ne bad do yll:
Them all, O Lord Maintaine my Will,
To Serve with all my force, and Shall.

*Against a gentle Woman by whom he was re-
fused.*

TO fase report and flying fame,
Whylest my mynde gave Credit light,
Believing that her bolstred Name,
Had stufte to shew that praise did hight.
I find well now I did mistake,
Upon report my grounde to make.

I heard it said such One was she,
As rare to finde as paragon,
Of lowly cheere of heart so free,
As her for bountie could passe none.
Such One was faire, though form and face
Were mean to pass in second place.

I sought it neare and thinking to find
Report and deed both to agree,
But Chaunge had tried her futtle minde,
Of force I was enforced to see,

That

SONGES and SONETTES. 223

That she indede was nothing so,
Which made my Will my heart forego:

For she is such, as geason none,
And what she most, may boast to be;
I find her Matches more than one,
What nede she so, to deale with me?
Ha flyering face, with scornful hart,
So ill rewarded for good desart?

I will repent that I have done,
To end so well the losse is small;
I lost her love, that lesse hath wonne,
To vaunt she had me as her thrall;
What though a gyllot sent that Note?
By Cocke and Pye, I meant it not.

The Answer.

WHOM fanfy forced first to love,
Now frenzy forceth for to hate,
Whose Minde erst madnesse 'gan to move,
Inconstance causeth to abate.

No Mynde of Meane, but heate of brayne,
Bred light love, like heate agayne.

What hurdle your hart in so greate heate,
Fansy forced by fained fame,
Belyke that she was light to gear,
For if that Virtue, and good Name,
Moved your Minde, why changed your Will,
Sith Vith Virtue the cause abideth still?

Such fame reported her to be,
As rare it were. to find her peer,
For Vertues and for honestie,
For her free heart, and lowly cheere;
This laud had lyed, if you had sped,
And fame been false, that hathe been spred.

Sith she hath so kept her good Name,
Such praise of Life and gifts of grace,
As brute selfe blasteth for to blame,
Such fame as Fame fears to deface.

You

224 SONGES and SONETTES.

You slander not but make it plain,
That you blame brute, of brutish train,
If you have found it looking neere,
Not as you took the brute to be,
Belyke you ment by lowly cheere,
Bountie and heart; that you call free :
But lewd lightnesse easy to frame,
To winne your Will against her Name.

Nay she may deme your deeming lo,
A mark of Madnesse in his kinde,
Such causeth not, good Name to go,
As your fond folly sought to finde.

For brute of kind, bent ill to blase,
Always faith ill, but forced by cause.

The Mo there be, such as is she,
More should be gods thanks for his grace,
The more is her joy it to see ;
Good should by geason earne no place,
Nor Number make nought, that is good,
Your strange lusting head wants a hood.

Her dealing grieveth you (say ye)
Besides your labour lost in vaine,
Her dealing was not as we see ;
Sclander the end of your great pain.
Ha lewd lying lips, and hateful hart,
What canst thou desire in such desert ?

Ye will repent, and right for done,
Ye have a dede deserving shame,
From reasons race far have ye runne,
Hold your rayling, kepe your tong tame ;
Her love ye lye, ye lost it not,
Ye never lost that ye never got.

She 'reft ye not your liberty
She vaunteth not she had you thrall,
If oft have done it, let it lye
On rage, that reft you Wit and all,
What though you Varlets tale do tell,
By Cocke and Pye, you do it well.

*The Lover dreading to move his Sute for doubt of
deniall, accuseth all Women of disdain and
Ficklenesse.*

TO walk on doubtful ground where danger is unseen;
Doth double Men that carelesse be in deep despair I
For as the blind doth fear, what footing he shall finde,
So doth the wise before he speake, mistrust the Stran-
gers Minde;
For he that bluntly runs, may light among the Briars,
And so be put into his Plunge, where Danger least ap-
pears.
The bird, that silly fool, doth warne us to beware,
Who lighteth not on every bush, he dreadeth so the
snare.
The Mousse that shuns the trap, doth shew what harm
doth lye;
Within the sweet betraying bait that oft' deceives the
Eye.
The fish avoids the hook, though hunger bids him
bite,
And hovereth still about the worme, whereon is his delite.
If Birds and Beasts can see, where their undoing lies,
How should a Mischief scape our Heads that have
both wit and eyes?
What madnesse may be be more, than plow the barren
Fielde?
Or any fruitfull words to sow, to eares that are un-
wilde?
They heare, and then mislike, they lyke, and then
they loathe;
They hate, they love, they scorn, they praise, ye sure
they can do both.
We see what falles they have that clime on trees unknowne
As they that trust to rotten Bowes, must neede be over-
throwne;

126 SONGES and SONETT ES.

A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much more,
 Then for to 'plain where is no Salve, for to recure the
 (fore.
 Wherefore my grieffe I hide within a hollow heart,
 Until the smoke thereof be spied, by flaming of the
 (Smart

An Aunswere.

TO trust the fained face, to rue on forced tears,
 To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft ap-
 (pears,
 And breathes as from the brest, a smoke of kyndled
 (smart,
 Where only lurks a deep deceit, within the hollow hart;
 Betrayes the simple soul, whom plain deceitless minde
 Taught not to feare that in itself, itself did never
 (finde;
 Not every trickling teare doth argue inward paine,
 Not every Sighe doth surely shew the sigher not to
 (fayne;
 Not every smoke doth prove a Presence of the fyre;
 Not every glistring gives the Gold that greedy folk de-
 (fire;
 Not every wailing word is drawn out of the deep;
 Not grieffe, for want of granted grace, enforceth all to
 (weep:
 Oft Malice makes the Mynde to shed the boyled bryne,
 And envies humour oft unlade by conduites of the
 (Eyen:
 Oft craft can cause the Man, to make a seeming shew,
 Of heart with dolour all distreynd, where Griefe did ne-
 (ver grow.
 As curfed Crocodile, most cruelly can tole
 With truthlesse Teares unto his Death the silly pitying
 (Soule.
 Blame never those therefore, that wisely can beware
 The guylefull Man, that sutly saith, himself to dread
 (the snare:
 Blame

SONGES and SONETTES. 127

Blame not the stopped Eares, against the Syrens Song:
Blame not the Mind, not moved with Mone of falshoods
(flowing Tong.

If guyle do guide your Wit, by Silence so to speak,
By craft to crave and fain by fraude the Cause that
(you would break.

Great harms your futtle Soul shall suffer for the same,
And mighty love will wreak the wrong so cloathed
(with his Name;

But we, whom you have warnd, this lesson learn by
(you,

To know the Tree before we clyme; to trust no rotten
(bow;

To view the lymed bush, to look afore we light;
To shun the perillous baited hook, and use a further
(fight,

As do the Moul, the Bird, the Fish, by sample fitly
(shew,

The Wily witts and gynnes of Men, do worke the sim-
(ples wo.

So simple sithe we are, and you so subtile be,
God help the Mouse, the byrde, the Fish, and us your
(fleightes to flee.

*The Louer Complaineth his faulte, that with un-
gentle writing had displeased his Lady.*

AH! love, how wayward is his wit? what pangs do
(pierce his breast?
Whom thou to wait upon thy Will hast reved of his
(rest.

The light, the dark, the Sunne, the Moone, the Day
(and eke the Night:

His daily dying like himselfe, he hateth in de-
(spight.

Sith first he light to look on her that holdeth him in
(Thrall,

His moving Eyen, his moving Wit, he curseth hart and
(all.

Qq 2

From

128 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

From hungry hope to pyning fear, each hap doth hurl
(his hart ;
 From pang of plaint to fits of fume, from aking into
(smart.
 Eche Moment so doth change his chear, not with re-
(course of case,
 But with fierce sortes of sorrowes still, he worketh as
(the seas :
 Not turning winds, not calms, returned rule in unruly
(wife,
 As if their holds of hills uphurlde, they braffen out
(to rise ;
 And puffle away the Power that is unto their King as
(signde,
 To pay that sith theyr prissonment they deme to be
(behinde.
 So doth the Passions long repress wythin the wofull
(wight,
 Break down the bankes of all his witts, and out they
gushen quite.
 To reare uprores now they be free, from reasons, rule,
(and stay,
 And hedlong hales the unruly race, his quiet quite away.
 No measure hath he of his ruth, no reason in his rage,
 No bottom ground where stayes his grieve, thus wears
(away his age.
 In wishing wants, in wailing woes, death doth he daily
(call
 To bring release, when of reliefe he seeth no hopes at
(all.
 Thence comes that oft, in deep despair to rise to better
(state,
 On heaven and heavenly lamps he layeth the fault of
(all his fate :
 On God and Gods decreed dome, crieth out with cursing
(breath,
 Eche thing that gave and saves him lyfe, he damneth
(of his death.

The

SONGES and SONETTES. 129

The wombe him bare, the breasts he suckt, each Star that
 (with their might
 Their secret succour brought to bring the wretch to
 (worldly light.
 Ye that to his Soules peril is most haynous harme of
 (all,
 And craves the cruelest revenge that may to Man befall;
 Her he blasphemes, in whom it lyeth in present as she
 (please,
 To damn him down to depth of hell, or plant in hea-
 (vens ease.
 Such rage constraind my strayned hart, to guyde the
 (unhappy hand
 That sent unfiting blots to her on whom my lyfe doth
 (stand.
 But grant, O God, that he for them may beare the
 (worthy blame,
 Whom I doe in my diepe distresse find guilty of the
 (same:
 Even that blind boy that blindly guides the Dauterers
 (to their fall,
 That laughs when they lament that he hath throwen
 (into thrall.
 Or Lord save lowring lokes of her; what penance else
 (thou please,
 So her contented will be wonne, I count it all mine ease.
 And thou, on whom doth hang my will, with hart,
 (with soul, and care,
 With lyfe, and all that lyfe may have, of well or evil
 (fare,
 Grant grace to him that grates therefore, with sea of
 (saltish brine,
 By extreme heat of boiling brest, distilled through his
 (eyene;
 And with thy fanfasy render thou my selfe to me agayne,
 That daily then we duly may employ a painlesse payne.
 To yield and take the joyful fruite that harty love doth
 (lend
 To them that mean by honest means to come to happy
 (end.

130 SONGES and SONETTES.

*The lover wounded of Cupide, wished he had rather
been stricken by Death.*

THE blinded Boy that bends the bow
To make with dynt of double wound,
The stoutest state to stoupe and knowe,
The cruel craft that I have found.
With death I would had chopt a change,
To borrow as by bargaine made,
Eche others shaft, when he did range,
With restlesse roving to invade.
The enthralled myndes of simple wightes,
Whose guilties ghostes deserved not
To feel such fall of their delights,
Such pangs, as I have past, God wot.
Then both in new unwonted wife,
Should Death deserve a better name,
Not (as tofore hath been his guyse)
Of crueltie, to bear the blame.
But contrary be counted kinde,
In lending Lyfe and sparing space,
For seke to ryse, and seke to finde,
Away to with their weary race.
To draw to some desired end,
Their long and lothed tyme to ryd,
And so to feel how like a friend,
Before the bargaine made he did.
And love should either bring agayne,
To wounded wightes, theyr owne desyre ;
A welcome end of pyning payne,
As doth their cause of ruth require.
Or when he means the quiet Man
A harme, to hasten him to grieve,
A better dede he should do than,
With borrowed dart to geve reliefe.

That

That both the sick well deme'n may,
 He brought me rightly my request,
 And eke the other sort may fay,
 He wrought me truly for the best.

So had not fancy forced me
 To bear a brunt of greater wo
 Then leaving such a lyfe may be,
 The ground where only griefes do grow.

Unlucky lyking lynkt my hart,
 In forged hoape and forced feare,
 That oft I wisht the other dart,
 Had rather perced me as neare.

A fained trust, constrayned care,
 Most loth to lacke, most hard to fynde;
 In sunder so my judgment tare,
 That quite was quiet out of Mynde.

Absent in absence of myne ease,
 Present in presence of my payne,
 The woes of want did much displease
 The fighes I fought did grieve agayne.

Oft grieve that boyled in my brest,
 Hath fraught my face with saltish teares,
 Pronouncing proves of myne unrest,
 Whereby my passed payne appears.

My fighes full often have supplied,
 That fayne with woordes I would have sayd
 My Voice was stopt, my tong was tyed,
 My Wittes with wo wer over wayed.

With trembling soul and humble chere,
 Oft grated I for graunt of grace,
 On hoape that bounty might be there,
 Where beauty had so pight her place.

At length I found, that I did feare,
 How I had labourde all to losse;
 My selfe had been the Carpentere;
 That framed me the cruel crosse.

Of this to come, if dout alone,
 Though blent with trust of better spede,
 So oft hath moved my Minde to Mone,
 So oft hath made my hart to blede.

132 SONGES and SONETTES.

What shall I say of it indede,
Now hope is gone, myne old releife,
And I enforced all to feede
Upon the fruites of bitter grieve.

Of Womens chaungeable Will.

I Would I found not as I feele,
Such chaunging cheere of Womens Will,
By fickle Slight of Fortunes whele,
By kind or Custum never styll.
So should I find no fault to laye
On fortune for theyr movyng minde;
So should I know no Cause to say,
This Chaunge to Chaunce by Course of kynde;
So should not love so work my Wo,
To make death Surgeon for my Sore;
So should theyr Wittes not wander so;
So should I recke the lesse therefore.

The Lover complayneth the Losse of his Lady.

NO Joy have I, but live in heavinesse,
My Dame of price bereft by Fortunes cruellnesse;
My hap is turn'd to unhappinesse;
Unhappy I am, unless I find releffe.
My Pastime past, my Youthlike yeres are gone;
My monthes of Myrth, my glystring dayes of gladsome-
[nesse,
My tymes of Tryumphe turned into Mone,
Unhappy I am unlesse I find releffe.
My wonted wynde to Chaunt, my cherefull chaunce
Doth sigh, that Song sometimes the balade of my lesse;
My Sobbes, my Sore, and Sorow do advance,
Unhappy I am, unlesse I find releffe.
I mourne my Myrth, for Griefe that it is gone,
I mourne my Myrth, whereof my musing Mindfulnesse,
Is grounde of greater grieve that growes thereon,
Unhappy I am, unlesse I fynde releffe.

No Joy have I; for fortune frowardly
 Hath bent her browes, hath put her hand to Cruelnesse;
 Hath rest my Dame, constrained me to crye;
 Unhappy I am unlesse I fynde releffe.

Of the Golden Meane.

THE wifest way, thy boate in Wave and Wind to
 (guye,
 Is neither still the trade of middle Streame to nye,
 Ne (warely shunning wrecke by Weather) aye to nye,
 To presse uponperilous Shore.
 Both clenely flees he filth, ne wonnes a wretched Wight,
 In Calish Coate, and carefull Court aye thrall to Spyte,
 With Port of proude estate he leues, who doth delite,
 Of golden Meane to hold the Lore.
 Stormes riefest rend the sturdy stoute pine Apple tree,
 Of lofty ruing towers the falles the feller be,
 Most fierce doth lightning light, where furthest wee do
 (see,
 The hilles the Valley to forsake.
 Well furnisht brest to byde eche chaunses chaunging
 (chere,
 In Woe hath cherefull hoape, in weale hath warefull
 (feare
 One Selfe; *Jove* Winter makes with lothfull lookes ap-
 (peare,
 That can by course the same aslake.
 What if into myshap thy case now casten be?
 It forceth not such fourme of lucke to last to thee;
 Not alway bent is *Phabus* bowe, his harpe and he
 'tcraft Silver Sound sometime doth rayse.
 In hardest hap use helpe of hardy hoapefull hart,
 Seme bolde to beare the front of fortune overthwart,
 Eke wisely when forewinde too full breathes on thy part,
 Swage swelling Sayle, and doubt decayes.

The

The Praise of a true Friend.

WHoso that wisely wayes the profite and the price
Of thinges wherein delight by worth is wont to
(ryse,

Shall find no Jewel is so riche, ne yet so rare,
That with the frendly heart in value may compare.

What other welth to man by fortune may befall ;
But fortunes changcd, chere may reve a man of all ;
A frend no wracke of Wealth, no cruel cause of Wo,
Can force his frendly faith unfrendly to forgoe.
If fortune frendly fawne, and lend the welthy Store,
Thy frendes conjoynd Joy doth make thy Joy the more :
If frowardly she frowne, and drive the to distresse,
His ayde releives thy ruthe, and makes thy sorow lesse.

Thus fortunes pleasant fruites by frendes encreased bee,
The bitter, sharpe, and sower, by frendes alaide to thee,
That when thou doest rejoyce, then doubled is thy Joy,
And eke in Cause of Care, the less is thy anoy.

Aloft if thou do live, as one appointed here,
A stately part on Stage of Worldly State to beare,
Thy freind, as only free from fraud, will thee advise,
To rest within the rule of mean, as do the wise.

Hee seeketh to foresee the perill of thy fall ;
He findeth out thy faultes, and warnes thee of them all.
Thee, not thy lucke, he loves, what ever be thy case,
Hee is thy faithfull frend, and thee he doth embrace.

If churlish chere of chance have thrown thee into
(thrall,

And that thy nede aske Aid for to releve thy fall :
In him thou secret trust assured art to have,
And Succour not to seek, before that thou can crave.

Thus is thy freind to thee, the comfort of thy Paine,
The Staier of thy State, the doubler of thy gaine ;
In welth and wo thy frende, an other selfe to thee,
Such Man to Man, a God the Proverb saith to bee.
As welth will bring thee frendes in louring wo to prove,
So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing welth to love:

With

SONGES and SONETTES. 135

With Wisedom chuse thy frende; with Virtue him re-
(tain:
Lett Virtue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

*The Lover lamenteth other to have the Fruits of
his Service.*

SOME Men would think of right to have,
For their true meaning some reward:
But while that I do Cry and Crave,
I see that other be preferr'd.
I gape for that I am debar'd:
I fare as doth the Hound at Hatch,
The worse I speede, the longer I watch.

My wastfull Will is trye by Trust;
My fond fanisie is mine abuse;
For that I wo'd refraine my Lust,
For mine Availe I cannot chuse
A Will, and yett no Power to Use:
A Will no Will, by reason Just,
Sins my Will is at others Lust.

They eate the hony, I hold the hyve;
I sow the Sede, they reap the Corne;
I waste, they winne; I draw, they drive;
Theirs is the thank, mine is the Scorne;
I seke, they speede: in Waste my winde is worne;
I gape, they get, and gredely I snatche,
Till woorse I speede, the longer I watche.

I fast, they fede; they Drink, I thirst;
They Laugh, I waile; they Joy, I mourne;
They gaine, I lose, I have the worst;
They whole, I sicke; they cold; I burne;
They leape, I lye; they slepe, I tosse and turne;
I would, they may; I crave, they have at Will;
That helpeth them; lo Cruelty doth me kill.

Of

136 SONGES and SONETTES.

Of the Suttletie of crafty Lovers.

Such Waiward waies have some when folly stires their
 (braines,
 To fain and plain full oft of love, when lest they fele
 (his paines;
 And for to shew a grieve, such Craft have they in Store,
 That they can halt, and lay a Salve, whereas they fele
 (no Sore:
 As hound unto the foot, or dog unto the bow,
 So are they made to vent her out, whom bent to Love
 (they know,
 That if I should describe one hundred of their Drifts,
 Two hundred Wittes besides mine own, I should putt to
 (their Shiftes:
 No Woodman better knowes how for to lodge his Dere,
 Nor Shipman on the Sea that more hath Skill to guide
 (the Stere;
 Nor beaten dogge to heard can warer chose game,
 Nor Scholeman to his fantasie can a Scholler better
 (frame,
 Then one of these which have old *Ovids* art inure,
 Can seeke the waies unto their minde, a Woman to al-
 (lure.
 As round about a hyve the bees do swarme alway,
 So round about the house they prese wherein they seke
 (their Pray:
 And whom they so besiege, it is a wonderous thing,
 What Crafty Engines to assault these wily Warriors
 (bring:
 The Eye as Scout and Watch to stirre both to and fro,
 Doth serve to stale her here and there, where she doth
 (come and goe;
 The tonge doth pleade for right, as Herauld of the hart;
 And both the hands, as Orators, do serve to Point their
 (part:
 So shewes the Countenance then with these fowre to agree,
 As though in Witness with the rest it would hers sworn
 (bee:
 But

SONGES and SONETTES. 137

But if she then mistrust, it would turne black to white:
For that the Woorier lokes most smoth, when he would
(fainest bite,

Then Wit, as Councillor, a help for this to finde,
Straight makes the hand, as Secretair, forthwith to
(write his minde:

And so the Letters straight Embassadours are made,
To treate in haste for to procure her to a better Trade;
Wherein if she do think all this is but a shewe,
Or but a subtile Masking Cloke to hide a Crafty Shrewe.
Then come they to the Larme, then shewe they in the
felde:

Then muster they in Colours strange, that waies to
(make her yielde:

Then shoote they batry off, then Compasse they her in:
At tilt and turney oft they strive this silly Soul to
(winne;

Then sound they on their lutes, then strain they forth
(their Song,

Then rumble they with Instruments to lay her quite
(along:

Then borde they her with Giftes, then do they woo and
(watch;

Then Night and Day they labour hard this simple hold
(to catch,

As Pathes within a Wood, or turnes within a Mase,
So then they shewe of Wiles and Craftes they can a
(thousand waies.

Of the Vanity of Mans Life.

Vayne is the fleeting welth
Whereon the World staies,
With stalking time by privy Stelth
Encrocheth on our dayes.

And elde which creepeth faist,
To taint us with her Wounde,
Will turne eche blisse unto a blast,
Which lasteth but a Staunde.

Of

138 SONGES and SONETTES.

Of Youth the lusty floure,
Which Wilome stode in Price,
Shall Vanish quite within an houre,
As Fire consumes the Ice.

Where is become that Wight,
For whose Sake Troy Towne
Withstode the Grekes till ten Yeres fight
Had rasde their Walls adowne.

Did not the Wormes Consume
Her Carion to the Dust ?
Did dreadfull Death forbear his fume
For Beauty, Pride, or Lust ?

*The Lover not regarded in Earnest Sute, being be-
come wiser, refuseth her profred Love.*

DO way your Physick, I faint no more ;
The Salve You sent, it comes too late :
You wilt well all my grieve before,
And what I suffred for your sake :
Hole is my hart, I plain no more,
A new the Cure did undertake,
Wherefore doe way, You come too late.

For whiles You knew I was Your own,
So long in vaine You made me gape,
And tho' my faith it were well knowen,
Yett small regard thou took thereat ;
But now the blast is over blowne,
Of vaine Phisick a Salve You shape,
Wherefore doe way, you come to late.

How long or this have I bene faine
To gape for Mercy at Your gate ;
Untill the time I spide it plaine,
That Pitie and you fell at Debate :
For my redresse then was I faine
Your Service cleane for to forsake,
Wherefore do way, You come too late.

For when I brent in endlesse Fire,
 Who ruled then but cruell hate?
 So that unneth I durst Desire
 One looke my ferdent heate to flake:
 Therefore another doth me hyre,
 And all the profer that you make,
 Is made in Vain, and comes to late.

For when I asked Recompence,
 Which Cost you nought to graunt god wat:
 Then said disdaine to great Expençe,
 It wer for you to graunt me that:
 Therefore doe way, your rere pretence
 That yould binde, that erst you brake,
 For lo your Salve comes all too late.

The Complaint of a Woman ravished, and also mortally wounded.

A Cruel Tiger all with teeth be bleed,
 A bloody tirantes hand in each degree;
 A Lecher that by wretched lust was led,
 (Alas) defloured my Virginitie:
 And not contented with this Villanie,
 Nor with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
 With bloody thirst of greater Crueltie,
 Fearing his heinous gilt should be bewraied,
 By cryeing Death and Vengeance openly:
 His violent hand forthwith, alas, he laid
 Upon my guiltles sely Childe and me:
 And like that wretche, whom no horreur dismayde,
 Drownde in the Sinke of depe Iniquitie,
 Misusing me the Mother for a time,
 Haith slain us both for cloaking of his Crime.

The

*The Lover being made thrall by Love, perceiveth
how great a losse is Liberty.*

AH! Libertie! now have I learned to know,
By lacking thee, what Jewell I possesse,
When I received first from Cupids Bow,
The deadly wound that festreth in my Brest.
So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine Eyes,
That I ne might refraine them back for lo,
They in a Moment all earthly things despise,
In heavenly Sight now are they fixed so.

What then for me, but still with mazed Sight,
To wonder at that Excellence Divine,
Where Love (my freedome having in Despight)
Hath made me thrall, thro' Errour of mine Eyen,
For other guerdon hope I not to have,
My faultring tong so basheth ought to crave.

The Diverse and Contrary Passions of the Lover.

Holding my Peace, alas! how loud I Crie,
Pressed with hope and Dread even both at Ones,
Strained with Death, and yet I cannot die:
Burning in Flame, quaking for Cold that grones;
Unto my hope, withouten wings I flie;
Pressed with despair, that breakth all my Bones;
Walking as if I were, and yet am not:
Fainting with Mirth, most inwardly with Mones.
Hard by my help, unto my helth not nigh,
Mids on the Calme my Ship on rock it rones.
To serve unbound, fast fettred yet I lie,
Instede of Milke that fede on Marble Stones
My most will is, that I do espie,
That workes my Joyes and Sorrowes both at ones:
In Contraries standeth all my losse and gaine,
And lo the guiltlesse causeth all my paine.

The

The Testament of the Hawthorne.

I Sely Haw, whose hope is past,
 In faithful, true, and fixed Minde;
 To her whom that I served last,
 Have all my Joyfulness resignde,
 Because I know assuredly,
 My dying day approacheth nie.
 Dispaired hart, the carefull Nest
 Of all the Sighes that kept in Store,
 Convey my Carefull Corps to rest,
 That leves his joy for evermore.
 And when the Joy of hope is past,
 Give up thy Sprite and sigh the last.

But, or that wee Depart in twaine;
 Tell her I lov'd with all my might,
 That though the Corps in Clay remaine,
 Consumed to Ashes, pale and white;
 And though the Vital Powers do Cease,
 The Sprit shall love her nathelesse.

And pray my Lives, Lady dere,
 During this little time and Space
 That I have to abiden here,
 Not to withdraw her wonted Grace,
 In recompensing of the Paine
 That I shall have to part in twaine.

And that at least she will witsave,
 To grant my Just and last request;
 When that she shall behold his Grave,
 That lieth of Life here dispossess,
 In recorde, that I once was hers,
 To bathe the frozen Stone with tears.

The Service tree here do I make,
 For my Executor and my Friende;
 That living, did not me forsake:
 Nor will I trust unto my end,
 To see my Body well conveyde,
 In ground where that it should be laid.

R

The

242 SONGES and SONETTES.

Tombd underneath a goodly Oake,
With Joy grene, that fast is bound :
There this my Grave I have bespoke,
Forethere my Ladies name do sounde ;
Beset even as my Testament tells,
With oaken leves and nothing els.

Graven whereon, shall be exprest,
Here lyeth the body in this place,
Of him, that living, never cest
To serve the fairest that ever was :
The Corps is here, the hart he gave
To her for whom he lieth in Grave.

And also set about my Herse
Two Lamps to burne, and not to Quaint,
Which shall betoken and reherse,
That my good will was never spent,
When that my Corps was laid alow,
My Spirit did swear to serve no mo.

And if you want of ringing bells,
When that my Corps goeth into Grave,
Repete her name and nothing els,
To whom that I was bonden Slave :
When that my life it shall unframe,
My Sprite shall Joy to hear her name.

With dolefull note and piteous sound,
Wherewith my hart did cleave in twaine ;
With such a Song lay me in ground ;
My sprite, let it with her remain,
That had the body to commend,
Till Death thereof did make an End.

And even with my last Bequest,
When I shall from this life Depart,
I give to her I loved best,
My Just, my true, and faithfull hart ;
Signed with the hand as cold as Stone,
Of him that living was her owne.

And

And if he here might live again,
 As *Phoenix*, made by death anew,
 Of this she may assure her plain,
 That he will still be just and true.
 Thus, farewell, she on live my owne,
 And send her Joy when I am gone.

The Lover in Despaire, lamenteth his Case.

A Dieu, Desert, how art thou spent?
 Ah! dropping tears, how do ye wash?
 Ah! scalding fighes, how be yee spent,
 To pricke them forth that will not haste?
 Ah! pained hart, thou gapst for Grace,
 Even then where pitie hath no place.

As easy it is the stony rocke
 From place to place for to remove,
 As by thy Plaint for to provoke
 A frozen hart from hate to Love:
 What should I say? Such is thy Lott,
 To fawne on them that force thee not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and sweare,
 That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,
 In thanklesse thoughts my thoughtes do weare;
 Thy truth, thy faith may nought availe;
 For thy good will, why should thou so;
 Still graft where Grace it will not grow.

Alas! poor hart, thus hast thou spent
 Thy flowring time, thy pleasant Yeres,
 With sighing voice wepe and Lament;
 For of thy hope no fruite apperes:
 Thy true meaning is paid with scorne,
 That ever soweth and reapeth no Corne.

And where thou seekest a quiet port,
 Thou dost but weigh against the winde;
 For where thou gladdest wouldst resort,
 There is no place for thee affinde:
 Thy destiny hath sett it so,
 That thy true hart should Cause thy wo.

Of his Maistresse, M. B.

IN Bayes I boast, whose braunch I beare,
 Such Joy therein I finde,
 That to the death I shall it weare,
 To ease my carelesse minde.
 In heat, in Cold, both night and Day,
 Her virtue may be sene,
 When other fruits and flowers Decay,
 The Bay yett grows full green;
 Her beries fede the birdes full oft;
 Her leues swete water make,
 Her bowes be set in every loft
 For their swete favours sake:
 The Birdes do shroud them from the Cold,
 In her we daily see;
 And Men made Arbers as they would,
 Under the pleasant tree.
 It doth me good when I repaire
 There, as these Bayes do grow,
 Where oft I walk to take the Air,
 It doth delight me so.
 But lo I stand, as I were dumme,
 Her Beauty for to blase,
 Wherewith my Sprites be overcome,
 So long thereon I gase.
 At last I turne unto my walke,
 In passing to and fro,
 And to my selfe I smile and talk,
 And then away I go.
 Why smilest thou? say lookers on,
 What pleasure hast thou found?
 With that I am as cold as Stone,
 And ready for to founde,
 Fie, fie for shame, sayth fansie than,
 Pluck up thy fainted hart,
 And speak thou boldly like a Man.

Shrink

Shrink not for little Smart,
 Whereat I blush and Change my Cheare
 My Senses wax so weak,
 O God, think I, what make I here,
 That never a word may speake :
 I dare not sigh, lest I be heard,
 My lokes I flyly cast,
 And still I stand, as out were scard,
 Untill my Stormes be past.
 Then happy hap doth me revive,
 The blood comes to my face ;
 A merrier Man is not alive,
 Then I am in that Case.
 Thus after sorow seke I rest ;
 When fled is fancies fitt :
 And tho' I be a homely gest,
 Before the bayes I fit ;
 Where I do watch till leaves do fall :
 When winde the tree doth shake,
 Then, though my branche be very small,
 My leafe away I take,
 And then I go and Clap my handes,
 My heart doth leap for Joy.
 These Bayes do ease me from my bands,
 That long did me annoy ;
 For when I do behold the same,
 Which makes so fair a show,
 I find therein my Maistrefs Name,
 And see her Vertues grow.

The Lover complianeth his barty Love not requited.

When *Phabus* had the Serpent slain,
 He Claimed *Cupids* Boe ;
 Which Strife did turne him to great paine ;
 The Story well doth prove,
 For *Cupide* made himself much Woe,
 In seking *Daphius* Love,

246 SONGES and SONETTES.

This *Cupide* hath a shafte of kinde,
Which wounded many a wight ;
Whose golden hed had power to binde
Eche hart in *Venus* bandes ;
This arrow did on *Phæbus* light,
Which came from *Cupides* handes.

Another shafte was wrought in Spight,
Which headed was with lead ;
Whose Nature Quenched swete delight
That Lovers most Embrace.
In *Daphnes* brest this cruel hed
Had found a Dwelling Place.

But *Phæbus*, fond of his Desire,
Sought after *Daphnis* so ;
Hee burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro :
He gate but hate for his good will,
The Gods assigned so.

My Case with *Phæbus* may compare ;
His hap and mine are one :
I cry to her that knowes no Care,
Yet seek I to her most.
When I approche, then is she gone :
Thus is my Labour lost.

Now blame not me, but blame the shaft
That hath the golden heade ;
And blame those Gods that with their Craft,
Such arrowes forge by kinde ;
And blame the cold and heavy lead,
That doth my Ladies minde.

A Praise of M. M.

IN Court as I beheld the beautye of eche Dame,
 Of right, me thought, from all the rest should *M.* steale
 (the same;
 But er I ment to Judge, I vewed with such advise,
 As retchlesse dome should not invade the bounds of my
 (Devise:
 And whiles I gased long, such heate did brede within,
 As *Priamus* Towne felt not more flame, when did the
 (bale begin,
 By reasons rule, ne yet by Wit perceive I could,
 That *M.* face of Earth y founde, enjoy such beautye
 (shoulde;
 And fanfie doubted that from Heaven had *Venus* come,
 To Norish rage in *Britaines* heartes, while corage yet doth
 (blome,
 Her Native hue so strove with colour of the rose,
 That *Paris* would have *Helen* left, and *M.* Beauty chose.
 A Wight farre passing all, and is more fair to seme,
 Then lusty may the Lodge of Love, that Clothes the
 (earth in greene;
 So Angel like she shines, she semeth no mortal Wight,
 But one whom Nature in her forge, did frame her selfe to
 (Spight:
 Of Beauty Princeesse chief, so makelesse doth she rest,
 Whose Eye would glad an heavy wight, and Prison Pain
 (in breast:
 I waxe astonied to see the feature of her shappe,
 And wondred that a Mortall hart such heavenly beames
 (could scape.
 Her limmes so aunswering were the mould of her fair
 (face:
 Of *Venus* Stocke she semde to spring the roote of beauties
 (Grace:
 Her Presence doth pretend such honour and Estate,
 That simple Men might gesse her birth, if folly bred
 Debate:

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Her lookes in hartes of Flint would such effectes im-
 (presse,
 As rage of flame, not Nilus Stremes, in Nestors Yeres in-
 (creafe.
 Within the subtil Seat of her bright eyen doth Dwell
 Blind Cupide with the Pricke of paine, that Princes free-
 (dome sel.
 A Paradise it is her beauty to behold,
 Where Natures stufte so full is founde, that Natures ware
 (is solde.

An old Lover to a yong Gentlewoman.

YE are to yonge to bring me in ;
 And I too old to gape for flies ;
 I have to long a Lover been :
 If such yong babes should bleare mine Eyes ;
 But trill the Ball before my face,
 I am content to make you play ;
 I will not see, I hide my face,
 And turne my backe and run away.
 But if you folow on so fast,
 And crosse the Waies where I should go,
 Ye may ware wery at the last,
 And then at length your selfe orethrow :
 I meane where you and all your flocke,
 Devise to pen Men in the Pound :
 I know a key can picke your Locke,
 And make you runne your selves on ground.
 Some birdes can eat the strawie Corne,
 And flee the lime that fowlers sett ;
 And some are ferde of every thorne,
 And so thereby they scape the Net ;
 But some do light, and never loke,
 And seeth not who doth stand in waite,
 As Fish that swallow up the hoke,
 And is begiled through the baite.

But

But Men can looke before they leape,
 And be at Price for every Ware,
 And Peniworthes cast to by good cheape;
 And in eche thing hath Eye and Care:
 But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
 And seeth not what the race shall be,
 Is like to bring a foole to bed;
 And thus ye gett no more of me.

The Lover forsaketh his unkind Love.

Farewell thou frozen hart, and eares of hardned Steele;
 Thou lackest Yeres to understand the greife that I
 (did fele:
 The Gods revenge my wrong with equal Plague on thee,
 When Pleasure shal prick forth thy Youth to learn what
 (Love shal be:
 Perchance thou provest now to scale blind Cupides hold,
 And Matchest where thou maiest repent when all thy
 (Cards are told:
 But blush not thou therefore, thy betters have done so,
 Who thought they had retain'd a Dove, when they but
 (cought a Crow:
 And some do linger time with lofty lookes wee see,
 That lightes at length as low or worse then doth the be-
 (tell be,
 Yet lett thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hie,
 That thou maist be, if fortune serve, a Princeffe ere thou
 (die;
 If chaunce preferre the so, alas pore Selyman,
 Where shall I scape thy cruel handes, or seke for Suc-
 (cour than,
 God shild such greedy Wolves should lap in Guiltlesse
 (blodd,
 And send short homes to hurtfull beds that rage like
 (Lions Wood,
 I feldome see the day but Malice wanteth might,
 And hatefull hartes have never hap to wrecke their wrath
 (aright.

The

250 SONGES and SONETTES.

The Madman is unmete a naked Sword to gide,
And more unfit are they to clieve that are orecome
(with Pride.

I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,
That can both soer and stoup, sometime as Men cast up
(the lure.

The Pecoock hath no Place in thee, when thou shalt list;
For some no sooner make a Signe, but thou perceivest the
(list:

They have that I do want, and that hath thee begilde;
The lacke that thou dost see in me doth make thy looke
(so wilde:

My Luring is not good, it liketh not thine Eare;
My Call it is not halfe so sweet as would to God it were;
Well wanton, yett beware thou do no tiring take:

At every hand that woulde thee fede, or to the frend-
(ship make.

This Councell take of him that ought thee once his Love;
Who hopes to mete thee after this among the Saintes
(above.

But here within this Worlde, if he may shoune the Place,
He rather asketh present Death, then to behold thy Face.

The Lover preferreth his Lady above all other.

REfigne, you Dames, whom tikeling brute delight,
The golden Praise the Flatterers tromp doth sound,
And Vassals be to her that Claims by right,
The tytle Just that first dame beauty found,
Whose dainty Eyes such sugred baites do hide,
As Poyson hartes where Glimes of Love do glide.

Come eke, and see how Heaven and Nature wrought
Within her Face, where framed is such Joy,
As Priams Sonnes in Vain the Seas had sought,
If halfe such light had had abode in Troy;
For as the Golden Sonne doth darke each Starre,
So doth her hue the fairest Dames as larre,

Each

SONGES and SONETTES. 251

Each Heavenly Gift, eche Grace that Nature could,
By Art or Witt my Lady lo retaines
A sacred head so heapt with heartes of Gold;
As *Phabus* beames for Beauty farre it stains:
A sugred tong where eke such swetnesse snowes,
That well it semes a fountain where it flowes.

Two laughing Eyes so linked with pleasing lookes,
As would entice a tygers hart to serve;
The baite is swete, but eager be the hookes,
For *Dyane* sekcs her honour to preserve:
Thus *Arundell* sits throned still with fame,
Whom ennies tromp cannot attaint with shame.

My dased head so daunted is with heapes
Of Gifts Divine that harber in her brest;
Her heavenly Shape, that lo my verses leapes,
And touch but that wherein she cloudes the rest:
For if I should her Graces all recite,
Both time should want, and I should wonders write.
Her chere so swete, so Cristall is her Eyes,
Her Mouth so small, her lips so lively red,
Her hand so fine, her Wordes so swete and wise,
That *Pallas* semes to sojourne in her ne'd:
Her Vertues great, her forme as far excedes,
As Sunne the Shade that Mortall Creatures leades.

Would God that wretched Age would spare to race
Her lively hew, that as her Graces rare
Be goddesse like, even so her Goddesse Face
Might never Change, but still continue fair,
That eke in after time eche Wight may see
How Vertue can with beauty beare degree.

*The Lover lamenteth that he would forgeat Love,
and cannot.*

A Las when shall I Joy?
When shall my wofull heart
Cast forth the foolish toy
That bredeth all my Smart?

252 *SONGES and SONETTES.*

A thousand times and mo
I have attempted fore
To rid this restless Wo,
Which reigneth more and more.

But when remembrance past,
Hath laid dead Coales together,
Olde Love renewes his blast,
That Cause my Joyes to wither :
Then sodenly a Sparke
Startes out of my Desire,
And lepes into my hart,
Setting the Coales a fire.

Then reason runnes about
To seke forgetfull Water
To Quench and Clean put out,
The Cause of all this matter,
And saith, dede flesh must nedes
Be Cutt out of the Core ;
For rotten wither'd wedes
Can heale no grievous Sore.

But then even sodeinly
The fervent heat doth flake,
And cold then straineth me,
That makes my body shake :
Alas who can endure
To suffer all this Paine,
Sins her that should me Cure,
Most cruel Death hath slaine.

Well, well, I say no more,
Let Dead Care for the Dead ;
Yett Wo is me therefore,
I must attempt to leade
One other kynde of Life
Then hitherto I have,
Or els thys Payne and Stryfe,
Will bring me to my Grave.

Songes written by N. G. of the nine Muses.

IMps of Kyng *Jove*, and Queen remembrance lo
 The Sisters Nine, the Poets pleasant feres.
Caliope doth stately style bestowe,
 And worthy Praises Payntes of Princely Peres:
Clion in Solemn Songes reneweth all Day,
 With present Yeres Conjoyning Age by past,
 Delightful talke loves Comical *Thaley*,
 In fresh grene Youth, who doth lyke lawrel last:
 With Voices Tragicall, Soundes *Melpomen*
 And as with Cheynes thallured Care she byndes.
 Her Stringes, when *Terpescor* doth touch, even then
 She toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens myndes:
 Fyne *Erato*, whose looke a lyvely Chere
 Presents in Dancing, kepes a Comely Grace,
 With semely Gesture doth *Polomyne* stere,
 Whose Woordes whole routes of rankes do rule in
 (Place.

Urany her Globes to view all bent,
 The Ninefold Heaven observes with fixed face;
 The blastes *Eutrepes* Tunes of Instrument,
 With solace sweet, hence my heavy Dumpes to Chase.
 Lord *Phabus*, in the myddes, (whose heavenly Sprite
 These Ladyes doth inspire) embraceth all
 The Graces in the Muses Weed delyte,
 To leade them fourth, that Men in Maze they fall.

Musonius the Philosophers Saying.

IN Woorking well, if Travell you sustaine,
 Into the Winde shall lightly passe the payne;
 But of the Dede the Glory shall remayne,
 And Cause your Name with worthy wights to raigne.
 In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,
 The Pleasure soon shall Vade, and void as vaine.

Out

254 SONGES and SONETTES.

But of the Dede throughout the lyfe the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame,
And still torments the Minde both Night and Day;
Scant length of time the Spot can washe away.
Flee then ill suading Pleasures, baites untrue,
And noble Vertues fayre renowne pursue.

Description of Virtue.

What One art thou, thus in torne wedey clad?
Vertue in Price, whom auncient Sages had.
Why poorely rayde? for fading goodes peast Care.
Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare.
This bridle what? Myndes rages to restraine.
Fooles why beare you? I love to take great payne.
Why winges? I teach above the Starres to flye.
Why treade you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praise of Measure-keeping.

THE ancient time commended not for nought;
The meane what better thinge there be sought.
In meane is Virtue placed on eyther Side,
Both right and left amisse a Man shall flyde.
Icar, with fire hadst thou the Midway flowne,
Icarian beck by name had no Man knowne.
If myddle Path kept had proud *Phaton*
No burning brand this Earth had faine upon:
Ne Cruel power, ne none so soft can raigne,
That kepes a meane, the same shall still remayne.
The *Julie* once dyed, to much Mercy spill;
The *Nero* stern, rigor extreme dyd kill.
How coulde *August* so many Yeres well passe,
Nor over meke nor over fierce he was:
Worship not *Jone* with Curious fancies vaine,
Nor him Despise; hold right atwene these twaine:

No waſfull wight, no gredy gutt is prazed,
 Stand largeſſe juſt in egall ballance payde :
 So *Catoes* meal ſurmountes *Antonius* chere,
 And better fame his ſober fare hath here
 To ſlender building bad as bad to groſſe ;
 One an Eye ſore, the tother falles to loſſe.
 As Medicines helpe in Meaſure, ſo (God wot)
 By overmuch the Sicke their bane have got.
 Unmete me ſemes to utter this mo waies ;
 Meaſure forbiddes unmeaſurable praiſe.

Mans Life, after Poſſidonius or Crates.

W^Hat Pathe liſt you to treade? what trade will
 (you aſſay ?
 The Courts of Plea by braule and bate drive gecie
 (Peace away.
 In houſe for Wife and Childe there is but Carke and
 (Care,
 With travel and with toyle enough in fields we Uſe to
 (fare.
 Upon the Seas lyeth dread ; the riche in foreign Lande,
 Do feare the loſſe, and there the poore like Myſers
 (poorely ſtand.
 Stryfe with a Wife, without your thriftfull harde to ſee :
 Yong brats a troble, none at all a mayme it ſemes to be.
 Youth fonde, Age hath no hart, and pincheth all to
 (nye ;
 Choofe then the leiſer of theſe two, ay life, or ſoon to
 (Dye.

Metrodorius mynde to the Contrary.

W^HA T Race of lyfe ronne you? what trade will
 (you aſſay ?
 In Courts is Glory got, and witt increaſed Day by Day.

At

256 SONGES and SONETTES.

At home wee take our Ease, and beake our selves in
 (rest :
 The fieldes our Nature do refreshe with Pleasures of the
 (best.
 On Seas is Gain to geat; the Stranger he shall be
 Esteem'd, having much, if not, none knoweth his lack
 (but he.
 A wyfe will trimme thy house, no wyle then art thou
 (free ;
 Brood is a lovely thing, without, thy lyfe is loose to
 (thee.
 Yong bloodes be Stronge, olde Syres in double honour
 (dwell,
 Doway that Choyse, no lyfeor soon to dye, for all is well.

Of Friendship.

OF all the Heavenly gifts that Mortal Men Com-
 (mend,
 What trusty Treasure in the World can Countervaile a
 (friende.
 Our Health is soon decaied; Goodes Casual, light, and
 Vaine;
 Broke have wee seen the force of Power and honour
 (suffer Staine.
 In bodies lust man doth resemble but base brute,
 True vertue geates and keeps a frende: good guyde of
 (our Pursute,
 Whose hearty Zeale with ours accordes in every Case:
 No Terme of time, no Space of Place, no Storme can
 (it deface.
 When fickle fortune failes, this Knot endureth still.
 The kin out of their kind may swerve, when frendes
 (owe thee good will:
 What sweter Solace shall befall, then one to finde,
 Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the Secrets of thy
 (minde?
 He wailleth at thy wo, his tears with thine be shed;
 With thee doth he joys, so lefe a lyfe is led.

Behold

SONGES and SONETTES. 257

Behold thy frende, and of thy selfe the Paterne see,
One Soul a Wonder shall it seeme in bodies twaine to be;
In Absence present rich in want, in Sicknesse found,
Ye after Death alive, maist thou by thy sure frende be
(founde.

Eche house, eche towne, eche realme by stedfast Love
(doth stande;

Where foule Debate brede bitter bale in eche divided
(lande,

O friendship flower of flowers, O lively Sprite of Lyfe,
O sacred bond of blisful Peace, the Stalworth Stanche of
(Strife:

Scipio with *Lelius* didst thou conjoyne in Care;
At home in Warres for weale and wo, with eqall faith
(to fare.

Gisippus eke with *Tyte*, *Damon* with *Pythias*;
And with *Menethus* Sonne *Achill* by thee combyned
(was:

Eurialus and *Nisus* gave *Virgil* Cause to sing
Of *Pylades* do many Rymes and of *Orestes* ring:
Downe *Theseus* went to Hell, *Pirith* his frende to finde;
O that the Wyves in these our daies wer to their Mates
(so kynd.

Cicero the frendly Man, to *Atticus*, his frende,
Of friendship wrote, such couples lo doth lot, but seldom
(lend,

Recount thy race now ronne, how few shalt thou there
(see,

Of whom to say this same is he that never failed mee:
So rare a Jewell then must nedes be holden dere,
And as thou wilt esteem thy selfe, so take thy Chosen
(fere:

The Tyrant in dispaire no lacke of gold bewayles,
But out, I am undone (faith he) for all my friendships
(failes:

Wherefore since Nothing is more kyndly for our kynde,
Next Wisdome thus that teacheth us, Love wee the
(frendly minde.

258 SONGES and SONETTES.

*The Death of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in the
first fight that Alexander had with the Persians.*

Now clattring Armes, now raging broyles of Warre,
Gan passe the Noys of dredfull Trumpetts clang,
Shrowded with Shafts, the heaven with Cloude of Dartes,
Covered the Ayre against full fatted Bulles.
As forceth kyndled Yre the Lyons keene,
Whose greedy Gutts the gnawing hunger prickes:
So *Macedons* against the *Persians* fair,
Now Coipets hyde the purpurde Soyle with blood;
Large Slaughter on eche Side, but *Perses* more,
Moyst fieldes he bled, theyr heartes and Numbers bate,
Fainted while they gave backe, and fall to flighte:
The litening *Macedon* by Swordes, by Gleaves,
By Bandes and Troupes of Footemen, with his Garde,
Speedes to Dary, but hym his merest kyn,
Oxate preserves with horsemen on a Plumpe
Before his Carr, that none his Charge should give:
Here grunts, here groans, eche where strong Youth is spent:
Shaking her bloody hands, *Bellone* among
The *Perses* soweth all kind of cruel Death:
With Throte ycut he roares, he lyeth along,
His Entrailes with a Launce through gyrded quyte,
Hym smytes the Club, hym woundes farre stryking bowe,
And him the sling, and him the shining Sword;
Hedyeth, he is all dead, he pantes, he restes.
Right over stoode in Snow white Armor brave,
The *Memphite Zoroas*, a cunning Clarke,
To whom the Heaven lay open as his booke;
And in Celestiall bodies he could tell
The moving meeting light aspect Eclips,
And Influence, and Constellations all;
What Earthly Chaunces would betyde, what yere
Of Plenty florde, what signe forewarned Death,
How Winter gendreth Snow, what Temperature
In the Primetyde doth season well the Soyle,
Why Summer burnes, why Autumne hath ripe grapes,
Whither the Circle Quadrate may become,

Whether

Whether our tunes Heavens harmony can yelde,
 Of four begyns among themselves howe great
 Proportion is; what Sway the erryng Lightes
 Doth send in Course gayne that fyrst movyng Heaven;
 What grees one from another distant be,
 What Starr doth lett the hurtfull fyre to rage,
 Or him more mylde what Opposition makes,
 What fyre doth qualifye *Mavorfes* fyre,
 What house eche one doth seeke, what Planett raignes
 Within this Heaven Sphere, or that small thynges,
 I speake, whole Heaven he closeth in his brest.
 This Sage then in the Starres hath spyed the fates
 Threatned him Death without delay, and, sith,
 He saw he could not fatall Order chaunge,
 Foreward he prest in Battayle, that he might
 Mete with the Rulers of the *Macedons*,
 Of his right hand desirous to be slain,
 The bouldest bourne, and worthiest in the feilde;
 And as a Wight, now wery of his lyfe,
 And seking death in fyrst front of his rage,
 Comes desperately to *Alexanders* face,
 At him with dartes one after other throwes,
 With recklesse words and clamour him provokes,
 And sayth, *Nestanaks* bastard shamefull stayne
 Of Mothers bed, why lovest thou thy strokes,
 Cowardes among, Turne thee to me, in case
 Manhood there be so much left in thy heart:
 Come fight with me, that on my Helmet weare
Apollo's Laurell both for Learninges laude,
 And eke for martiall Praise, that in my Shielde
 The seven fold Sophie of *Minerve* containe,
 A Match more mete Syr King then any here.
 The noble Prince amoved takes ruth upon
 The wilfull wight, and with soft Words ayen,
 O monstrous Man (quoth he) what so thou art,
 I pray thee live, ne do not with thy death
 This lodge of Lore, the Muses Mansion marre;
 That treasure house this hand shall never spoyle,
 My Sword shall never bruisse that skilfull brayne,
 Long gather'd heapes of Science some to spill;

260 SONGES and SONETTES.

O how fayre fruites may you to mortall Men
 From Wisdoms garden give ; how many may
 By you the wiser and the better prove :
 What Error, what mad Moode, what frenzy thee,
 Perswades to be downe, sent to kepe *Averne*,
 Where no Artes flourish, nor no knowledge vailes
 For all these Sawes. When thus the Sovereign said,
 Alighted *Zoroas* with Sword unsheathed,
 The careles King there smoate above the greve,
 At th'opening of his Quishe wounded him,
 So that the blood down trailed on the ground :
 The *Macedon* perceiving hurt, gan gnashe,
 But yet his mynde he bent in any wise,
 Hym to forbear, sett Spurrs unto his Steede,
 And turnde away, lest anger of his snarte
 Should Cause revenger hand deale balefull blowes.
 But of the *Macedonians* chieftaines Knights,
 One *Meleager* could not bear this fight,
 But ran upon the said *Egyptian* reuk,
 And cutt him in both knees: He fell to ground,
 Wherewith a whole rout came of Souldiours sterne,
 And all in Pieces hewed the fely Seg,
 But happely the foule fled to the Starres,
 Where, under him, he hath full sight of all,
 Whereat he gazed here with reaching looke :
 The *Persians* waild such Sapience to forgoe,
 The very sone the *Macedonians* wisht
 He would have lived, King *Alexander* selfe
 Demde him a Man unmete to dye at all ;
 Who wonne like Praise for Conquest of his Yre,
 As for stoute Men in fielde that day subdued,
 Who Princes taught how to discerne a Man,
 That in his head so rare a Jewel beares,
 But over all those same *Camenes*, those same,
 Divine *Camenes*, whose honour he procurde,
 As tender Parent doth hys Daughters weale,
 Lamented, and for thanks all that they can,
 Do cherish hym deceast, and sett him free,
 From dark Oblivion of devouring Death.

Marcus Tullius Cicero's Death.

Therefore when restless rage of Wynde and Wave,
 He saw by Fates, alas, calde for, (quoth he)
 Is hapless *Cicero*, sayle on, shape Course
 To the next Shore, and bring me to my Death.
 Perdy these thankes rescued from evill Sword,
 Wilt thou my Country pay? I see myne end:
 So Powers divine so bid the Gods above,
 In Citie saved that Consul *Marcus* shend,
 Speaking no more, but drawing from diep hart
 Great Groanes, even at the Name of *Rome* rehearst,
 His Eyes and Cheekes with showers of tears he washt;
 And (though a route in daily dangers worne)
 With forced face the shipmen held their teares,
 And strivying long, the seas rough flood to passe,
 In angry Windes and stormy showers made way.
 And at the last safe ancred in the rode,
 Came heavy *Cicero* a land, with payne,
 His faynted Lymmes the aged Syre doth drawe,
 And round about their Master stood his band:
 Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismayde,
 Nor plighted faith prove in sharpe tyme to breake.
 Some Swordes, prepare some theyr dere Lord assist:
 In littour laid, they lead him unkouth wayes.
 If so deceave *Antonius* cruell gleaves,
 They might, and threats of following routs Escape:
 Thus lo, that *Tullie*, went that *Tullius*,
 Of Royal Robe and sacred Senate Prince,
 When he a farre the Men approche espyeth;
 And of his sone the Ensign doth acknow,
 And with drawn Sword, *Popilius* threatning Death,
 Whose life and whole Estate, in hazard once
 He had preserved, when *Rome*, as yett to free,
 Heard him, and at his thundring Voice amazed:
Herennius eke more Tyger than the rest,
 Present enflamd with fury, him pursues.
 What might he do, should he use in defence

Dyfarmed Handes, or pardon ask for *Mede*?
 Should he with Wordes to turne the wrath
 Of th' armed Knight, whose safeguard he had wrought:
 No Age forbids, and fixt within diepe brest
 His Countrys love, and falling *Romes* ymage;
 The Charret turn, sayth he, let lose the raines,
 Runne to the undeserved death mee, lo,
 Hath *Pheabus* foule, as Messenger forewarnde,
 And *Jove* desires a new Heavens-man to make.
Brutus and *Cassius* Souls, live you in blisse?
 In Case, yet all the fates gain strive us not,
 Neither shall wee, perchaunce, dye unrevenge'd.
 Now have I lived, O *Rome*! ynough for me;
 My passed life nought suffreth me to doubt:
 Noyfome Oblivion of the loathsome death,
 Slea me: Yett all the Offspring to come shall know,
 And this Deceas shall bring eternal Life;
 Yea, and (unlesse I fall, and all in Vaine;
Rome, I sometime thy Augur chosen was)
 Not evermore shall friendly fortune thee
 Favour, *Antonius*, once the Day shall come,
 When her dear wights, by cruel Spight thus slaine,
 Victorious *Rome* shall at thy hands require:
 Me likes ther while, go see the hoaped heaven.
 Speche had he left, and therwith, he, good Man,
 His throat prepar'd, and held his head unmov'd.
 His hasting to those fates the very Knightes
 Be loth to see, and rage rebated, when
 They his bare Necke beheld, and his hoare heares;
 Scant could they hold the teares that fourth gan burst,
 And almost fell from bloody Hands the Swordes;
 Only the sterne *Herennius*, with grim looke,
 Dastards, why stand you still? he sayeth, and straight
 Swaps of the head with his presumptuous yron.
 Ne with that slaughter yet he is not filde:
 Foul shame on shame to heape, is his delight,
 Wherefore the Handes also dorth he of smyte,
 Which durst *Antonius* life so lyfely paint.
 Him yelding, strained Ghost, from Welkin hye,
 With lothy Chere Lord *Phabus* gan behold,

And

And in black Cloud, they say, long hid his head.
 The *Latine* Muses and the Graces they wept,
 And for his fall Eternally shall pepe:
 And lo, here piercing *Pitbo*, (strange to tell)
 Who had to him suffisde both Sense and Wordes.
 When so he spake, and drest with Nectar foode
 That flowing tong, when his wind pipe disclofd,
 Fled with her fleeing frend, and (out alas)
 Hath left ther Earth, ne will no more returne:
Popilius flieth ther while, and leaving there
 The senseless Stock, a griezely Sight doth beare,
 Unto *Antonius* boord with Mischief fed.

Of M. T. Cicero.

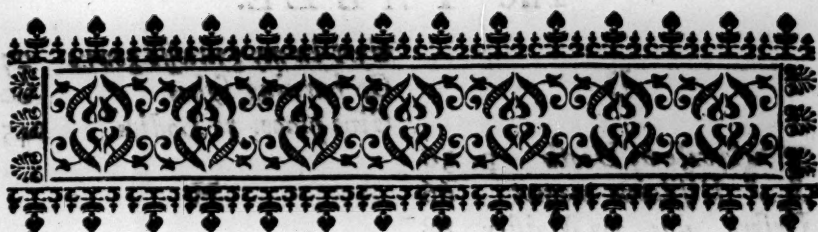
FOR *Tullie* late a Tombe I gan prepare,
 When *Cynthis*, thus, bad me my Labour spare:
 Such maner things become the dead, quoth he,
 But *Tully* lives, and still alyve shall be.

N. G.



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ERRATA.

PAGE 4, l. 14, for *Worshit*, read *Worship*. l. 16, for *Blairing*, r. *Blaising*. p. 6, l. 8, f. *Hethe*, r. *Helthe*. p. 7, l. 5, f. *Kent*, r. *Hent*. l. 8, f. *Rejoyng*, r. *Rejoyssing*. l. 12, f. *Rescet*, r. *Reiceft*. p. 9, l. 31, f. *Lease*, r. *Cease*. p. 12, l. 8, after *Grene*, r. *Court*; f. *trove*, r. *hove*. l. 31, f. *holes*, r. *holbes*. p. 13, l. 14, f. *luse*, r. *leese*; f. *clere*, r. *deere*. p. 15, l. 5, f. *encchryse*, r. *chiefe*. l. 24, after *no*, r. *no !* l. 26, f. *insult*, r. *injust*. p. 17, l. 13, f. *shew*, r. *then*. p. 20, l. 2, f. *Peace*, r. *Place*. p. 85, l. 30, f. *kinde*, r. *hinde*. p. 26, l. 19, f. *seldme*, r. *seldom*. p. 26, l. 32, f. *ie*, r. *m*. p. 35, l. 16, f. *assaure*, r. *assaute*. p. 45, l. 13, f. *wens*, r. *Merry*. p. 48, f. *we*, r. *me*. p. 50, f. *his*, r. *her*. p. 51, l. 17, f. *me*, r. *that*. p. 58, l. 11, f. *Macil*, r. *Marvel*. p. 59, l. 12, after *none* r. *end*. l. 13, dele *lend*. p. 66, l. 6, f. *others*, r. *Othes*. p. 67, l. 28, f. *is*, r. *as*, p. 94, l. 29, f. *faile*, r. *sail*. p. 150, l. 12, f. *come*, r. *some*. p. 136, l. 4, f. *any*, r. *my*. l. 5, f. *trickle*, r. *tickle*. l. 26, f. *infest*, r. *infest*. p. 187, l. 32, f. *soyly*, r. *joyly*. p. 108, l. 6, f. *yon*, r. *you*.

